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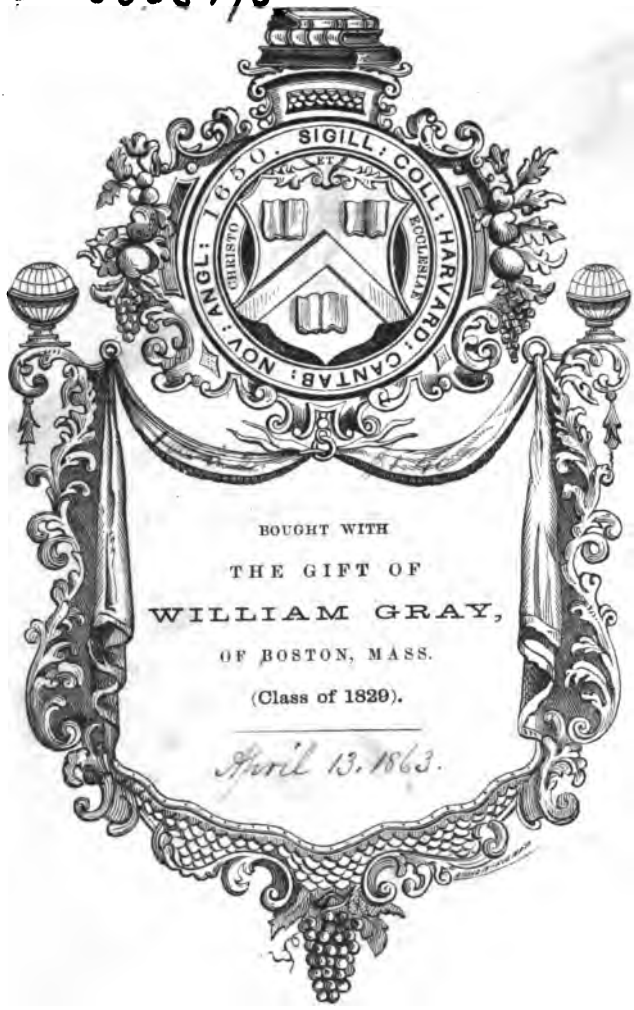

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THE WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

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VOL. I.

FROM JANUARY TO DECEMBER, 1833.

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THE

WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1833.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

As this distinguished statesman has lately visited the west, we have thought that a sketch of his life and principles would be acceptable to our readers.

Mr. Webster was born in Salisbury, New Hampshire, on the eighteenth of January, 1782. His father—a man of strong sense and principle—was, although a member of the state legislature and a judge of the court of Common Pleas, but a simple farmer; and a farmer upon what was then the frontier. Daniel was accordingly brought up, as all New England country-boys are, to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. His mother, who appears to have been a woman of more than common excellence, foretold her son's future eminence; rather, however, from the impulses of a mother's partiality, than from a spirit of prophecy; for though he received the rudiments of knowledge at the common school which had found its way into the wilderness, he still continued until thirteen or fourteen years old, to follow the plough and wield the scythe, no one dreaming of the intellect that he possessed. There are those still living, who remember him as he drove his cart to market, distinguished from his comrades, only by the strong and strange countenance which has marked him through life. He had, however, in those days, what is called a low forehead, his hair growing down far toward his brow, and covering his broad temples with its black, shaggy masses. This has since changed, and he now presents a front, the height, and breadth, and beauty of which, form a rare treat to a disciple of Lavater or Spurzheim.

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Of his pursuits and studies until he entered Dartmouth college, there is but little more known, than if he had lived some centuries ago. He is said to have been at Exeter academy—then and still under the superintendence of Dr. Abbot; and the doctor, it is also said, appreciated his talents. This may have been the case, though we do not remember to have heard Dr. Abbot speak of the fact, even when discussing Mr. Webster's talents, which we heard him do, after the contest on the tariff, in 1824. Nor do we know even in what year he entered college; for though he graduated in 1801, he very probably joined the sophomore class when admitted. But one fact we do know; that his extraordinary powers of reasoning and of expression, were understood at Dartmouth, by both masters and scholars. He was not very remarkable as a proficient in his class studies, though he by no means neglected them; but in general acquisitions, in originality and grasp of mind, and in that power of analysis that so strongly marks him still, he stood unrivalled. It has been asserted that at this period of his life, Mr. Webster was distinguished for his imagination; but we are told by one who has read the oration delivered by him during his collegiate course, and which is now preserved at Dartmouth as a treasure, that it is stamped with the characteristics of strength, clearness, and common sense, that have stamped his mature productions, though more adorned with the figures and flowers that usually mark the college exercise.

He spent a year after leaving college, in teaching school at Freyburgh, Maine, and then returned to his native village to study law. Having acquired that part of his profession which was to be learned in a country town, and being desirous of fitting himself for the higher branches of it, to which he already looked as to the field in which *he* was fitted to contend, he determined to go up to Boston, and enter an office there.

Upon his arrival, without friends or recommendation, he applied for admission into the office of a gentleman, then among the first members of the bar; but after some little conversation, thinking probably from his poverty, ignorance of city manners, and uncouth looks, that he would do his patron little honor, the barrister refused to admit him; but Daniel Webster was not a young man to be abashed or downcast by a refusal, which his own consciousness told him was owing to the gentleman's want of sagacity, and not *his* want of merit; and accordingly he made his next application to Christopher Gore, afterward the governor of the state. Mr. Gore was immediately struck with the appearance and conversation of

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the young applicant, and received him with pleasure. Here Mr. Webster's powers developed themselves fast, and strikingly; so much so, that his friend and instructor hesitated not to foretell his future fame. 'Do you see that young man?' he said to colonel Eustis, now of South Carolina, as he entered the office one day, at the moment Mr. Webster was leaving it; 'mark me, I may not, and probably shall not live to see my prophecy fulfilled, but prophesy I do, that he will one day be the first man in the United States.' Mr. Gore died in 1827, when his pupil, though not first in the national councils, was fast advancing to the station—fast accomplishing his prophecy. This anecdote we have direct from colonel Eustis. When he introduced him to the court, at the time of his admission, Mr. Gore spoke of him not so strongly, but in the same spirit of confidence.

While in the office of Mr. Gore, his father wrote to him that he had an opportunity of procuring him the place of clerk in one of the New Hampshire courts, in which the old gentleman thought doubtless he might settle down for life, respectable and independent; but upon the plan being mentioned to Mr. Gore, he at once told his student to refuse the place, and continue in the practice of the law; he was made for something more, he said, than the clerk of a court.

Mr. Webster now retired to the vicinity of his native place, opened an office, and applied himself to his studies with such devotion as to endanger his health. It was while residing here, that he argued the cause of a man who was on trial for murder; and so great was the power which he exhibited, that his speech was the topic of conversation, the whole country round, for some time. Soon after this, he removed to Portsmouth, the commercial capital of the granite state. Here he was brought into contact with judge Smith, a gentleman whose excellence of head and heart made him respected by all who knew him; and Jeremiah Mason, the same gentleman that has been lately engaged in the defence of the Rev. Mr. Avery, and whose talents at the bar are equalled by few in the country. In contending with these men, and he was called at once to contend with them, Mr. Webster was obliged to rouse himself, and put forth all his strength; and much of the character which he has since displayed at the bar, he doubtless acquired in his continual struggles with superior age and skill, and almost equal power.

He had been admitted to the bar, in 1805; in 1807, he removed to Portsmouth, where he continued in practice until 1812, when he entered congress, a representative from his na-

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tive state, where the election is by general ticket. He was at the time, not quite thirty. His reputation as a politician was very high, although he had not as yet been one hour in public life; and his conduct during the first and second campaigns at Washington, and they were trying ones, proved his reputation to be deserved. He opposed, and opposed with great power, the plan then before congress, for chartering a bank, which, with five millions of specie capital, was to loan government thirty millions of dollars, to pay its debts with; to meet which issue, there was to be no capital save the government securities; thus enabling the United States to pay its own doubted paper with the paper of an institution of necessity insolvent; in this plan, 'poverty,' was indeed, as Mr. Webster said, 'the main source of supply; and bankruptcy a mine of inexhaustible treasure.' He at the same time, 1815, brought forward certain resolutions relative to the establishment of a national bank, which, although cast out at the time, were in fact, the basis of the present bank, which was chartered the following year.

At the end of his second term, Mr. Webster found it necessary for his pecuniary interests, to leave congress, and devote himself again to his profession. Thinking that Boston offered him a finer field for the exercise of his legal powers than Portsmouth, he removed thither in 1817, and remained steadily employed as an advocate until the congress of 1823 and 1824, in which he represented the city of his adoption. In the meantime, however, he had risen to the very first rank among the great lawyers of the nation. His argument in the case of Dartmouth college, in 1818, before the Supreme Court of the United States, placed him at once with Wirt, and Pinckney, and Sargeant.

He had, moreover, distinguished himself in the convention which met in Boston, in 1820–21, to revise the constitution of Massachusetts; and as an orator, his discourse at Plymouth, in December, 1820, had proved him equal to any in the land. It was with no common reputation, therefore, that he took his seat for a second time in the house of representatives.

His first speech was upon the Greek question; on which occasion, many, it is said, anticipated an eloquent and pathetic *oration;* but he disappointed them grievously, by his plain, comprehensive, matter-of-fact way of treating the subject. This speech, which went more fully than any other he has delivered, into the politics of Europe, has been printed in nearly all the languages of that continent, including that of Greece itself, and has circulated very extensively through South America. We have not room to mention all, even of the

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great efforts which have brought him so fully before the world within the ten years that have elapsed since that time; the greatest of which, in 1830, made in reply to Mr. Hayne, is familiar to every reading man in the nation. He has spoken upon the bank, the tariff, the claims of revolutionary soldiers, and almost every topic that has interested the country generally; and more than all, he has entered the arena, the sworn champion of the union, the sworn foe of nullification; and if we mistake not, he is now looked upon as the one in whose talent and integrity the country must chiefly rely. He is now, as all know, in the senate, to which he went in 1826.

The sketch which we have given of Mr. Webster's upward course is slight and imperfect; and it is so necessarily, from a want of materials. We are sorry that this is the case, for we think the progress of every public man should be before the public while he is yet living; it would aid the cause of justice and truth, by enabling all to judge of the worth and the ability which should be in every candidate for distinction; and would discourage the chicanery and demagoguism which disgraces so many of our public men.

Mr. Webster stands among the first, both as a lawyer, and a statesman. As a lawyer, he is distinguished not for his profound reading and intimate acquaintance with cases and technical rules, but for his reliance upon ultimate principles, his power of distinguishing that part of an argument which is mere talk and sophistry, from what is true argument; and above all, for his clearness of perception, his logical conciseness of expression, and a simplicity of style and of idea which enables all to understand him. In the examination of witnesses, he shows that power of eliciting truth, which a lawyer must have to succeed; though at times, we are sorry to say, that he uses his power to brow-beat and terrify—a practice but too common with advocates who know their own strength. Toward his fellow barristers, also, Mr. Webster's manners are not always what they should be; he can be as gentlemanly as any, but he can also be, and too often is, haughty and overbearing.

As a popular man, the most remarkable point about Mr. Webster, is his freedom from all the tricks of the demagogue. Through his whole course, he has preserved his dignity and self-respect. He has asked no favors of his constituents, he has made them no promises to win their votes; he has sought no public office, no government patronage; he has made use of no chicanery, no by-play, and has employed '*no scavengers*' for any purpose. All that he has done, has been open,

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manly, and honest; he has offered his services to his townsmen and his state, but he has pledged himself to nothing, save honesty and his country's welfare. He early took his stand with reference to the great questions in American policy, and he has maintained the stand he then took, to this day. So far from being a flatterer of those below him by his attention, he is remarkably deficient in the sort of tact which enables many politicians to attach individuals to them, by touching their weak points. He has none of that much-talked-of knowledge of human nature, and human vanity, by means of which, the cunning and the unprincipled, compete with the fair and upright. He influences those around him; but his influence is all above-board—and we think it to his honor that it is so.

He is said to be cold, selfish, and ambitious. With his manners, the nation has nothing to do; and if he be selfish, we may rest assured, that he has too healthy a mind, too clear an intellect, not to perceive that his interest, and his country's interest, are one; that fame and power will fall to that man's share, who does his duty, and infamy and contempt cover the one that in his short-sightedness, seeks to advance what he thinks his own good, at the expense of what he knows to be the good of his fellow citizens. In one word, Mr. Webster is wise enough not only to acknowledge, but to act upon the maxim, that in public life, as elsewhere, 'honesty is the best policy.' For the charge of ambition, we have but the answer, that the man never lived that was without it; and if *diseased* ambition, *short-sighted* and *dishonest* ambition be meant, we have already said that Mr. Webster's whole life, his character of mind, and strength of intellect, all unite to show the charge groundless.

It has been said, and said in New England, by the very men whose representative he is, that he has not been consistent upon the tariff question. What are the facts brought to sustain this charge? In 1824, he spoke against *prohibition*, and protection, *when it operated as prohibition;* he acknowledged the constitutionality of the tariff, and its expediency also, to a certain extent, but advocated strongly and conclusively, the cause of the modern doctrine of free trade, against Mr. Clay, who was in favor of the old system of excessive protection; and he voted against the bill because it had more of bad than good in it. But the bill passed, and under it a large portion of New England capital was invested in manufacturing concerns. Then came the tariff of '28. The question now was, should he vote for it, and assist in preserving what had been built up against his wish and conviction, or vote against it, and assist

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in ruining his constituents, for the sake of preserving what is most erroneously called consistency? He decided, and we think with reason, that having been forced—to use his own idea—to sea, against his will, it would have been the part of folly, not consistency, to jump overboard and lose his life, in a vain attempt to reach the shore he had been unwilling to quit. He is, and ever has been, then, a friend of the protective *principle*, but a foe to that principle when carried to the length of prohibition, or when applied to one branch of industry, at the expense of another; he is, and ever has been, a friend of the United States bank; he does, and ever has advocated union, and contended for the principle, that the general government received its powers from the people of the United States as one nation, and not from the people of the states, as separate, independent states.

Mr. Webster's strength as a statesman, however, does not lie in his *originating* power; in that, Mr. Clay, and many others, are before him; indeed, he has never been the prime mover of any great measure, unless we may consider his resolutions of 1815, as the origin of our present bank; he is no schemer; his mind is analytic, not synthetic. But as a defender of what he approves, as an opponent of what he dislikes, as a debater in a deliberative assembly, Mr. Webster has, at this day, no equal living. His frame, his countenance, his voice, all partake of the character of his mind, and all assist in producing that effect, of which we are sensible when we hear him, but are totally unable to account for when the spell is past.

'Who is that man?' said a friend to us one day, in Boston; 'Mr. Webster,' we answered; 'so I thought,' said he; 'I met him the other day, on the common—he was looking downward; but when he raised his head, and his eye met mine, *he looked me directly out of the path.*' And so it is—his broad, massive forehead; his heavy brow; his dark, stern, soul-searching eye; his strong mouth, and the shifting muscles of his cheek, would cause Mr. Webster to be remarked any where, and in any assembly. We have never seen a face, and never expect to see one, as a whole, so extraordinary.

His person is inclined to corpulency, though he is above the common height. His voice is of great power and compass, and though at times harsh, it is a voice that *will* be listened to. When he rises to speak, you attend to the words that come from him so slowly, and as if with an effort, because you feel the man's power from his looks and his tone. At first he merely *talks* to the meeting; there is no oratory, nor gesture, nor at-

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tempt to make an impression; but presently comes a right-down motion of the clenched hand, such as a blacksmith makes at his forge, and then a heave of the whole body, which drives his words home; and as he warms to the subject, if he does warm—and if he does not, he is but a dull speaker—he loses his slow, heavy speech and stiff movement, his eye lights up, his face is working with expression throughout, he pushes back the dark hair from his forehead, his voice, 'that cunning instrument,' now startles you with its deep energy, and now sinks almost to music; you feel, you feel as something new, each word that he utters; his logic is as convincing as a mathematical demonstration; his unadorned descriptions bring tears into your eyes; he casts defiance into the teeth of his adversary, and you think he might wage war with the universe; he turns upon him with a simple retort, and a simple sneer, and your blood curdles, and you turn away with a shudder, that a fellow being should be so humbled as you know that adversary must be; he speaks of our common country, our common fathers, our struggle, our interests, our union; he speaks of the fight that has been fought, and of that which is yet to be fought—and your cheek burns, and your teeth are set, and your fingers are hard-clenched; you feel that you could charge up to the cannon's mouth, and wrest the musket from the soldier's hand; he ceases—and the flush is past, the feelings return into their usual channel, you wonder at your own heroism, and are as much a coward, as much a man of the world, as cold and calculating as ever.

In private life, Mr. Webster is simple and dignified, though by no means elegant. He is wanting in cordiality of manner, and though he has the power of pleasing, is but little of a talker, save with his intimate friends. In his dress, he is rather careless; and he walks slow and with the step of a man of importance. He is fond of simple pleasures—loves to lie upon the grass, and listen to the birds, and watch the clouds; he is fond also of fishing and shooting; enjoys a solitary ramble; and is withal, a steadfast friend of well cooked meats and good wines. He has but little quicksilver in his composition; is not easily roused, and being roused, not easily quieted again.

What his future destiny will be, we cannot, of course, even guess. Many think him better fitted than any other man in the nation, for the office of chief justice of the Supreme Court—the first, and probably the most responsible office under the federal government. But let him be what he will, we believe he will ever be a benefactor and an honor to his country. P.

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LEAVES.

The leaves of plants are regarded by the vulgar eye as a very unimportant part of the vegetable creation. The fruit is pleasant to all tastes, the flower is beautiful to every eye; but the common green leaves pass unobserved, except by him who is acquainted with the beautiful workings of nature.

All do not know that without the aid of these despised leaves, there would be no fruit, there would be no flower. The functions which the leaves perform, are necessary to the very existence of the plant. The sap which supplies it with nourishment, would be of little use without their labors—of no more use to the vegetable system than the unchanged chyle to the animal.

The sap is merely water, holding in solution various particles of nutritive matter, such as lime, magnesia, potash, etc. sucked up by very small holes, at the extremity of the roots, called *spongioles*. This sap passes up without undergoing any change, into the leaves. These seem to be to the plant, what the lungs are to the body. It is necessary that the sap should, by passing through the leaves, come in contact with the air, before it is in a fit state to nourish the vegetable system. Two distinct operations are performed upon the sap, while in the leaf. The first is the evaporation of the watery portion of the sap; the other is a chemical change. The leaves are furnished with little pores, called *stomas* (mouths). Through these, about two-thirds of the water, which, having answered its purpose as a vehicle to convey the nutritive particles into the plant, is no longer needed, are evaporated. The remaining portion of the water, now trebly stored with riches, returns through the plant, supplying each organ as it goes. It is a curious fact, that this evaporation is effected, not by heat, but by light. Without light, no evaporation will take place, and it will even be inconsiderable, unless the sun's rays fall upon the plant. Thus plants which are raised in the house, are liable to become dropsical, owing to the insufficiency of evaporation, caused by the want of light.

The leaf too, serves as a laboratory, in which a chemical operation is carried on in the sap, by its contact with the air. The principal effect of this operation seems to be the absorption of carbon, which is very necessary to the plant. It is by this absorption of carbon, that plants purify the air, which is continually undergoing contamination by receiving the quantities of that substance exhaled from the lungs of animals. A man exhales in breathing, no less than eleven ounces of carbon,

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per day; and plants purify the atmosphere by absorbing these currents of deleterious matter.

But it is not by the absorption of carbon, alone, that plants have a beneficial effect upon the atmosphere. They also exhale oxygen, and thus pour forth a constant supply of that substance, which is necessary to the life of animals. It is to be remarked, however, that during the night, the operation is reversed, and plants absorb oxygen from the air. It is on this account dangerous to sleep in a room where there are plants, as they take away that portion of the air which is requisite for breathing. It is for the same reason that fire is dangerous in a sleeping room, because oxygen being necessary to combustion, it is constantly drawing that substance from the air. The cause of the different operations taking place in the day and in the night, is thus explained. Plants draw carbon not only from the atmosphere, but also from the earth; and this in two ways: first, in the form of carbonic acid—that is, carbon combined with oxygen; and it also comes combined with many of the solid substances, which are dissolved in the water of the sap. The carbonic acid, as soon as, entering into the leaf, it touches the air, is decomposed, and the oxygen flies off into the atmosphere, while the carbon remains in the plant. Now it appears to be a law of nature, that the plant shall not receive carbon, until it has first taken the form of carbonic acid. Consequently, the carbon, which comes in the other form, in order to become an acid, must absorb oxygen from the atmosphere. This, as if ashamed of being thus brought under the law, it always does in the dark. But this oxygen is all returned again to the atmosphere, the next day, by the decomposition of the acid again. Thus we see that the leaves are, in fact, the breathing organs of the plant, and as essential to its existence, as the lungs to the life of animals.

It is much to be regretted that the subjects of botany and chemistry receive so little attention from the mass of the people. The formidable barrier of *name*, which has been flung around them, has, we believe, kept out many who were inclined to enter; the terror inspired by the stamp, has prevented many from breaking the seal. But if, disregarding this barrier, you will only throw yourself at once into the heart of the subject; if without stopping to look at the impression, you will treat the matter as you would a letter from a friend, and tear open the seal, and enter at once upon the contents, you will find yourself rewarded.

What is chemistry? It is merely a store of information, collected by the observation and reflection of men like yourselves—not supernatural beings, as some in their distant terror are

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inclined to believe—with regard to the common things that are all around you; nay, your very selves. 'What are we made of?—I should like to know,' thought the first chemist. 'And what is that tree made of? and that water? and this stone, I have in my hand? and how is it that that water becomes hard in cold weather, so that common people can walk on the waves? And look there! see how that fire crackles away, when you put a stick of wood on; and yet put on a stone, and it wont burn. How is this?—still, those black stones which they call coal, will burn; what is the difference between them?' These, and ten thousand more such questions, which every one may have occasion to ask, each step he takes, did the chemist put to himself. And finding many others in the same state of unsatisfied curiosity, he conjoins them with himself; and all apply themselves to the observation of the motions and habits, as it were—for things as well as animals, have their habits—of every thing around them. And in time, the results of these observations and reflections made upon them, are brought together, and certain general conclusions drawn. Such is the manner of the origin and progress of all the natural sciences. Like other things, they are small at first, and grow by degrees. They do not suddenly rise up from the earth in their full stature, and stalk abroad at once, astounding and terrifying the nation; nor do they, like the goddess of old, come forth perfect from the brain of the deity, to teach men wisdom. Science is no mysterious scroll, thrown down from heaven, for men to gaze and wonder at, and read who can. No; a science is nothing more than a collection of observations, with the general conclusions drawn from reflections on those observations. Or at least we may proudly say, such is science since a Bacon came into the world to dissipate the darkness of the Aristotelian mysteries, and spread abroad the glorious light of experimental philosophy. Thank God, we are able now to see the ground we tread upon; that we can know where we are. Bacon planted the foot of science in the right path, and set her forward; and her step, however slow, is now firm, and sure, and direct—'onward, right onward.' The path behind is all clear; we can trace her steps from where she left the hand of the 'father of philosophy,' right down to her present place.

Fear not, then, that you will be lost in the mazes of a labyrinth if you enter the temple of science. The path is clear, and easy, and beautiful. And regard not the learned titles emblazoned over the doors of the several halls you will find there—enough that they are all in the temple of wisdom. They are all connected together, and whichever you enter first, you will glide imperceptibly into the others. O.

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ON THE FORMATION OF A NATIONAL CHARACTER.

Education is the corner-stone of the social edifice. It is the rock on whose firm foundation is erected that glorious fabric of liberty and law, which is our best inheritance, and proudest boast. It is that which distinguishes civilized from savage man; which draws the broad line of separation between the free, the intelligent, the useful citizen of our country, and

> '— the poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind
> Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind.'

It is that which elevates the child of poverty and labor, to usefulness and honor; which cultivates his talents, developes the resources of his mind, awakens the latent fire of his ambition, and enables him to start in the race of life on equal terms with the more favored sons of affluence.

It is impossible to treat this subject with the seriousness which it demands, without referring to its effect on national character, and to the benign results which it has already produced to our republic. More than half a century has rolled away since our country was declared to be independent; and its prosperity has been steadily advancing, from that period, to the present. Thirteen states have been increased to twenty-four, a population of three millions has swelled to thirteen millions, and the boundaries of our empire have been enlarged until they extend from ocean to ocean. But that which constitutes our highest pride as a nation, is the unexampled and indeed unexpected success, which has attended the trial of a republican government. Every previous attempt to maintain a free government upon a large scale had failed; but here the most sanguine of the friends of liberty have found their anticipations more than realized, and the world has seen for the first time, combined in an extensive empire, national prosperity and individual freedom; a government respected abroad, and a people thriving, happy, contented, and free at home.

We have been accustomed to attribute all this prosperity to the *bravery* and *patriotism* of our forefathers. Undoubtedly we owe a debt of lasting gratitude and honor, to those pure and heroic men who in the hour of peril braved the frowns of power, and the horrors of the battle-field. And so long as there is a heart among us, alive to generous feelings, we shall glory in their martial achievements and emulate their stern republican purity. But it is too often forgotten that we owe far more to the peaceful virtues of those exemplary men, than to their martial deeds, or their political energy. The latter

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resulted naturally from the former. Their noble and heroic conduct in public life, accorded strictly with the principles which regulated their ordinary intercourse with society. If they were the wisest in council, and foremost in the field, they were also bright examples of moral worth; they were the enterprising, the industrious, the intelligent men of those times. The most of them were men of highly polished intellect, and spotless lives. They appealed not to the passions, but to the reason of their countrymen; they appealed to an intelligent people, and only vindicated by the sword, in the last resort, that victory which was already gained by the force of argument. In this respect, our revolution differed essentially from all others. With all the additional lights that we now possess, we still look back with surprise, not only to the talent and learning which were arrayed in the political controversies of that day, but to the remarkable spirit of moderation which pervaded all ranks, and characterised all the important public acts of that period.

If we revert to the days that preceded the revolution, in search of the causes that led to our success in a contest with the most powerful nation of Europe, we behold no military preparations. Our ancestors had no wealth, no magazines stored with the munitions of war, no military schools, no camps in which to train their youth to martial exercises. They had an engine more powerful than all these, in the intelligence of the people. Education had awakened their faculties. They could read, reflect, and reason upon their rights. They had been taught to think. The colleges and public schools of that day, were the nurseries of our freedom.

The same remark will apply with equal truth to a later period of our history—to that which has elapsed between the revolution and this time. In the administration of the government, there has always been evinced a high degree of political sagacity; and our character for military prowess has been gallantly sustained by land and sea. But we must resort to some other cause in order to account for the rapid advance of our country to prosperity and greatness. It has not been by the instrumentality of the sword, nor in consequence of the successful schemes of any great political magician, that our commerce has been extended throughout the world; that our land abounds with useful inventions; that vast regions have been reclaimed from the sterile solitude of nature, and peopled with industrious men; that our laws are mild and salutary; that peace, order, and religion, are in our country; security and abundance in our dwellings. We owe all this prosperity, under Providence,

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to the intelligence that planted, to the intelligence that maintains our republican institutions. We owe it to education.

More than once has a solemn crisis occurred in our history, when the patriot has trembled for the union; but the ship of state has weathered every tempest. Volumes have been written and spoken to disclose the great secrets of our escape from the dangers which have been fatal to other republics. The hidden mysteries of political economy have been ostentatiously displayed, and theories have been plentifully created in explanation of every past event, and in anticipation of every future emergency. The simple truth is, that we are a conscientious and an intelligent people. The virtue of the people has heretofore saved our country; and if we would perpetuate its freedom, we must cherish religion, cultivate sound morals, and disseminate knowledge.

If we look back upon the republics of ancient times, we shall find that they were prosperous just so long as the people were virtuous and united; and that union and virtue resulted in every instance from some public system of education. Their notions of education differed, it is true, from ours; but it was *a discipline*—a discipline that trained up the youth of the country for the service of the public. The Roman empire was founded by a few herdsmen and hunters, men of hardy frames and abstemious habits. They were temperate in their enjoyments, strictly disciplined, and ardently devoted to their country. Their youth were carefully trained up to the service of the public. The Roman mother, with the first accents of parental affection, mingled those noble precepts which taught the Roman youth to stifle every selfish feeling, to banish every sensual enjoyment, to smother every interested motive, which might, by impairing his own usefulness, endanger the liberties of his country. By the practice of these virtues, they became a great nation; but when they had acquired glory and power, they grew idle and luxurious; their effeminate youth, no longer disciplined in the camp, nor in the schools of philosophy, rallied not around the standard of their country's honor, and Rome became a prey to the gold of the usurper, and the sword of the barbarian.

The Spartans who occupied a little barren state of Greece, scarcely larger than one or two of our counties, became a renowned people. At first, they were poor, and few in number. They trained their youth with the most rigid care. All were assembled at a public table. All their physical energies, every mental faculty, every thought and affection of their bosoms, were moulded into a noble subserviency to their

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country's interest. The whole lesson of childhood, and all the study of maturer years, was how to live, and how to die, for their country. The Spartan mother sent her son to battle with a smile of pride, conjuring him to return a victor, or remain a corpse; and even the tender wife dropped no tear upon the grave of her long-loved warrior, except when a hard fate compelled her to weep the unwilling tear of shame upon a coward's tomb. But when the Spartans, enriched by the spoil of conquered nations, departed from the simple habits of their fathers, suffered the wise laws of Lycurgus to fall into disrepute, and abandoned his rigid system of education, they became an easy prey to their enemies; the invader pillaged their fields, and the tyrant trampled on their liberties.

My object in these remarks is, to show that correct habits and principles are as requisite to the welfare of a nation, as to that of an individual. To produce these, it is necessary that the child should be trained up to the duties of the man, and the young citizen taught that his honor and interest are inseparably connected with the interest and honor of his country. The ancients had no idea of education in the sense in which that term is now employed; our systems of education are all of modern invention. I quote the examples of Rome and Sparta, to show that their systems of training their youth, however defective, were still the real causes of their greatness. I see little to applaud in the philosophy of their schools; little to admire in the management of their children. But their mode of instruction was suited to the times and the circumstances; and, bad as it was, it raised them far above those who neglected the important duty of rearing up citizens for the service of the state.

If these remarks are true in the abstract, they are especially true when applied to ourselves. We live under republican institutions, where the whole power of the government is in the hands of the people, and where every act of sovereignty is but an emanation of the public will. No mighty monarch graciously assumes the burthen of conducting our affairs; no hereditary parliament kindly relieves us from the difficult task of enacting our laws; no established church in charitable consideration of our weakness, deigns to accept the tithe of the produce of our labors, in return for the amiable office of directing our consciences in this world, and selling us the right of admission to a better existence. In government, in religion, in social life, we think our own thoughts, and act at our own pleasure.

The people of such a country, are its strength. It is they

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who make the laws. It is true that they exercise this nigh function through their representatives; but these are but their agents. We elect whom we please to represent us; and every year affords new evidence that whenever a representative disobeys the will of his constituents, their confidence is withdrawn. The man whose sentiments are acceptable to the people, is elected to office, and so long as his acts conform with their opinions, he is permitted to serve them in a public station. It follows that laws are nothing more than expressions of popular opinion; and the policy of the government will be enlightened in the precise proportion that the people are intelligent.

The people are the strength of the country in another sense. The few, the very few, who by the gifts of fortune are rendered, in some measure, independent of their fellow citizens, are not those who give tone to public sentiment, or vigor to public industry. The farmer, the mechanic, the manufacturer, and the laborer, make every thing that is consumed or exported. The man who *works*, no matter how, with his hands or with his mind, is always producing something that supplies the wants of other men, that gives activity to business, that aids or stimulates others to exertion, and that yields money to himself, or to the public. But as all the mechanic arts, and every department of industry, is aided by the discoveries and inventions of science, and as many of the liberal arts and useful professions cannot be advantageously pursued by ignorant persons, it is clear that the energies of a people can never be fully developed without the aid of education. A nation buried in ignorance resembles a sleeping giant; awakened to the light of knowledge, it displays the giant, strong in the possession of all his faculties.

The people are the strength of the country. Who are they that meet our enemies in the field, and drive back the tide of battle? Not the idler, nor the brawling demagogue. A few of these may repair to the posts of honor; but the dependence of the country, in the hour of peril, is upon the sons of industry and labor; the men whose frames have been hardened by exposure, and whose muscles have been strengthened by fatigue—upon the men of cool heads and hard hands, the thinking and the working men of the republic.

I have, perhaps, dwelt too long on these self-evident propositions. But it is important that they should be frequently presented to the reflecting men of our country, and earnestly pressed upon their attention. If it be true, that we depend upon the intelligence of the people for the wisdom and purity of our laws, upon their valor for our defence, upon their industry for our prosperity, upon their morality for all the virtues that sweeten

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the intercourse of social life, and hallow the enjoyments of the fireside, then is it equally true that the first, the highest duty of a free government is to educate the people.

I shall endeavor to apply these remarks to the condition of this region—our endeared home, the country of our affections. I shall urge them in the spirit of kindness, not in the accents of rebuke. I address the western people, not as an alien to their country, a stranger to their wants, their habits, or their opinions. I address those among whom I have long lived and acted. It is not for me to reproach my fellow citizens with the want of those institutions, whose absence I have felt and lamented in common with themselves. I know too well the history of their wants; I am too intimately acquainted with the story of their struggles. If the literary institutions which have diffused rich blessings to more favored portions of the union, have been tardily introduced into the west, and are totally wanting throughout the greater part of this valley, reasons may be assigned for their absence, which reflect no stain upon the public spirit of the people.

The emigrants to this country came to a wilderness, fertile it is true, beautiful to the eye, and abounding in all the richest gifts of nature, but destitute of most of the conveniences of organized societies. They left behind them, literature and art, and all the civil institutions, which had been erected by the pious care of their fathers. They were poor; the wealthy do not emigrate. Many of them came encumbered with large families, and few brought any other wealth than active frames and enterprising spirits. They had to begin the world in a new country—to build houses, to open farms, to make roads, to erect civil institutions, to provide every requisite for protection and sustenance; and their days were spent in toil, exposure, and privation. Those who come to our country now, enjoy all the comforts, and many of the luxuries of travelling; elegant boats convey them to their places of destination, and comfortable dwellings shelter them. Such was not the case but a few years ago. The pioneers encountered both inconvenience and danger; and in addition to all other evils, disease of the most distressing character, universally afflicted the first settlements. Thus dreary was the pilgrimage and rugged the lot of the first adventurers to these sunny plains; and is it strange that the gentler arts and elegant refinements of life, should linger in the rear? The tide of emigration brings not, like an oriental river, golden sands upon its bosom; and those social comforts, and liberal arts, which flourish only in the sunshine of wealth, are seldom the companions of the hardy pioneer, in

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his lonesome journey, or the inmates of the cabin in the wilderness.

So far then from deserving any reproach, for having done so little for literature and science, I venture to assert that we deserve great credit for even that little; especially when it is recollected how much we have accomplished in other departments of improvement. But how long shall this apology avail us? Is there no limit to the days of our infancy and weakness? Has not the time arrived when honor, policy, and conscience, alike forbid a further delay in the performance of a sacred duty—a duty to ourselves, and our country—a duty to those who are dearer to us than self or country, the children of our affections? The western states are no longer the feeblest of the sister republics. They have acquired strength and character. Some of them have population, wealth, commerce; why should they not have education, literature, and refinement?

A vigorous and combined effort in favor of education, is absolutely necessary, to enable us to keep pace with the spread of knowledge in other countries. An intense interest has been awakened on the subject of education, throughout the civilized world. In Great Britain, the illustrious statesman, who has been most instrumental in the work of political reform, is diligently exerting the powers of his great mind to disseminate intelligence among the people. In France, the most important result of the first revolution, has been a noble system of instruction, which is now rapidly changing the character of that powerful nation. Throughout the states of the German empire, education is dispensing its blessings, and has kindled up already, a love of liberty, and a knowledge of the worth of freedom, which is shaking the hereditary institutions of that country to their centre. Even the Russian monarch has been forced by public sentiment, to patronise seminaries of learning. All Europe is becoming enlightened by public schools. They have even found their way into the dark regions of Asia; and there is now in Egypt, an university, in successful operation, in which the higher branches of learning are taught to the youth of that barbarous people.

In our own country, the friends of education are active. There are now in the United States, *sixty* colleges, and a still larger number of academies and high schools. Several states have adopted systems of common schools, to which, all the children of the state have the right of access. Lyceums are becoming popular and useful. Societies have been established, in which some of the most enlightened men of the nation par-

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ticipate, for the purpose of collecting and distributing information in reference to systems of instruction. There is a general excitement in the whole civilized world, in favor of education; and before many years shall have passed, it will be considered as necessary to every regularly organized government, to have a system of instruction, as to have civil officers, and a code of law. It is necessary, therefore, for us to act in self-defence. We must act promptly, or we shall be thrown far in the shade by foreign countries, and by our sister states.

MISS LESLIE'S PENCIL SKETCHES.

To describe what is every day seen, to narrate events constantly recurring, seems, at first, the most natural and ready of talents. Who can find difficulty in telling what he has just heard, or describing what he has just seen? Yet, who, if he has ever attempted it himself, or listened to a witness in the hall of justice, or attempted to obtain a just account of other persons and events, has failed to perceive how very difficult it is to be, at once, accurate and concise—to be true and graphic? In truth, the faculty of narrating and describing justly, is one of the rarest and most difficult of human attainments. It gives an inestimable value, when possessed, to the page of the historian, and a glow which no coloring can impart, to the portraits of the poet and the moralist. What more than this, gave a charm to the writings of Xenophon and Tacitus, Addison and Shakspeare? Not that we can personally verify the accuracy of the historian of men and manners; but, that such is the detail of circumstances, the probability of narration, the portraiture of human nature, every where the same, that we cannot doubt the fidelity of the likeness, or hesitate to believe that such things, if they have not, *might* have existed. Rare as is this talent, it is peculiarly so in the United States. We have excellent writers upon divinity, politics, and law; a few poets, some novelists, and many story-tellers. But where is there an historian, a biographer, a satirist, a describer of manners, who has been able to fix public attention, and communicate a picture of the times to other generations? Antiquity has not, indeed, made the history of our country interesting by its obscurity, or cast its gray mists over its yet vivid and glorious story; nor have its heroes or statesmen been magnified into more than human proportions; or its manners been corrupted into such deformity of vice, that any dauber in colors, a modern Juvenal, can draw its

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hideous features. Yet there have been enacted some scenes in this young and green land, which, one would have thought, would have inspired genius, and been recorded in all its true and graceful lines. There have been some men whose lives and characters would have formed a study for a moral Canova; there are peculiarities of manners in every quarter of the country, enough to have moved the pens of many an Addison. One, indeed, seizing the opportunity, has exhibited in the grace of his satire, and the richness of his humor, a splendor of result, which only rich and abundant materials could produce. Nor was it merely the talent of the writer; for when transferred to *foreign* objects, how diminished his fire, how feeble his wit!

These observations have been excited by a perusal of Miss Leslie's Pencil Sketches. This little book has, as she would say, *no pretensions.* It makes no display of the wild and terrible—a second Alroy; nor even describes the enviable adventures of a highwayman, or a dandy, such as Mr. Bulwer kindly furnishes us; but speaks to us in a quiet, pleasant way, a little satirical, perhaps, of things and events, we have all seen in our own charming land, and about our own dear homes. It is a part of our lives, recorded by one of the actors, and criticised by conscience in that little court, which it holds in every heart. Now this is just the sort of narrative writing we want. This is an age of *realities*, and we need a portrait of the 'living manners as they rise.' To do this, we have already remarked, is not easy, and Miss Leslie is the better qualified for the task, for the reason that she has not a particle of *creative talent.* Her talents are those of *observation* and *description.* Had she a vivid creating imagination, she would throw its rich coloring, beautiful, but certainly inaccurate, over pictures, which are valuable only for their similitude to the reality.

The everyday domestic scenes of American life have never been drawn, probably because they were supposed to want that *spice*, and that glare, which distance, and antiquity, and fashion throw around even the worst forms of vice, and voluptuousness. We may be grateful that there is so little of the striking, and marvellous, and antique, about the life, and manners, and habits of our yet uncorrupted society. Miss Sedgwick has, however, given an interest to the social scenery of America, and Miss Leslie is now adding to the stock, and pointing the way to future genius.

Of these Sketches, the most accurate are, 'Sociable Visiting,' 'Country Lodgings,' 'Pic Nic Parties,' and 'Mrs. Washington Potts;' but all are well told.

Sociable visiting is doubtless a most charming and excellent

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thing among intimate friends; but among mere acquaintances, we apprehend, however hospitable the visited may be, that it seldom *takes* well without some previous intimation. Such is the pride of American housewives to appear well, and such is the common difficulty on account of *help*, that a *visitation*, without notice, rarely fails of mortifying one of the parties. To illustrate this, is the object of Miss Leslie's sketch, and it is done to admiration, in the adventures which befall a certain young lady, in her attempts to accept the invitation of her friends, to 'visit them sociably.'

'Country Lodgings' has some *vraisemblance*, but is rather a caricature. The author has, doubtless, seen something like it; but we can say from experience, that country lodgings are generally better than she represents them. It must be recollected, however, that the lodgings she describes, are those in the immediate neighborhood of a large city, where some poverty-stricken adventurers set up their sign of 'boarding and lodgings,' to catch the money of the rich citizen. Of them, she has probably given an accurate account.

'Pic Nic Parties' are famous things 'down east,' and not unknown in the 'wild west.' They generally begin and end as Miss Leslie describes them, with obstreperous joy—when we set out, that we are going *to be* so happy, and equal raptures on our return, that we have *escaped so well*. The truth is, jaunting and travelling with one's own horse, and carriage, and pleasant little wife, through a well ordered country, is a comfortable thing. It is refreshing to the spirits, healthy to the body, and good to the soul. But if you add to this the wives, children, and baggage of all your neighbors; guns, nets, and tackle; dogs, cats, and monkeys, you make it the labor of Hercules, a thing horrible either to be endured or related.

Of 'Mrs. Washington Potts,' so much has been said, that nothing need be added. We will say, however, that though a prize tale, and quite good, it is by no means the best in the volume.

Miss Leslie has, in these Sketches, began a career well worthy to be followed by herself, and others, on a more extended and ambitious scale. Our country presents, in its domestic manners and natural scenery, all that a writer of the narrative and dramatic can desire, to make the subject of his efforts, or the permanent monument of his fame. What have Greece and Rome, thousands of years gone by, or modern Europe, thousands of miles over the Atlantic, to do with the literature of a young and vigorous nation, in a new continent, under a new system, and in peculiar times? D. M.

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AMERICAN SEAMEN.

I was pleased with the admission in Tom Cringle's Log—which, by the way, is an excellent work of its kind,—that the English tars, though they beat all the rest of the world, have found a match in 'the d——d Yankees;' and as this respectful term is applied by John Bull to all Americans, we need not get up our western backs about it, though, in truth, few of our brethren probably float upon the big waters. I have never been able to come to a very satisfactory conclusion as to the peculiarities of sailors; nor do I know any good reason, why the Dutch, English, and Americans, make the best mariners, unless it be, that they are descended from the Northmen, who were, in the olden time, most notable pirates and cut-throats.

A sailor differs as much from a landsman, in mind and morals, as a fish from a quadruped. He has no idea of economy or worldly wisdom, and precious little care for any moment, but the present; open, frank, and careless, he follows impulse and inclination with a strange recklessness of consequences; he is ready to share his last dollar with a friend, will risk his life for a stranger, and throw it away, to be revenged on a foe. He deals not with your 'sirs,' and your 'misters;' it's 'how are ye, my *hearty?*' He cares little for religion, and less for morality. With much of the chivalry and generosity of the olden time, he has all its grossness. His life at sea, is made up of hard bodily work, and on shore of mere bodily enjoyment. His mind is troubled with no speculations as to how he shall support his family, for it is not often he has one; he is content to 'haul taut and belay;' to eat his salt pork, drink his grog, smoke his pipe; and when he comes ashore, spree it till his pocket is empty, and then ship again for a new cruise. He knows pain, want, fatigue, suffering—but *care* he never knows. He lives—I am sorry to say it,—a degraded, sensual being; and dies—and is followed to the grave by half a dozen fellow tars of six months' acquaintance, and his last sweetheart—and in a month, is forgotten by all but his creditors.

Much has been done to improve the character of seamen; much to cultivate the peculiar excellencies of their temper, and make them more like men and christians. The reverend Mr. Taylor, settled, I believe, in Boston, has been very active in this good work. He was once a sailor, himself; he knows their wants; he knows how to address them; he is liberal, honest, and powerful; and I am told his influence upon

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the character of the mariners of that port, is already visible. I once heard him preach to them; he represented us as on board a ship in a tempest; with really wonderful power, he painted the coming on of the storm—the sky is hid; the ocean awakes; all is made fast; but the tempest becomes every moment more violent; the sails are torn from the yards; the masts are cut away; the ship settles down, as the waves break over her; 'and now,' he said, in that low, calm, distinct tone, that goes more home to the soul, than any other, 'now, my friends, that our canvass is gone; not a spar left for a jury-mast, and the leak gaining upon us, what shall we do? Hark! Do you not hear the waters, as they rush in below? Do you not see her settle by the head? Do you not feel her tremble?' And now he leaned forward, and gradually raised his voice, till it seemed almost to bespeak agony; 'a moment more, fellow sailors, and this good ship of ours will sink into the deep; a moment more, and we, that have laughed, and sung, and made merry within the hour, will be struggling with the eternal waves; but we shall swim and struggle in vain; we must die, we must die if there be no help at hand; and is there none? is there no way, no way of escape? Save yourselves, save yourselves if you can.' It was enough—I saw twenty arms thrown up, as if to catch at a rope, and an old gray-headed sinner, by my side, hung onto the banisters, and trembled more by half, than he would have done, had he been indeed wrecked. After a moment's pause, in a low distinct tone, the preacher continued: 'yes, fellow mariners, you may be saved; you may escape; there is a life-boat at hand; seize upon it, in the name of God, seize upon it, and make it yours, and live—that life-boat is Jesus Christ.'

But all this is foreign to the purpose I had in view, when I began this very erudite paper; which was, to illustrate the fearlessness which we claim for American seamen, by an anecdote or two.

Their skill and courage in the way of their profession is acknowledged by all. A few years since, when crossing the Atlantic in a British ship, we one morning espied a vessel to windward. It was blowing hard; we were running under reefed topsails. When the captain had taken a look at the ship in sight, through his glass, he turned to me with a sneer, and said, he'd wager a hat that was a Yankee, 'for he was carrying sail as though he had a mind to part with his rigging, or run hull under;' and before noon we found it was, in truth, an American. The same captain told me he believed the Yankee skippers were either wizards or devils; 'for,' said he, 'they

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run about among the West India banks and shoals, taking the sun's height, with a bit of shingle, and *guessing* at their headway by throwing a chip over the bow, and seeing how long it takes to get astern, yet they never touch; while we, for all our quadrants and logs, stick fast every other time we try the passage.' And this is their character, the world over—that of skilful and bold navigators.

But in other respects they show a degree of courage, that we find in no other nation, unless it be the English. A friend of mine, master of a small Baltimore schooner, arrived some few years since, at Manilla, in the East Indies, at a time when a British ship was lying there whose crew had rebelled. The mutineers having forced their officers on shore, proceeded to assume the command of all the other vessels in port, by going on board of them, and obliging the masters to *treat* them to whatever they saw fit to ask for. The morning after the schooner arrived, the captain being on shore, four men from the British ship rowed over to lunch on board the American. The mate, who was on deck, was surprised at the demand made upon him to furnish grog *instanter*, and bidding them wait a moment, went below and got his pistols. When he came up again, he very quietly told them, to trundle back into their boat without delay; this they refused to do, and showed fight, until the mate pitched one of them over the bulwarks, into the sea, which induced them to sound a retreat, finding they had caught a Tartar. When the captain came back, and was made acquainted with this invasion, he went at once on shore again, and obtained a written permit from the British commander, and the public authorities, to bring these mutineers to order. He then mustered all his men, armed them, took a cat-o'-nine-tails, and rowed to the English ship. The sailors were carousing in the cabin. The American, pistol in hand, took his station by the companion-way, and called upon the rebels to come up one by one. The first one that came forth, was a man of great strength and brutal courage; he came as a champion, and at once made a set-to at the American captain, who was quite small and slight; but a well aimed blow with the pistol-but, brought him senseless to the deck, and for a time, he was thrown aside. Those below, concluded this was no joke, and after some consultation, determined to face up, and take what the Yankees chose to give them. So one by one they came forth; one by one they were seized up to the mast, and with the American flag flying over their heads, and, I believe, a drummer beating Yankee-doodle, took fifty lashes a piece on their bare backs. The next day the

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captain came on board, and took command again, and the islanders acquired a great respect for the stars and stripes; holding that the latter were not assumed by the Americans without reason.

There was a story appeared some years since, in one of the eastern papers, illustrative of the determination of a seaman, with whom the narrator was sailing, which I do not think ever came westward. The story, as told, was somewhat fictional, I think, as I have reason to believe I know the person, and the facts. They were these. Captain N. who is a man of great energy and presence of mind, strict with his sailors, and just also, arrived off Buenos Ayres, or rather the river La Plata, when blockaded by the Brazilians. His object was to run the gauntlet; but the enemy were too sharp-sighted for him, and toward evening, he was hailed by a man-of-war, and ordered to come to; which he accordingly did. He knew that a boat would be sent to board him, and he knew, moreover, that his papers would send him into a Brazilian port, to nap for a time, and he acted accordingly. His men were at their posts, for he had not come to an anchor, but was standing off and on; and bidding them, through his mate—for he never spoke to a sailor himself—be ready to about ship in an instant, he went aft, and took the helm into his own hands. It was now quite dark, and the man-of-war was scarce visible. Presently the armed boat, filled with men, was seen to leeward; the American stood on, and tacked, as for the purpose of meeting her; but when the Brazilians expected the vessel to come up into the wind, that they might board her, they heard the cry to 'let all run;' the helm was put hard up, and in an instant, the bow of the ship was upon their broadside; before they could strike an oar, or mutter a prayer, the dark hull passed over them, pressing down boat and crew into the boiling waters. The American then stood off to sea again; the captain gave the wheel to the seaman whose watch it was, and went below to his quiet slumbers. I will not justify such an act, but the spirit that prompted it, might have done nobly in a noble cause.

This same commander, coming once from the east, was pursued by a pirate schooner, who fast gained upon him. In this predicament, he hoisted the British ensign, tied all the old clothes he could muster, in the rigging, about ship, and after the pirate with all sail set. The schooner took him for an English cruiser, and made tracks at once.

I might relate a dozen stories of the same sort; stories that prove us to possess the material for the best navy in the world;

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and we may, if we but choose, have it. Our flag is respected now by all nations; but if disunion takes place, and civil war, what will become of our navy, our flag, and our national character? They will go to Davy Jones' locker. N. S.

WRITTEN AND UNWRITTEN LAW.

WRITTEN or *statute law* comprises not only the constitution of the state, and all the acts of the state legislature; but also, the constitution of the United States, and all the acts of congress. Unlike other governments, we have two legislatures, to the acts of which we owe allegiance; two immense factories, I might say, in which laws are fabricated in vast quantities, and sent off to the courts to be administered. For nothing can exceed our legislative productiveness. Our workmen in this department, seem determined to earn their wages, and they keep making laws, whether we need them or not. Excessive legislation is the greatest political evil under which we labor. If no new subject offers itself, the laws already made, must be taken to pieces and repaired, with additions and alterations. The idea seems to be, that laws, like governments, become the worse for the wear; and that novelty and variety should be the aim of the manufacturers. Now it would be more correct to compare laws to wine, which improves by age. Certainty and stability are qualities essential to a good system of laws; but these can never be realized, where every important statute, by the time it becomes well understood, and its construction settled, is made to give place to a new one, differing just enough from the old, to render the learning connected with it useless. These remarks apply with especial force to the legislation of Ohio, in which nothing has been constant but change. Our whole body of statute law has been revised four or five times in the short period of thirty years, to say nothing of the alterations made in certain portions every year. I know not whether this constant fluctuation is to be ascribed to a love of originality, or to a restless ambition, in our legislators, or to some other equally exalted motive; but it requires no sagacity to perceive that however it may suit the purposes of the legislators for the time being, the consequences must be extensively deleterious to the interests of the public at large. I am almost inclined to believe that it would be a blessing to the state, if, except upon some particular emergency, or for some local purpose, we could not have another law made for the next ten years. But this cannot be. As things are now

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organized, every successive assembly will turn out its volume of enactments, rich with the spoils of extensive innovation; thus rendering it exceedingly difficult for lawyers, and quite impossible for other classes of men, to be familiar with the written laws of the land.

Unwritten or *common law* embraces the decisions of the English courts, from the earliest times, down to the period of our revolution, and of all the American courts since that period. We call this law unwritten, because there is no existing record of its enactment. The theory sometimes put forth, is, that its principles must have been once enacted by the proper authority, but that the record of such enactment has been lost by length of time. This, however, is mere theory. The fact is, that the common law has been made by the successive judges, and the only record ever made of it, is to be sought in the reports of their decisions. The whole mass is the result of *judicial legislation.* To explain the process of its formation, I will suppose that a question arose in the time of Alfred, for example, concerning which the written laws contained no provision. In this case, what was the judge to do? He must either dismiss the matter at once, and so let an injury go unredressed, or else he must make a law to meet the case. Expediency manifestly pointed to the latter. The judge accordingly made up an opinion upon the best lights he had. If an analogous case had been decided, he would be guided by the principles there settled, so far as they would apply; and for the rest, he would consult public policy, and the abstract principles of right and wrong. In this way, every adjudication of the common law is made. And each adjudication thus made, becomes a precedent for all subsequent cases involving the same facts. Thus it may happen, that the rights of an individual, at this day, will be concluded by principles discussed and settled five hundred years ago. For if a question now arises, concerning which the statute law is silent, we at once have recourse to the reports. If the reports of our own state have no case in point, we consult those of other states. If we can find nothing in any of the American reports to settle the question, we have recourse to the English reports, and we search back to the earliest times. The English decisions prior to the revolution, are of as much authority as our own; for to that part of the common law, we succeeded by the revolution. And even to those subsequent to this event, we are in the habit of referring with great confidence, on account of the exalted reputation of English judges for profound wisdom and learning.

Such is the vast extent of surface over which the common

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law is diffused. Compared with it, the statute law is a mere primer. Already the reports which a lawyer of high pretensions may have occasion to consult, amount to a thousand volumes; and the number is rapidly increasing every year. No wonder, then, that twenty years have been fixed upon, by common consent, as the shortest period within which the most devoted student can become a thorough lawyer. With the results of legislation, excessive and fluctuating though it be, he may soon become familiar. But this, I repeat, forms but a mere fraction of the whole body of law. Indeed, were we to take all the cases in all the books, which were new when they were decided, and for which, consequently, the judges made the law, and place them by the side of all the enactments made by all the legislatures where the common law has prevailed, the excess of the former over the latter, would, at first view, be astounding. For until the fact becomes incontrovertibly evident, we are hardly willing to believe that judges have been our chief legislators. This certainly is not the theory of our government. We profess to choose one set of men to make, another to interpret, and a third to execute our laws. And in what I have said, I had reference rather to what has been the fact, in past times, than to the state of things at present. For it is very evident that the field of judicial discretion under the common law, must have been constantly diminishing, down to the present moment, and must as constantly continue to diminish hereafter. Because, just in proportion as precedents are multiplied, the number of unprecedented cases is diminished; and consequently the occasions when judges are called upon to make the law, must every year become less and less frequent. Still they occur even now, and in this country, so fruitful in legislation, with sufficient frequency to justify the assertion, that the rights of our citizens, particularly such as relate to property, are greatly dependent upon the discretion of our judges. It is well, perhaps, that none but lawyers can be fully aware of the extent of this dependence. Otherwise, the cheerful acquiescence of the people of this country, in judicial decisions, which is so highly honorable to their character, might not be as universal as it now is.

It has been maintained by many able men, that a *perfect code of written laws* might be framed, so as to render a resort to the common law, entirely unnecessary. I am not so sanguine as to believe this. I should fear to have the common law abolished altogether; for in the endless relations, diversities, and ramifications of property, I am persuaded that no code, however faithfully elaborated, could provide for all the questions which should

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arise. Where is the set of men, to whom it would be safe to commit the high trust of providing a substitute for the wisdom, the caution, the deep research, of all the judges who have adorned the bench? No; I would not annihilate the common law; but I would innovate upon it with an unsparing hand. Let it stand to determine questions not provided for by legislative enactments. Until man is perfect, a perfect code is an unattainable thing. But all codes will go on improving with the progress of improvement in all other things; and precisely in the same proportion, the common law will become less essential to our well-being.

Let it be borne in mind, that, from the nature of judicial proceedings, every principle of the common law must have been subjected to the severest possible scrutiny. Statute laws may be passed without much examination; but legal adjudications must be made upon a cautious survey of all the bearings. The issue is made up by contending parties. Interest, the most powerful of all motives, prompts each to contest the point with strenuous pertinacity. The ablest counsel are employed and put against each other. Authorities are cited, analogies urged, reasons adduced, on both sides. The whole universe of argument is explored, and all the magazines of logic are exhausted. Thus, when the judge makes up his opinion, he does it with all the conceivable means of coming to a correct conclusion. His judgment must be miserably obtuse or perverted, if his decision be not absolutely right. But should he, from being unqualified or corrupt, sanction an erroneous principle, in most cases his decision can be reviewed in a higher court, for which provision is made in all judiciary systems. And finally, should the highest court in any jurisdiction, from any cause whatever, give its sanction to a wrong principle, let it it be remembered that this decision is liable to be reviewed in all the courts of common law throughout the world; in some one of which, its incorrectness must be detected and exposed. When such are the safeguards thrown around all the principles of the common law, the dangers to be apprehended from its existence, dwindle almost into insignificance. But this is not all. We have legislatures in session every year, to correct whatever is ojectionable, and to provide for all deficiencies in the existing laws. Their power is transcendant over all common law decisions. And whenever an evil in the common law requires correction, whenever public policy requires a change in the principles or modes of proceeding in these courts, the remedy can be applied at once. And there is one important particular in which a legislative enactment has altogether the advantage of a judicial decision. When

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a legislature establishes a new principle, it can make its operation commence from a future time, so as not to interfere with vested rights. But when a court establishes a new principle, it operates immediately, not only in the case before the court, but in all similar existing cases which can be brought before the same court. The community is taken by surprise. No warning is given them to prepare for a change. Such a law, therefore, is essentially *retroactive* in its operation. And for this reason, all great changes must be effected by the legislature. In fact, judges would be going beyond their appropriate sphere, who should undertake to introduce important changes. There is a manifest difference between making a decision in an entirely new case, and overruling an existing decision. To the former, judicial discretion is adapted, but not to the latter. Judges can properly settle new principles for new cases, but not for old cases.

Still the question arises, what security have we that judges will adhere to precedents, where precedents exist? Do they not feel themselves at liberty, for reasons which appear to them sufficient, to overrule prior decisions, not only of other courts, but of their own court? Certainly they do. The cases of decisions overruled, would fill volumes. We find them in our own courts, and in all other courts. But they are the exceptions, and not the rule. The rule is, that judges are bound by precedent. From this rule they depart in strong cases. The expediency of such occasional departures will appear manifest, if we reflect how the common law has become what it is. Its foundation was laid in a barbarous age. Many of its principles, which were suited to the times when they were settled, are totally unsuited to the present times. Yet, unless some latitude were allowed to judicial discretion, these principles, however at variance with the spirit of our institutions, would of necessity, be binding, supposing the legislature not to have declared the contrary. Here then we have a choice of evils. Shall our judges be bound as with an iron chain, to the strict letter of precedent, in all cases; and thus inevitably entail upon us the errors and abuses of past times? or shall they be allowed to exercise their discretion, and thus expose us to the risk of having that discretion sometimes abused? The latter alternative has been universally adopted; and the instances of a perversion, or abuse of judicial discretion, are exceedingly rare. One of the parties, when a precedent has been overruled, will of course be disappointed, and will complain; but hardly an overruling case can be found in the books, in which, disinterested persons would not unanimously agree, that the princi-

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ple substituted is better than that overruled. In this respect, the purity of the ermine has been wonderfully preserved. If all other public functionaries had been as honest and upright as the oracles of the law, human nature would have abundant cause for exultation. In fact, we have manifold and abundant security for judicial fidelity and integrity. The person who is injured, cannot, it is true, maintain an action for damages, against a judge, for an erroneous decision; because if this were allowed, no man would take the office. But on the other hand, we have the judge's official oath, which binds his conscience to the final Judge of all. We have his liability to impeachment for every species of official misconduct, which binds him to good behavior by all the motives which connect themselves with his attachment to his office, and his sense of reputation. And, finally, we have that peculiar responsibility to the great tribunal of public opinion, which grows out of the ever present conviction of a judge, that his decisions are liable to be sifted and scrutinized by all the lawyers and judges of a hundred other courts, and criticised by the lynx-eyed sagacity of a host of commentators. Every judge knows and feels that his decisions are to be public property; and for this reason, he feels more strictly accountable to public opinion, than any other public officer. On the whole, then, our judiciary system in this respect, seems to be as little exceptionable, as we could hope to make it.

This power of judges to make the law for new cases not otherwise provided for, is confined entirely to *civil* matters. In *criminal* cases, it does not exist. At least, such is the fact in Ohio. In this respect, we have gone further, perhaps, than any other people. We recognize *no part of the common law in regard to crimes.* No citizen of this state can be punished for a crime which is not expressly defined in our statute book. The importance of this principle, as one of the great safeguards of personal rights, can hardly be appreciated, unless we advert to one of the universal maxims in the administration of justice, namely, that ignorance of the law forms no excuse. The absolute necessity of this maxim is perceived at once; for if you allow the offender to plead ignorance, how few criminals could be convicted. In most cases it would be impossible to prove that the culprit knew the law he was violating; and yet this burthen, being the affirmative, would fall upon the prosecutor. The consequence would be, that the majority of villains would escape. Accordingly, criminal tribunals proceed upon the ground that every man is acquainted with the criminal laws to which he is amenable. Now, where all these laws are com-

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prised, as in Ohio, on a few pages of the statute book, this presumption is as reasonable as it is necessary. Every citizen may, in a few hours, acquaint himself with every crime which can be committed, and if he fails to do this, it is his own fault. But where the criminal part of the common law prevails, as it does in England, and in many of the states, this maxim, though equally necessary, becomes in the last decree cruel. To presume that men in general, can be acquainted with the results of the adjudications of a thousand years, is, to presume a moral impossibility; for even the most acute lawyer is often left in doubt, after the most laborious examination, as to what this common law really is. This can never be the case with us. And although, by thus abolishing this portion of the common law, we may have many acts committed which cannot be punished, however much they deserve it, because we have no express provision for the case; yet this evil is not to be named in connection with the good of having all crimes defined by our legislature, with the utmost certainty and precision. Others may grope about among obscure records, and rake up from oblivion, forgotten decisions, to find a precedent for sacrificing an individual, when particular circumstances excite vindictive feelings; but, thanks to the doctrine adopted in Ohio, this can never be done here. Judges and prosecutors are tied down to the strict letter of the statute, when the life or liberty of a citizen is in question; although, as we have seen, in civil matters between man and man, we adopt the common law in its fullest extent, and open wide the door to judicial legislation.

W.

FELLENBERG.

NO. II.

In our last article upon the school at Hofwyl, we mentioned that the founder considered the mind and body so intimately connected, that the latter could not suffer without unfitting the former for its duties. In accordance with this view, he not only does all in his power to preserve the health of his pupils, but, believing that much that is generally looked upon as mental, is, in truth, physical disease, he applies physical remedies, where others would attempt to influence the mind. For instance, if a boy be lazy, peevish, or ill-tempered, in place of punishment, or confinement, he gives him a cold bath, or puts a spade in his hand, and carries him to the garden; and only

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attempts to influence him by reward or its opposite, when experience has shown the evil to result from bad habits or obstinacy, and not from debility and disease. This view of the matter, is undoubtedly the true one, and deserves to be considered, not only by those having the care of youth, but by all parents, and indeed, all persons. There are hundreds in the world, who suffer themselves, and make all around them suffer, from petulance and selfishness, which might be easily got rid of by attention to their health; for the stomach has a vast influence upon the temper, as most know by experience.

But the great excellence of Fellenberg's system, is, the attention bestowed upon *moral education.* He considers, and we think with reason, that the training of the body and the mind, is subservient to that of the character. The net produce of all knowledge, in his view, is its influence in fashioning the character.

The great principle of his system of moral education, is, to act upon his pupils, as much as possible, in the manner that God acts upon men. This, he considers the true principle for parents to act upon, and therefore, considers his a *parental* system.

He accordingly, in the *first* place, surrounds his boys by a moral atmosphere, so to speak, suited to their strength; one that will oblige them to resist temptation, and exercise their judgment and will, without leading them into vice, or shaking their principles. In the *second* place, he makes this influence, as far as possible, continual. And in the *third* place, he seeks to make reward or punishment the certain, but consequential result of good or bad acts, and not a direct and arbitrary result. We shall proceed to point out the mode in which he produces, or attempts to produce, these three things.

And *first*, in order to surround his pupils with the moral influence which he thinks suitable to them, he rejects, or if once admitted, turns away again, all children whose characters or habits are radically bad; for though he would wish them to be reformed, he feels it to be unwise to introduce them into a community which they will perhaps corrupt, without being cured themselves. Such children should be sent to a house of correction, intended to reform the vicious, not to a school which is fitted only to lead into the right way, minds as yet without fixed habits, and to preserve them in it. Such a house of correction he has himself instituted, of which, at some future time, we may give an account.

Another part of his plan, calculated with reference to this moral influence, is this; he divides his assistants into educators

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and instructors, the latter of which have no connection with the pupils, save as mere teachers in the various branches of knowledge; whereas, the former are with them continually, and are chosen with reference, not to their acquirements, but to their temper, their manners, and capability of influencing and interesting children. Fellenberg wishes these educators to be the companions and confidants of his pupils; he relies upon their patience to bear with childish faults; upon their perseverance to repeat again, and again, and again, the precepts and rules which the children are to obey; anger, or punishment bestowed in anger, he wishes to be studiously avoided, as having the very worst influence upon the young mind. The educators are to acquire the confidence of the pupils, so that when the reason of an order cannot be explained, the child may be willing to act in the faith that it is for his good, because given by one that seeks only his good, and understands it.

The *second* point of which we spoke, the continual presence of the due moral influence, he brings about principally, by the continual connection between the pupils and educators; they are together through the day, and sleep in the same apartment. Another mode made use of to produce the same end, is, to admit but few pupils at a time, into his little community, so that the new-comer finds himself surrounded by those whose habits and modes of thought are fixed; and an influence, imperceptible, but yet powerful, is upon him, every day, and hour, and moment.

The *third* point, in which Fellenberg attempts to follow the course of Providence, is, in his systems of rewards and punishments. Every educator of youth has two classes of faults to punish; those that are faults in any one, such as lying, stealing, bad temper, etc. and those that are faults, only because they are made so by the rules which are imposed by him upon his scholars. At Hofwyl the plan is to correct those of the first class rather by their natural consequences, than by any punishment peculiar to that institution; if a boy, for instance, steals, or lies, he is left to suffer the distrust and scorn, produced by such an action, in all around him, and as he soon learns that this is a natural and inevitable consequence of his act, and as it is a most disagreeable one, he feels at once, that for his own comfort, he must act otherwise in future; whereas, had he been whipped for this fault, his fellows would have felt a degree of sympathy for him as a sufferer; in his own mind would have been generated the sentiment of fear, or even hate, rather than love, toward his instructor; and not perceiving any natural connection between the fault and the punishment,

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he would afterward attempt rather to conceal a like offence from the person having the power to punish, than to cure the disposition. 'I am whipped because I speak an untruth,' he says; 'but when I leave school there will be no one to whip me.' But on Fellenberg's plan, he feels that the consequence of his fault is certain, whether at school, or at home, or among strangers; and that there is no way but to reform.

Corporal punishment is sometimes resorted to, but only in desperate cases, and then, sometime after the offence is committed, so that all appearance of anger or revenge, on the part of the educator, may be prevented; and when inflicted, the child is told that he is pained in order to enable him, when next tempted to commit the fault, to remember how wrong it is, and thus induce him to resist the tempter; and so efficient has this system proved, that in many instances children have come forward, and confessed their wrong-doing, and requested punishment that they might be induced to do better the next time.

On the same principle, if a boy be bad tempered, the dislike which is sure to follow his anger or petulance, is found sufficient in most cases, to effect a cure. And wherever a child is sensible of his fault, and attempts to cure himself, the instructor or educator, is to assist and encourage him, and not blame or correct him, because he does not at once throw off an evil habit of perhaps long standing. In some instances, habits become formed which the pupil finds it impossible to break through. In such a case, Fellenberg attempts to render the commission of the fault impossible. For instance, he places those who are inclined to turn continually from their work to mere conversation, under a threshing-floor, where they cannot converse if they would.

With respect to the arbitrary rules of the school, he is of course obliged to punish their infraction arbitrarily, also; but he always inflicts the pain when the fault is committed, without regard to promises of amendment, or former good behavior; so as to leave no inducement to commit the fault, under the impression of escaping its consequence.

With regard to rewards, he pursues the same plan; he gives no direct rewards, no medals nor prizes. If the boy does well, the confidence of his fellows and his superiors, he is taught to consider a sufficient recompense. The only symbol of approbation, he gives his pupils, is his esteem; the only praise he bestows, is the assurance that they have done right.

The result of Fellenberg's system, as those that have visited the institution, say, is, that the children regard him as a father,

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and the school as a home. They learn to love application, and love those that instruct them; for, toward them, the chief thing shown, is love; and it is human nature to return affection with its like. The great difficulty in education generally, is, to make the pupil believe and feel that he is loved; that the treatment he experiences is for his good; and that he must cooperate with his teacher, if he wishes to be happy. To make him believe this, requires an educator of rather remarkable powers; and such educators we cannot expect to have in this country, while so little attention is paid to the moral qualities of those to whom is confided the care of the young. There are but few *parents* even, who are aware of the true mode of bringing up their children; few, who can so temper decision with love, as to exact from them obedience, and yet retain their full confidence and affection.

In that part of moral education which concerns the relation between man and his Maker, in other words, in religious education, Fellenberg takes great pains to present the Deity in the character of a Father. This, we have heard objected to, as being a partial view of the matter, and therefore, one that ought not to be presented to children. God, it is said, is just, as well as merciful. This objection is valid, provided the child's idea of a father, is of a person all indulgence; but otherwise, it amounts to nothing. If the child is first made acquainted with the parental character, as it should be, God may be represented to him as a parent; for, in truth, the standard to which the parent should refer as a guide, is that character of the Deity, revealed to us by his word and works. Himself a firm believer in the truth of christianity, he instils into his pupils the precepts of the bible, showing, as he goes, their correspondence with the precepts of natural morality; and establishing in early life, a perception of the analogy between natural and revealed religion. In this respect also, we think he has improved upon the common practice, which is, to give the scripture to children as a task, before they can understand either its object or importance, thereby creating a distaste to it in after life. His plan of interesting his pupils early in the study of nature, and of leading them to see in every thing, proofs of a Deity, we think also worthy of imitation. He teaches no sectarian doctrines, and does not attempt to influence his pupils on matters of faith, respecting which they can have no ideas; he thinks it useless to accustom them to repeat phrases, of which they do not understand, in any degree, the meaning; such points he leaves for after life, and their own parents, or clergymen chosen by their parents.

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To prevent the necessity of reward and punishment, Fellenberg finds continual employment the best assistant. Industry, he says—and all acknowledge the truth of his observation,—is the great moraliser of the world. For the purpose of affording this continued employment to his pupils, he allows no one occupation to go on so long as to produce weariness, and distaste to it. From one kind of study he turns to another; from study to exercise; from exercise to quiet enjoyment, such as is afforded by music; and from this, back again to study. By this continual change, he prevents any employment from tiring. Every literary man knows, if he has tried it, the advantage of such a plan. The mind, or more probably, the organ of the mind—the brain—becomes fatigued, not generally, but in part; after a close attention to music or painting, mathematics afford amusement, and *vice versa.* After study, exercise is pleasant; and after exercise, we go to our mental work again with new zest.

To make bodily exercise pleasant, and prevent it from being a mere task, Fellenberg encourages not only the usual sports of boys, with whom exertion is an instinct, but he also gives them gardens to cultivate, and acquaints them with the use of mechanical instruments, in which every child finds much pleasure. He also takes them upon pedestrian tours through the magnificent country in the midst of which his school is situated.

That Fellenberg's views of education are not mere theoretical crudities, the success of his own establishment has proved. Hundreds of travellers have visited it, and from personal observation, say that so well regulated a collection of boys, they have never seen. Commissioners also have been appointed, who have investigated all points connected with the institution, and they have made reports to the same effect. All that we have stated respecting Hofwyl, is taken from a series of letters published in the American Annals of Education. These letters were written from Hofwyl, by a visitor, and are entitled to full credence.

In this country, no institution has yet gone into operation, based entirely upon the system of Fellenberg. In 1823, Messrs. Cogswell and Bancroft, both of whom had, we believe, visited Hofwyl, established a school at Northampton, Massachusetts, which, in some respects, resembled the Swiss school, but differed from it in many important particulars. At first, this Round Hill school—as it was called from its situation upon a hill of that name—was eminently successful; and, though the price of instruction was high for New England, there were always more applications than were desirable. Within a few

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years, however, this school has lost much of its reputation, and many of its scholars.

It resembled Hofwyl, in the disuse of corporal punishment on common occasions; in the adoption of a system of physical education; in the great variety of occupation provided for the scholars; and in the general plan for the improvement of the intellect. The points of difference were, that there was no regular agricultural employment provided; all exercise was in the way of amusement. But the connection of regular labor with regular study, we think to be one of the best parts of Fellenberg's institution; and we are glad to perceive that the opinion is spreading in this country, that a boy may be fitted at the same time for a ploughman, and a citizen; for in our land, every citizen, to do his duty, must be a man of no little information. Another defect in the Round Hill school, was, that the scholar was taken twice a year from the hands of the teacher. This, Fellenberg does not allow. He wishes the child, when once given to him, to remain with him, lest in three weeks, the work of six months be undone—as it may be. A third mistake made by Messrs. Cogswell and Bancroft, was, to admit too many scholars at once; in consequence of which, they lost that powerful influence which is exerted upon a child by those among whom he comes. A fourth, was, having too many scholars for the number of educators. A fifth error, or rather difficulty, and it was the great one, was, the want of suitable educators. In consequence of this want, the scholars were left to themselves when playing—in their rooms, and often, in school. Owing to these causes, particularly the three last-mentioned, that continual supervision of a friend and superior, which forms one of the most marked features in Fellenberg's system, was wanting at Round Hill; and, we believe, caused the change of public opinion, by disappointing public expectation. However, deficient as it was, we still think it one of the best schools we have ever known.

Since its establishment, many others on the same plan have gone into operation with greater advantages; they have profited by the experience of their predecessor; and as the system has taken root in America, we hope to see it extend rapidly; when it does so, let not those that benefit by it, be forgetful of the patriotic individuals who first introduced it among us. They did it for the country's good, and at their own risk; and as it has proved, we fear, with great loss to themselves.

The difficulty experienced at Round Hill, of finding educators—not instructors—will always be experienced, until men are more respected and better paid for school-keeping, and an

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institution is started for the preparation of teachers. On this point we might say something, did not time forbid.

For the details of Hofwyl, we would refer to the letters from which, as we said before, this very imperfect abstract has been made. P.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

'I am apt to believe it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the *great anniversary festival.* It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to the Almighty God. It ought to be solemnized with pomps, shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of the continent to the other, from this time for ever.'—*John Adams' Letter to Mrs. Adams, July* 3, 1776.

Such was the prophetic and ardent language of one of the patriots, before the declaration of independence was publicly announced, and when his mind was yet glowing from the great debate, of which he had been confessedly the leader. During the memorable months of May and June, '76, as a defender of American independence, in the opinion of the illustrious author of the declaration himself, Mr. Adams had no equal upon the floor of congress. For a deep and passionate sense of the wrongs of his country; for solidity and extent of political wisdom; for true independence of mind, genuine honesty of purpose, and a strength-inspiring eloquence, he was the Marcellus of the house. It is true that we do not owe the act of independence to him alone. He was upheld by a thousand powerful minds; by the voice of his country; by the spirit of liberty which breathed every where. He became the leading defender of that memorable act, because he concentrated that spirit, and spoke that voice. He thoroughly comprehended the whole ground, felt an intense conviction of the truths he uttered, and spoke the feelings of his heart without fear. His, therefore, was genuine eloquence. Could the thousand orators who declaim annually upon the return of that great day, know what he knew, and feel what he felt, their audiences might catch the spirit of that glorious time, with something of its original life and fire.

But the dark and trying hour has gone by, and with it the high intellectual excitement, the self-denying and lofty patriotism, and the virtue ever watchful, ever incorruptible. Like the penitence of a sick man, who, when his night of fear and suffering has passed, feels the happy sunshine return, we forget that we are still in the hands of the living God, who will

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remember our broken resolves, at the great reckoning against us. What gave to the fourth of July its glory, and sent the pulse of reviving health into the American nation, was the *private virtue and intelligence* of the patriots of '76; and if that virtue and intelligence be not kept up, the sacrifices of our fathers were nothing; our own expectations absurd. There is no side road to national greatness. Popular ignorance and dissoluteness will never be neutralized by the excellence of any constitution, or the uprightness of any body of citizens. To build up a republic upon any thing but universal knowledge and goodness, is to waste time and thought. Much is boastfully said of the astonishing improvements we have made in half a century. But the truth is, we have gone backward. The vast accession of territory has given rise to a scattered and demi-barbarous border-population. The great and uninterrupted flow of emigration to our shores, has introduced countless myriads, fresh from corrupt and despotic countries, unaccustomed to our forms of government, uneducated, and unfit for a republic. Our institutions are becoming daily more democratic, while the people are not increasing in intelligence or morality. And above all, the multiplication of public offices, and of applicants for them, has led to a degree of political corruption almost, to use a strong expression, European. These are a few of the causes which justify the assertion that the people are less fit for their own institutions now, than they were at the close of the revolution. Mr. Jefferson's principles are beginning to be felt, and felt to the injury of all true ideas of government. None but a perfect people is fit for a pure democracy, because nothing but intellectual and moral habits will teach men the proper government of themselves. The return of the fourth of July, affords a fine opportunity for enforcing these and similar truths. The orator may dwell with peculiar force upon our political responsibilities, because the mind is by the most powerful associations, carried back to the day of our trials and sufferings. He may explain the causes which led to, and the principles which conducted the revolution. He may dwell upon the private virtues and exalted minds of those patriots, who won the day when every thing but hope and courage was against them; and by whose self-discipline, toil, sacrifice, and final death, we are free. He may remind us that what cost so much toil to achieve, cannot be preserved without watchfulness; and that we shall not be worthy of such ancestors, or true to ourselves, if we do not cultivate the only springs of national prosperity and glory—personal virtue and intelligence.

Observed with such feelings, the great anniversary festival

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may be made most propitious to national glory. It may tend to make men both know and love each other, and their country. It may contribute to strengthen the union of the states, preserve the recollection of our historical experience, keep alive a sense of our political responsibilities, a respect for the constitution, and veneration for the worth and greatness of its founders. Too often is the fourth of July made the occasion of empty declamation, or of that which is worse, party harangue. Too often is it made the scene of riot and drunkenness. Yet its recurrence as the great national Sabbath, will always be marked by the development of right feelings. Let it be reverentially and decently passed; yet with joy and festivity. Let it be 'commemorated by acts of devotion to Almighty God,' and improved by the best talent and eloquence of the country, and it will become next to the Sabbath of our Lord, a day of inestimable value to America.

That we are yet far from this desirable point, is no proof that this fine occasion is wholly lost. But we are at an awful distance from having our best talents put in requisition. We appear to have forgotten that the object of having orations on that day, is not a mere formality, nor a means of idle amusement alone, but to teach us our political obligations. The office is trusted to our youngest and most florid declaimers, who go through their parts more like schoolboys than men.

We have had the ineffable misery of hearing about fifteen fourth of July orations, and can say with truth, that not one of them has been even respectably adequate to the greatness and fertility of the subject. They are proverbially empty and childish. The very mention of a fourth of July speech, excites a smile; and it excites nothing more, for they are generally held below criticism. We have often known persons refuse to attend them, saying, they knew what sort of *stuff* to expect; that they had heard it a hundred times before; that all fourth of July orators copied each other, and that they could tell us beforehand, what the oration would be, without pausing to inquire who the orator was. The fact cannot be denied, strange as it may appear, that with the whole volume of political wisdom before them; the whole flood of human sympathies to appeal to; the highest examples of moral sublimity to illustrate; the most splendid prospects to dwell upon, that the world has ever yet beheld, our fourth of July orators, one and all, produce the most stale, flat, and unprofitable speeches that are to be found on record.

The truth is, that as a nation, and as individuals, we are shamefully ignorant of our own history. We know not what rich treasures it contains; how many bright examples; how

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many heroic actions; how much philosophy, common sense, wisdom, purity, chivalry, splendor—every thing that can adorn character, and confer solid reputation. We are not aware of the danger into which our self-sufficient vanity and over-careless security are leading us. We have established a government fit only for a highly virtuous and instructed people, yet more than fifty years have elapsed, and no vigorous measures have been taken by the government to educate the mass of the commonalty. That commonalty is every day grasping more and more power, but it is not growing more able to use it. The people are behind their own institutions. Here, a crowd-flatterer, one of those actors of patriotism, who would at any moment barter his soul for an office under the president or the people, will tell us that we are now insulting the majority—a crime of such magnitude, in his eyes, that he expects the earth doubtless to open and swallow up him who commits it. We think ourselves perfect enough. We are a great people. We have Abraham for our father. It is enough. Providence will see for us, hear for us, act for us. We have no enemies to repel, therefore we have no duties to perform. All is safe; the watchmen are dismissed; the wolf is dead; the shepherd may sleep. We have beaten the British—we are invulnerable.

But an arrow in our heel may awaken us to pain and agony. A viper in our bosom may sting us in our sleep. A sudden bolt may strike terror into our noonday repose. If we forget that our independence was the triumph of those noble private qualities which must be cultivated if we wish to preserve it, we deserve to be trodden down by the present generation, and despised by all hereafter, as a race of voluntary slaves, whose natural sphere is below the ass and the mule, and for whose blind perverseness no punishment can be inflicted too severe on the body, and galling to the spirit.

There wants the voice of eloquence, the voice of wisdom, the authority of something more than boyish declamation, to enforce these truths. They are truths upon which not only the prosperity at home and the glory abroad, but the safety, nay, the very existence of the American nation, must rest. In the preceding remarks we do not speak of any particular oration, but of the general tenor and stamp of them all. We wish, for the honor of the west in particular, that they were more manly, more full of the fire of ancient times, more adapted to the genius of a great and liberal nation. C.

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THIRTY DAYS IN MY BERTH.

A LIVERPOOL packet is a palace or a dungeon, according to the state of a man's stomach—to me, it was the blackhole of Calcutta, seven times blackened.

We set sail from New York, soon after the great northeast snow-storm that destroyed so many eggs, in January, '31; and a most nipping and eager air it was, that wafted us from New Amsterdam. It reduced the captain's whiskers one-half, and made the old bottle-nosed storm-stemmer look like a frost-bitten cabbage; and the gray-headed pilot too, though he had drifted, twixt sea and shore in his cockle-shell for half a century, stamped about like a first-chop tragedian, with his arms knee-deep, as they say, in Hibernia, in the bags of his monkey jacket. As for my own self, being a new hand in salt-water matters, and feeling an instinctive antipathy to a cabin, where every thing was on the full swing, I kept on deck too; and looked up at the sails, and down at the sea, and forward where the bows were beginning to rise and fall on the long swell; and thrashed my arms and legs about, and tried to keep warm, and feel wonderful contented; but it would not do; and when the pilot got into his little Water-Witch, I came within an ace of straddling the bulwark with him; but then I remembered my trunk and sweatmeats, and holding fast to a rope, I breathed upon the tip of my nose, to keep the life in, and became sentimental—

> 'Adieu, adieu! my native shore
> Fades o'er the waters blue;
> The night winds sigh, the breakers roar,
> And shrieks the wild sea-mew.'

The last trace of America disappeared; the ship rolled more, and more, and more; the steward called me to tea. I staggered into the close, hot, mahogany cabin; took a seat to windward, and accepted a cup of that nondescript, called by sailors *tea;* but when I went further, and put this same compound of tar and hot water to my mouth, my stomach gave a groan, and threw itself upon its reserved rights; and as there was no denying that this same tar-tea was opposed to the constitution of my federal system, and fearing that the complainant might nullify at an improper moment, I made a dive for my stateroom door, amid the congratulations of the captain, who was renovating his countenance with a bottle of porter, and a cut of cold roast beef, supported by fried potatoes.

I reached my room, pulled off my coat and cravat, kicked my shoes under the berth, and stepped into the solitary chair

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for the purpose of gaining my bed; when a sudden lurch of the ship capsized the chair, and sent me headforemost into the cabin, where I landed safe on my back under the captain's stool. 'Good God!' said he, dropping a large slice of fried potato into my face, 'what's the matter?' I had but little breath to spare, and so the steward dragged me out by the legs, and stowed me safe under the counterpane, breeches and all; while his superior looked on, and inquired through his mouthful of beef, if I would not take a little porter after my fall. Bah!

For the next forty-eight hours I was insensible; once or twice they brought me near enough to the land of the living, to make me swallow a little cold water, but otherwise, I was collapsed. On the third day, my mind opened its eyes again. It was a beautiful, warm forenoon they told me, and so the steward took me up fore and aft, carried me on deck, and stowed me away in the long-boat, among some old sails. Here I found one of my two fellow passengers, and a more forlorn figure never crossed my vision.

Mr. Bibb was a Montreal merchant; he had a body five feet five inches high, and that might weigh, feet and all, eighty pounds; and a mind nearly half as large as its dwelling-house. He was enveloped in a white surtout, and cow-hide boots; from above the collar of his surtout sprouted a fungus-like head, defended from the winds and rains of heaven by twenty-five or thirty long, colorless hairs, seemingly made of a spider's web; to assist which, he had called in the aid of an immense otter-skin cap, calculated for the wear of some Canadian hunter, across the mouth of which had been rigged up a sort of net-work of red and green twine, such as we tie up quills with, to prevent this formidable friend from slipping down and extinguishing him. His eyes were undoubtedly eyes, but they seemed to be all white, with only a little aperture in the centre to look through; and for his nose, I will not describe it otherwise than by referring you to a plough-share, mottled white and blue. But his mouth—it was the mouth that marked the man; the lower part of his face appeared to have passed through a rolling mill, and his teeth and tongue inhabited an open country, having six inches perhaps, of frontier, and extending back to an unknown distance; he had thirty-five teeth at least.

Mr. Bibb, not such as I have described him, but in the state such a man would be in, when sea-sick, with an invisible beard half an inch long, and a sky-blue tippet about his neck, was soliloquising upon a roast potato and a bit of cod-fish, in the stern sheets of the long-boat, when the steward threw me in

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beside him. 'By the by,' said Mr. Bibb, 'how are you to-day?' I could only answer by dropping my under jaw. The Canadian comprehended me, and offered me the skin of his potato.

It was in truth, a beautiful day; though in the middle of January, the air was warm and pleasant; the sea was comparatively calm, though the pitching of the ship made me dizzy, as the remembrance of it does now. We were going merrily on our way, under a sufficiency of sail, and the men were at work repairing the fore-yard, which had been injured two nights before in a squall. I began to think I might like the ocean yet, and intimated as much to my fellow sufferer. 'Ah,' said he, 'by the by, so I thought myself.' But hope is as notable a huzzy at sea as on shore, and when I had eaten two plates of rice tinctured with molasses, and drank a tumbler of wine and water, I found it advisable to call all hands and take to my berth again.

Why is it that nobody will sympathize with a person when suffering under the two most purgatorial troubles of this world—sea-sickness, and disappointed love? Let a man have a head-ache, or a twinge of rheumatics, and who thinks of laughing at him? But let him be cast into a state of mind and body when life is a burden; food, rank poison; hope, energy, and every thing else gone, and he is fair game. It is a disgrace to civilized man. And just so when a poor fellow embarks in chase of a wife; let but the jade play him foul, cut the throat of his affections, and strip the skin from his heart, and he is sure to be attacked by every other member of the community. I say again, it is a disgrace to civilized man; and so I said to myself, as I lay grinding my teeth, and heard the captain discuss me with the one sound passenger, by name Mr. Stone, over a roast turkey and cranberry sauce.

This Mr. Stone, as I afterward discovered, was quite a character. He was a revolutionist to the back-bone, a deist, a linguist, a chemist, and in short, a rank heretic on every subject but the excellence of brandy. He was a man of talent, but self-educated, conceited, and a bigot. He began his life in a pottery; but finding *that* within him which aspired to something above the fashioning of clay, he ran away, and went to sea, and became at last a cabin-boy in a man-of-war; this he liked very well, but one day while in port, he unluckily drank more grog than came to his share, and in the course of the capers whereby he let off the super-excitement, he broke the cabin mirror, and being of opinion that desertion was the only true kind of valor, at any rate in cabin-boys, he dropped from

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the window at midnight, and swam ashore, carrying in his pocket a roll of money which he took from the captain's locker, thinking doubtless, in the hurry and darkness, that he was taking a shirt out of his own empty chest.

He next turned the face of his multiform genius to making up pills, and compounding nameless doses in the back shop of what is called in England, a chemist and druggist, i. e. an apothecary. From his worthy master in this line, he imbibed the spirit of reform that was fairly devouring him; from him came his ideas of government, of professional men, upon whom he looked down with great contempt, and of various other important matters.

And Mr. Stone was no mere talker; he had done all in his power to overthrow the British monarchy; and failing in that, he had moved to America, where he intended to bring about a reform that should be felt through every department of the government, and every section of the country. He meant to reduce the price of soda powders one-half. He had moreover made some progress in a new dictionary of our language, the first word of which was to be 'truth,' the second 'knowledge,' and the third 'belief;' the fourth he had not quite fixed upon; the plan was philosophical, and he meant to make the study of his dictionary the best means of attaining all knowledge. 'I will define truth, sir,' said he, 'show the relation between truth and knowledge, and between knowledge and belief, and so go on to all that man's mind has elaborated, that in this one work every thing shall be stated, not separately, but in such connections, and so illustrated that we shall need no libraries, and no encyclopedias.' Mr. Stone was fifty, probably, and had advanced three words toward accomplishing this small work. He had moreover a system of laws on the stocks; and a plan of society which should dispense with all professions. His idea was to educate every child in law, medicine, and boxing; the rest was mere luxury. He was a man of considerable reading, and untiring industry; in his pocket he carried his inkhorn, pen, and note-book, and not an idle moment chequered his existence; from mental, he went to bodily exercise, from bodily back to mental; and if the chance offered, would crack an argument with great relish.

I was in my berth the whole passage, sick as any could wish his worst foe, with now and then a lucid interval of half an hour; on these occasions the reformer used to fasten upon me with infinite satisfaction; and he gave me an insight into one of the strangest minds I have ever wrestled with.

The main-spring of all his hetorodox notions was, not bad

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feeling or insanity, either of head or heart, but simple vanity; and this is the case, I believe, with nine out of ten of such men; they are too conceited to see an error, into which conceit perhaps first led them, and die in their unbelief. But he had more uncommon qualities than vanity; he had a mixture of good and bad principle, of wisdom and folly, of clearness and confusedness, that I never saw equalled. As I lay in my state-room, I used to hear him at times rubbing up the Canadian.

'Pray,' said he to him one day, 'pray, Mr. Bibb, who do you think wrote the new testament?' Mr. Bibb, totally unsuspicious of any trick, and too much of a merchant to appear ignorant, answered promptly, 'Doubtless, sir, it was Peter.' 'And did Peter, think you, Mr. Bibb, write Paul's epistles?' The Canadian was dumb-foundered; but feeling himself in a marsh, he concluded it best not to go too deep; and so opening his mouth, very much as a clam opens his shell when the tide is coming in, he sent forth a long-spun 'why–y–y,' to cover his retreat, and observed, by the by, he thought Paul *did* live about that time. 'And pray, sir,' said the apothecary, 'was it Paul or Peter, that wrote St. John's gospel?' Mr. Bibb was a quiet man and a coward, but like many four-legged cowards, force him into a corner, and he would fight with the energy of despair; in such a corner he was at present, and turning upon his persecutor, with a boldness little expected by the man of salts, he said calmly, 'You speak of the new testament, Mr. Stone. St. John's gospel is not in that work.' This was a poser; there was no argument left to Mr. Stone, but to produce the book; but not a testament was to be found; the captain was asleep; I was so to, in appearance at least, and Mr. Bibb triumphed. His opponent took the only revenge in his power, he entered the Canadian in his note-book, and went on deck, to jump rope.

Thirty days on one's back is no joke; at least to a man whose bones are prominent; my shoulder-blades had cut through the sacking before we had been out a fortnight. At last we entered the channel; the sea was smooth, and as I stood on deck, and eat Newtown pippins and watched the gulls, I felt really heavenly; and when dinner came, and the roast turkey and cranberry, it was tenfold Elysium. We passed the blue heights of Dungarven, the green shores of Wexford; the lights of the Mixen-head, and the Wicklow-head; in due time doubled the Holy-head isle, and with the Welsh mountains on our right, the heaving sea on our left, and a thousand small fry all about us, before a snorting breeze we sped on to Liverpool, the American city of Old England. M.

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LITERARY NOTICE.

THE KNICKERBOCKER, *alias* KNICKERBACKER. Vol. ii. No. 1.

THIS Magazine has disappointed public expectation. It was puffed too soon and too strongly. The flourishing of trumpets at its birth, made us look for a giant; and lo, a middle-sized man only is forthcoming. It was established to redeem the literary character of New York. It has had two editors in six months, and at length, strange to say, a western writer has been called upon 'to efface the stigma' that rested on the commercial capital of America. In the hands of this gentleman, we have no doubt the Knickerbocker will succeed, provided always he keeps away from the natural sciences, and other matters of which he is ignorant. We hope it may be so. We hope he will concentrate the mass of literary talent now lying fallow in New York.

We know not under whose eye this number has been prepared. We presume not under that of the new editor; for it is as dull as its predecessors. It opens with a conversation between the editor and Saint Diedrich, upon American literature and other important matters. Our national literature, according to the Dutch sage, is to be based upon 'stupendous mountains,' magnificent rivers, interminable plains, 'a sun palaced in a sky without a shadow, and without a cloud;' thunder, lightning, whirlwinds; and in short, the sublime and beautiful of nature. This we do not think. Even if there be more of the sublime and beautiful in America than elsewhere, it differs only in quantity, not in kind, from that of other lands; and the poets and writers of past times, have occupied, as it seems to us, the whole ground of natural description; for their portraitures are sufficiently caricatured to cover our reality; and if we go beyond them, we are absurd. Our national literature will rest upon our national character—upon our peculiar history, cultivation, and *moral* scenery, if such an expression is intelligible. But after all, a national literature is not a thing of half the importance we sometimes think it, and so we will say no more on the subject.

The vision of things a thousand years hence, contained in another part of this converse, shows a want of original conception, to say the least; and by the way, the vaporing about the immortality of the Knickerbocker, is in bad taste, after the quarrel with American writers for following the English; being a mere repetition of the affected conceit of Blackwood and Frazer. With the other articles of this number, we have not room to cope at length. Some of the verse is very pretty; and the essay on Greek may be excellent, but it is out of place.

The editor of the Portland Advertiser says in one of his letters, that the western literati are forming a solemn league and compact to beat their eastern rivals. This is undoubtedly the case. A caucus of writers took place lately at Columbus, to arrange the plan of the first campaign. Such being the fact, it behooves the Atlantic gentry to shake off their literary lethargy, or we shall beat them out and out. We have an immense mass of lead, and a wonderful deal of talent lying idle here, affording material for both manuscript and type, and books will soon flow in this land with as much more force than at the east, as the Missouri is bigger than the Hudson. A sense of this, probably, induced the Knickerbocker to install a western editor into office; they want some one that understands bush-fighting to conduct their armies; they are wise, but it will not prevent the catastrophe, though it may postpone it. 'Westward the star,' etc.

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THE

WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1833.

THE CAPTIVES.

'And tall, and strong, and swift of foot were they,
Beyond the dwarfing city's pale abortions,
Because their thoughts had never been the prey
Of care or gain: the green woods were their portions;
No sinking spirits told them they grew gray,
No fashions made them apes of her distortions;
Simple they were, not savage; and their rifles,
Though very true, were not yet used for trifles.'

Byron.

THUS sung the greatest of modern poets, of Daniel Boon and his 'sylvan tribe,' as he was pleased to call those who accompanied that singular man into that portion of the western wilderness known among the people of that day, as the 'dark and bloody ground.' It is not our purpose to make Daniel Boon the hero of the following story, though he was the chief actor in some of its most important scenes. Enough is already known, as is sufficiently evidenced by the notice from which we have taken a stanza, to make *his* character familiar on either side of the Atlantic; and that *notice* will be seen and read when a monument (should such be erected) of more substantial materials, shall have crumbled into dust. But there are many stories connected with his migration and settlement in this country, which possess a strong and lively interest, and we know none which has a higher claim to a place upon the records of our western world, than that which relates the capture of three females at an early period in the history of the 'land of blood.' We heard it, many years since, from an individual who was intimately acquainted with the facts, and have since heard it repeated by several, who, though they

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were not immediately present, may be relied upon as legitimate sources of information. True it is, that the memory of man is frail, and so great a length of time having elapsed, it is possible the story, in some of its details, may be apart from the actual facts, but in its more important bearings, it is substantially correct.

The summer of 1778, soon after Boon had erected, on the south bank of the Kentucky river, a rude sort of fort, is the period of our story.

It must have required all the fortitude which she could call to her assistance, to enable a female to venture into this country at so early a date; but the wife and daughters of Daniel Boon, and those of his intrepid followers, were not among those who had to receive a second hint ere they prepared themselves to quit a quiet and peaceful home for a habitation in the wilderness.

It was a beautiful evening in June; the sun was fast descending from his high place in the heavens; the south wind blew a gentle breeze; the whole feathered forest seemed to be alive and in motion, whirling in circles through the air, and caroling their evening songs as if in praise to Him who made the 'waters and the land;' the river, with its rugged banks, lay below, and now and then could be seen a dozen of the 'finny tribe,' throwing themselves above its surface, and glittering, as they met the rays of the descending sun, like so many pieces of burnished silver. The whole surrounding country was highly picturesque and beautiful, and presented at one view, to an admirer of nature's works, a scene of the most inviting loveliness. The hunters were one by one returning from the woods, and disposing themselves under the broad-spreading branches of a tree in the immediate vicinity of the fort, where their hardy and adventurous leader had often reposed, many days before the deep stillness of the forest had been broken by the sound of the woodman's axe. The elder females of the fort were settling themselves amongst the hunters, and listening with increasing interest to the narration of their respective discoveries. Unobserved by their more cautious friends, three of the younger females glided down to the margin of the river, where lay, safely moored, a rough canoe, hewn from one of those giant trees which so generally abounded in the neighborhood, and called, in the homely language of the times, a '*dug-out.*' In this they placed themselves, and in a moment more were moving swiftly over the slightly ruffled bosom of the water. A peal of girlish merriment echoed along the river as they plied the oar with the skill of experienced rowers. Ever and anon as they would

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cease their labors, after describing various semi-circles, and running to and fro in every direction, and throwing the water, which before was only slightly rippled, into a greater commotion, their rough-hewn boat would move heavily along for a moment, and then lie in sullen stillness, as if enjoying the disturbance it had made. The opposite bank of the river was covered with a profusion of the sweet-william, the wild-rose, and the honey-suckle; some, decorating spots of earth and moss-covered stone which were not occupied by a stronger growth; others, clinging with tenaciousness to the shrubbery in its neighborhood; whilst a wild-rose of immense growth had wound itself about the trunk and branches of a leaning tree which overhung the margin of the stream, and occasionally swinging gracefully from its support, let fall its stems almost to the water's surface, decorated with its prettiest ornaments, which seemed, like more rational things, to be viewing their beauties in the glassy mirror beneath. They were attracted by the allurements thus held out to them, not thinking for a moment that *that* might be the chosen bower of the rattlesnake, the panther, or an enemy of a more dangerous character; and forgetting that the cup from which we expect draughts of pleasure and enjoyment frequently contains, intermingled with its inviting contents, the bitterness of 'gall and wormwood.' With one effort they shot their little boat upon the point of a clean, white sand-bank, covered with a variety of shells common to the river, and carelessly fastening it, bounded with the agility of mountain nymphs up the rugged ascent. They separated immediately upon leaving the canoe, each taking different directions, as their fancies prompted them to choose this rather than that particular flower. A moment of time had scarcely elapsed before the triumphant yell of a savage broke upon their ear, like a knell of death, and startled them from their dream of childish enjoyment. Miss Boon was in the immediate presence of the savage. To resist was impossible; to attempt a flight was worse than vain; and uttering a wild shriek, she was borne away in the arms of the dusky warrior, a prisoner. When the first alarm was given, the other two females made an attempt to gain the canoe, but upon arriving at the place where they had left it, they saw it moving slowly towards the centre of the stream, as if unwilling to leave its charge in so forlorn a predicament, until it reached the current, and then moved off at a more rapid pace. They had not time to think of an expedient before they were in the same situation with their unfortunate friend—Indian prisoners.

The first yell of the Indian had attracted the attention of those upon the opposite side of the river, and the less expe-

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rienced of the hunters were in favor of immediate pursuit. But Boon checked their impetuosity. His experience taught him to know too well what would be the fate of the unhappy captives, were he to indulge them in their mad project. He plainly foresaw that the scalping-knife would do its dread office upon the first intimation of pursuit, and wisely determined to conceal, if possible, from the captors, *his* knowledge of their deed. The remainder of the hunters waived their opinions upon all occasions when they came in contact with that of their eccentric leader—never infringing a rule or violating a command. Not that he was a tyrant, and held an empire over their *bodies* by an exercise of despotism, but because they knew he always acted upon the wisest policy, dictated by long experience and the ripest judgment.

The sun had almost sunk behind the western hills, and he deferred a pursuit until morning. He took his rifle and crossed the river unattended, for the sole purpose of ascertaining the direction the Indians had taken. Nothing more was done that night, except to prepare for the morning's march.

Day had scarcely dawned on the succeeding morning, before Boon and half a dozen chosen men were ready to march. Crossing the river, and taking the *trail*, they followed it but a short distance before Boon called a halt, and informed his men (for they had placed themselves under his command), that it was not his intention to pursue by keeping immediately in the rear. He knew from long acquaintance with Indian habits, that they could not be pursued successfully, but by eluding any that might be loitering behind, to inform those having possession of the prisoners of any approaching danger. They, however, had not gone far before they discovered the smoke arising from the fire by which the Indians had encamped the preceding night. Determined upon their course, they struck off at right angles, leaving the *trail* upon their left, and travelling for some miles in the direction which they knew the Indians must pursue, they recrossed the trail, and travelled upon the opposite side in the same manner—thus continuing the pursuit, crossing and recrossing whenever it might suit their convenience. The only difficulty which presented itself, was their ignorance of the number of the savages. Could they have followed immediately upon the trail, something might have been found which would have led to a discovery of that important fact; but their only hope now was to learn by some other means, the information so important to the successful issue of their enterprise. They were not left long in suspense, for they were now fast approaching the trail for the third time, and discovering a small, clear

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spring a short distance in front, they hastened towards it. Upon approaching the spring, they found the Indians had been there, and must have left their general course to have reached it. It was not unwelcome, however, to the pursuers, to find they had done so—for Boon well understood that if they had been apprehensive of pursuit, they would have continued their onward direction, and that too with unremitting exertions. The pursuers remained at the spring only so long as was necessary to quench their thirst by a draught from its cool and invigorating waters, and then continued their march. Whilst waiting for the last man to drink, the keen eye of Boon discovered suspended from the twig of a shrub, a white string about a span in length, and upon a nearer approach found it to be tied in half a dozen knots. This was no mystery to him. It was what he had been long expecting, or rather hoping to find; for it at once relieved his mind of every doubt as to the number of the savages. He had formed his own opinion before, but had never intimated it to any of the company. He now found he had not been far mistaken in his conjectures—seven being the most he expected to find, and six the actual number.

The day was now far in the wane, and from the direction and the distance they had travelled, they knew they could not be far from the upper Blue Licks. It was Boon's opinion from the first, that the Indians intended crossing Licking river at that point, and proceeding to their towns upon the Scioto. And should they once reach their towns with the prisoners, almost all hope of a rescue would be cut off; besides, they would be liable to a retaliation, should the whites, in attempting to render them assistance, unfortunately kill any of their captors.

What a change has been effected in the last half century, not only in Kentucky and Ohio, but in the whole valley of the Mississippi! The natural justice of the intrusion of the whites upon the homes and hunting grounds of these savage men, has been heretofore sufficiently discussed; and whether it has or not, we will not stop here to give it a farther discussion.

We have often sat for hours and heard from those who were eye-witnesses, the relation of scenes that 'made our hair stand on end, like quills upon the fretful porcupine.' And perhaps nowhere in our western world have there been greater changes effected than in the country to which our unhappy prisoners were destined. Near the spot where, but a few years since, might be heard the wild war-song, and seen the dance around the fire which was to consume some unhappy victim of their revenge, which resembled far more the revellings of so many fiends incarnate, than the 'doings' of men made in the image of

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their God, now stands the flourishing town of Chillicothe. And instead of the song and the dance of savage men, is a busy scene of civilization, and the christian worship of our Savior. 'There stands the messenger of truth,' and there the sober matron and the gayer maiden mingle their voices, and in 'strains as sweet as angels use,' sing hymns of praise to the true and everlasting God.

But we have digressed. Boon and his company had found a convenient camping ground for the night, and having eaten a spare and hasty supper, prepared for their repose. Placing sentries at a convenient distance, and smothering the fire sufficiently to avoid discovery, those who were not upon duty, wrapt themselves in their dark blankets, and sought a resting-place upon the ground among the bushes. It was near midnight. The moon rode high in the heavens, now and then stealing out from behind a fleecy cloud which intercepted its rays, though it did not entirely obscure its light, when the clear, sharp crack of the rifle of one of the elder hunters was heard. In an instant every man had his gun cocked and ready for the worst. None moved from their place of concealment, but watched with vigilance, aided by the faint light of the moon, for any danger that might be lurking in their presence. A whistle from the sentinel who had fired, announced that all again was quiet. Nothing further transpired to disturb them; but as day made its appearance each was eager to learn the cause of alarm during the night. The sentinel pointed his finger, as he stood, to what in the dim morning light, at that distance, seemed to be a huge bear, and made no other reply. A nearer approach to the object discovered, to the utter astonishment of the inexperienced woodsmen, the grim visage of a dead Indian, who had wrapt himself in the skin of one of those sable sons of the forest, and attempted in that disguise to reconnoitre the position of the enemy. But one false step betrayed him. The practised eye of James McMillan could not be so easily deceived, and unfortunately for the bear's skin, this corporal transmigration of the Indian occasioned it a second death.

All were again in motion by the time they could distinguish an object at the distance of a few paces. They had not travelled far before they discovered the pursued had fallen into a large buffalo trace, which led to the upper Blue Licks. Boon was now more than ever convinced that they had had no intimation of their pursuit. The Indians soon, however, left the trace, and again struck into the woods. The whites followed cautiously along the trail for about half a mile, and ascending a steep point, McMillan discovered the Indians at about sixty

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yards' distance, upon the other side. As fortune favored them, the female prisoners had placed themselves at the root of a majestic wild poplar about thirty paces from the fire, and were now immediately between their savage captors and their friends. Two of the Indians were cooking, and the others were smoking their pipes in the most unsuspicious repose. Boon and McMillan 'whipt' (in hunter's phrase) their rifles to their faces, and in an instant more would have fired, but one of the company, in his awkwardness, let his gun off by accident. No time was now to be lost. Two of the Indians had already raised their tomahawks, and were making rapid strides towards the prisoners, intending, at the evident risk of their *own*, to have *their* scalps. Boon, with unerring aim, gave the foremost a fatal shot in the abdomen, who, reeling under the force of the ball, staggered into an adjacent cane-brake. McMillan fired, but a twig intercepted his bullet. He did not hesitate, but threw himself immediately between the Indian and the prisoners. By a successful effort, he succeeded in disarming the savage of his tomahawk, and then grappling him with a giant's strength, a long, fierce, and doubtful struggle ensued. Powerful as he was, his adversary was almost a full match for him, and it was not without the utmost exertion of physical power, that he was able to wrest from the other's hand a huge scalping-knife, which he had drawn from its scabbard. No assistance could be rendered him, for so sudden were their movements that it was impossible to strike a blow without endangering McMillan's life. There was a moment's cessation in their conflict. They looked upon each other with a fiendish fierceness, and recommenced their deadly warfare. A gruff exclamation from the Indian announced his fate—the knife had reached his vitals.

The prisoners were restored to their friends at the fort, unharmed; and we have a personal knowledge of the son of one of them, who is now 'acting well his part' in a high and responsible station in the judicial department of this commonwealth.*

Mount Sterling, Ky.

HISTORY OF OHIO.

CHAPTER IV.

New England is justly proud of her pilgrim ancestors, who broke all the ties that bound them to their native land, and, braving the perils of the ocean, planted themselves in an inhos-

* The truth of this narrative is vouched for by James W. Morrow, Esq. of Mount Sterling, to whose kindness we are indebted for it.—E.

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pitable wilderness, that they might enjoy liberty of conscience, and worship the God in whom they believed and trusted, according to its dictates alone. Pennsylvania has a right to boast of the mild virtues of her founder, of the government of peace and justice which he established, and of the honesty and fair dealing which characterized the acquisition of her territory from its aboriginal possessors. The daring adventures of captain Smith have invested the early history of Virginia with an interest surpassing that of romance. But the citizens of Ohio have as much reason to be proud of her origin and her founders, as those of New England, or Pennsylvania, or Virginia have to boast of theirs. The pioneers of her forests were those noble patriots, who perilled their lives and shed their blood in the war of the revolution, for the liberty and independence of their country, and when the contest was terminated, found that country too poor to reward them for their services, or even to repay them for the sacrifices they had made. Some of them, after wasting the prime and vigor of manhood in the war, found themselves without a home, and without the means to acquire one. Some of them had devoted the avails of their property to the cause of liberty, and when that cause had triumphed, instead of being remunerated, received, in return for their advances, a poor pittance in a depreciated currency. These were the men who were compelled to look to a new country for a home.

Their eyes had been turned to Ohio once before. At one of those gloomy periods in the revolutionary war, when the country was reduced to the extremity of distress, and the best and most ardent patriots could hardly resist despair, the question was solemnly discussed at Washington's table—'What shall we do, if Britain succeeds in establishing and maintaining her dominion in this country? Submission is out of the question; but whither shall we fly?' 'Behind yonder mountains,' said Washington. 'There we can be free. The valley of the Ohio, fertile as ancient Egypt, will afford us all we require. With the mountains for a barrier, we can defend ourselves there, and be happy.' This was told by the officers to their men, and by them to their friends and families, so that the idea of a refuge behind the mountains, in the last resort, was pretty seriously entertained. When those gloomy prospects passed away—when peace returned, and the independence of the country was acknowledged, many of those who had merely looked towards the west, as a refuge, in case England should prevail in the subjugation of the colonies, now began to view it as presenting almost the only means of retrieving their ruined

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fortunes, and securing homes and subsistence for their growing families. The project of a settlement in the west offered many powerful inducements to men in their situation, many of whom had hardly any other resource, and was at last adopted and carried into effect, by the formation of the Ohio company.

The proposition of Virginia, ceding to the United States her territory on the north side of the Ohio, with the exception of some reservations in favor of her own troops, had been formally accepted by congress, by an ordinance passed on the 13th of September, 1783. The first treaty made between the United States and the Indians, with respect to the occupation of the country within the present boundaries of this state, was concluded at Fort M'Intosh, on the Ohio, below Pittsburg, on the 21st day of January, 1785, by George Clark, Richard Butler, and Arthur Lee, commissioners on the part of the United States, with the chiefs and warriors of the Wyandot, Delaware, Chippewa and Ottawa tribes. It commenced by declaring that the United States 'gave peace' to the Indian nations named in the treaty; and established the boundary line between the parties, from the mouth of the Cuyahoga river up to the portage, and then down the Tuscarawas branch of the Muskingum, to the forks, near the place at which general M'Intosh erected a fort in the autumn of 1778, which was abandoned the next year, and from thence to the Great Miami, which it struck about Loramies. This treaty was considered in force at the time the Ohio company was formed. Another one was made on the 31st of January, 1786, at the mouth of the Great Miami, between the United States' commissioners, George Clark, Richard Butler, and Samuel H. Parsons, and the Shawnee nation, which recognized the same boundaries.

On the 25th of January, 1786, the first movement was made towards the formation of the Ohio company, by generals Putnam and Tupper, who inserted in the newspapers an address to the officers and soldiers entitled by act of congress to a grant of land in the territory northwest of the Ohio, and to others who might be induced to become settlers, proposing an association by the name of the Ohio company, and that those by whom it should be composed, should unite in a petition to congress for a location of their lands. In pursuance of the notice, a general meeting of delegates, from several counties in Massachusetts, was held in Boston, on the first of March, 1786, when the proposed association was formed, and officers appointed to manage their business. It was resolved that a fund of one million of dollars in continental certificates should be raised, and application having been made to congress for the purchase

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of lands, a contract was executed on the 27th of November, 1787, by which congress agreed to give the company a million and a half of acres of land for a million of dollars, one half of which was to be paid down, and the patent was to be issued on the payment of the residue. The district purchased adjoined the Ohio river, being sixty miles in length from east to west, including the mouths of the Muskingum and Hockhocking, and extended northward to make up the requisite quantity. The government reserved four sections in each township for future disposition, and granted two others as donations; one for the support of schools, and the other for religious purposes. In consequence of a rise which afterwards took place in the value of continental certificates, the company were unable to procure the full amount of one million of dollars, according to their contract, and a patent was afterwards issued for the land actually paid for, amounting to about a million of acres.

As soon as the contract for the purchase of the lands was concluded with the government, arrangements were made for commencing the settlement of the country without delay, by sending forward surveyors and workmen, to provide for the reception of such as were about to remove. Accordingly, one party assembled at Danvers, in Massachusetts, and commenced their march in the month of December, 1787; and another started from Hartford, in Connecticut, on the 1st of January, 1788. Having all reached Sumrill's ferry, on the Yohiogany river, thirty miles above Pittsburg, they built boats, and started on the 1st of April, for the mouth of the Muskingum, where they arrived on the 7th, and pitched their camp on the ground now occupied by the town of Marietta. The whole party consisted of forty-seven men, and were under the command of general Rufus Putnam. In the year 1829, seven of the number were yet living; viz: Peletiah White, Amos Porter, Phineas Coburn, Allen Duval, and Benjamin Shaw, of Washington county, Ohio; Hezekiah Flint, of Cincinnati; and Jervase Cutler, of Nashville.

When the party landed at Marietta, they had got beyond the boundaries of any established jurisdiction, and were entirely independent of any municipal regulations. Previous to the arrival of the governor and judges of the territory, whom congress had invested with legislative power, the law of nature was the only one to which they were amenable; for they were really in the situation so often fancied by writers speculating on the origin of human laws, in which the first step towards society and government was yet to be made, by the formation of an original compact, restraining individual liberty by regulations

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made for the common safety and advantage of the whole. Under these circumstances, the little community agreed among themselves upon a code of laws for their temporary government, which were written upon a single sheet of paper, and stuck upon a tree at Marietta point; and it was settled that, in case any article of the code should be infringed, the matter should be submitted to the decision of Return Jonathan Meigs, the father of the late governor of the state, of that name. From the time at which the code was adopted, until the arrival of the governor and judges, but one single violation of any of its articles occurred. It was a case of assault; and when the matter was brought before Mr. Meigs, fearing that if he attempted to enforce the penalty, the laws might be brought into contempt, he avoided the risk by making up the quarrel between the parties, so that the one who conceived himself injured, withdrew his complaint.

In July, 1787, when the Ohio company were in treaty for the purchase of their lands from the general government, and while the attention of the public was becoming more and more fixed upon the prospects held out in the western country, rendering it probable that settlements would soon commence there, congress passed an ordinance for the government of the northwestern territory. It was not the sole object of the ordinance, however, merely to provide for the temporary regulation of the affairs of the territory; but its framers looked to the future, considering that they were laying the foundations of a mighty empire, and therefore endeavored to adapt it to the changes which they anticipated would take place in the population and resources of the country. With this view, provision was made for the organization of different grades of government, to succeed each other, as the situation and increase of population should render the change proper.

The first grade of territorial government was to continue, until the whole country between the Ohio and Mississippi, now comprising Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan, should contain five thousand free male inhabitants. Under this grade, the people of the territory had no voice in their own government. Congress was to appoint a governor, who was to reside in the territory, and have a freehold estate within it in one thousand acres of land, and hold his appointment three years, unless sooner revoked by congress. Three judges were also to be appointed, to hold their offices during good behavior, who were also to possess the qualification of a freehold estate in five hundred acres of land in the territory. The governor and judges, or a majority of them, had the entire legislative power; but

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their authority was limited to the adoption and publication of such laws, civil or criminal, as were in force at the time in some one of the original states, and were, in their opinion, necessary and suitable to the circumstances of the territory. They could not frame original laws. The governor had the appointment of all officers of the militia under the rank of general, and of all magistrates and such other civil officers as he might deem necessary for the preservation of peace and good order. The power of dividing the territory into counties and townships was also given to him. The laws adopted by the governor and judges were to remain in force until superseded by acts of the territorial legislature, under the second grade of government, unless disapproved by congress.

The second grade of territorial government was to commence whenever the free male inhabitants should amount to five thousand. A general assembly or legislature was then to be organized, consisting of the governor, house of representatives, and legislative council. The qualifications necessary to render a person eligible as a representative, were three years residence in the territory, or three years citizenship in one of the states, residence in the district at the time of election, and an estate in fee simple of two hundred acres of land in the territory. The representatives were to be elected for two years, by electors having a freehold qualification of not less than fifty acres of land. The legislative council was to consist of five persons appointed by congress, out of a list of ten persons nominated for that purpose by the governor and house of representatives, who were to be residents of the territory, and each to have a freehold estate in five hundred acres of land in the territory. The legislative power was to be vested in the governor, house of representatives, and legislative council, and the concurrence of each was necessary, before any law could be passed.

Finally, it was provided that the territory should be subdivided, and that each of the several parts, whenever its population should become sufficiently numerous, should be admitted into the union on an equal footing with the original states, and be at liberty to form a permanent constitution and state government.

In addition to the provisions for the establishment of the different successive grades of government, the ordinance contained several articles, which it ordained and declared should be considered as articles of compact between the original states and the people of the territory, and the states which should be formed within it, to remain forever unalterable, unless by common consent. Their object was declared to be, to extend the

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fundamental principles of civil and religious liberty which formed the basis upon which the states, with their constitutions and laws, were erected, and to fix and establish those principles as the basis of all laws, constitutions, and governments, which forever should be formed within the territory. These articles of compact, as far as their provisions extend, are the supreme law of the land—paramount even to the state constitution; which the people cannot alter, so as to make it conflict with the compact, without disregarding their obligations to the other states, or being released from them by common consent.

Among the most important principles established by those articles, are, the security given to every person against any molestation on account of his religious sentiments or mode of worship; the benefits of the writ of habeas corpus, trial by jury, representation in the legislature, and judicial proceedings under the common law; and the glorious declaration, that there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude within the territory, otherwise than in punishment of crimes of which the party shall have been duly convicted.

In pursuance of the ordinance, congress appointed general Arthur St. Clair, governor, and commander-in-chief of the territory. On the 9th of July, 1788, he arrived at Marietta, accompanied by Samuel H. Parsons and James M. Varnum, two of the judges, and on the 15th of the same month civil government was proclaimed in form, by publishing the ordinance, and exhibiting their commissions; upon which occasion the governor addressed the people in a speech. On the 26th, the first county was established and named Washington. It comprehended all the south part of the state between Pennsylvania and the Scioto river, and the northeast part as far west as the Cuyahoga. The militia of the county was soon afterwards organized and divided into classes, and the officers were appointed. Generals Rufus Putnam and Benjamin Tupper were appointed justices of the peace, and in conjunction with some other justices associated with them for that purpose, were empowered to hold courts of quarter sessions. During the latter part of the year, the settlement was strengthened by the arrival of about twenty families, together with a number of young men, the most of whom also became permanent residents of the country.

In October, 1788, John Cleves Symmes made a contract with the government, for the purchase of one million of acres of land between the Miami rivers, for which he had been in treaty for some months. Some time afterwards, he sold the site of Cincinnati to Matthias Denman, with whom Israel Lud-

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low and Robert Patterson subsequently became connected as joint proprietors of the land, which they laid out in lots. Before the laying out of the town, however, major Doughty, with one hundred and forty soldiers, arrived on the ground, and built four blockhouses. This was in the beginning of June, 1789; and before the end of the year, fort Washington was built, and general Harmer, with three hundred soldiers, arrived and established their quarters in it, and a few settlers with their families had erected dwellings. During the winter, Mr. Ludlow laid out the lots, marking the corners and courses of the streets upon the trees, and called the place Losantiville; but it did not long retain that name, which was changed by governor St. Clair to Cincinnati. Columbia has generally been called the oldest settlement in the Miami country, but its claim is rather a slender one. The settlement was commenced there on the 16th of November, 1789, which was some months after the detachment under major Doughty took their station at fort Washington; and if there were no settlers exclusive of the military, at Cincinnati at that time, that could have been the case for a few days only; for six weeks afterwards, at the commencement of the year 1790, there were two small hewed-log houses and several cabins occupied by families.

On the 2d of January, 1790, governor St. Clair arrived at Losantiville, and issued his proclamation establishing the county of Hamilton, which at that time included all the country between the Miami rivers. In the following spring, several stations were established in the surrounding country: Dunlap's, at Colerain, on the Great Miami; White's and Ludlow's, on Mill creek; and Garard's, and one at the Roundbottom, on the Little Miami. At each of these posts, a few soldiers were generally stationed, to assist in their defence.

About the last of March, three men, ascending the Ohio in a canoe, were killed by the Indians, near the mouth of the Scioto. A few days afterwards, a boat was descending the river from the mouth of the Kenhawa, on board of which were Mr. John May, a surveyor of Kentucky lands, a young man in his employ, named Johnston, Jacob Skyles, who was taking a stock of goods to Lexington, a man named Flinn, and two sisters named Fleming. One morning at daylight, near the mouth of the Scioto, a smoke was seen at some distance down the river, upon the Ohio shore, and the boat was directed towards the opposite side of the river. Just at that time, two white men ran down the bank, and begged to be taken on board, declaring that they had been taken prisoners a few days before, and had just escaped, and that they would be overtaken and killed by their cap-

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tors, if they were not admitted on board. Those in the boat suspecting treachery, refused to land, and kept down the stream; but the cries of the men on the shore caused them at length to put faith in their declarations, and Flinn proposed that the boat should be turned to the bank, and that he would jump out, and if any Indians should appear, he should be left to his fate, and the boat could be got out of danger before it could be stopped by the enemy. The proposal was assented to, and the boat was turned to the bank, and Flinn jumped ashore, when he was instantly seized by several Indians, who ran out of the woods, and a fire was commenced upon the boat. Those on board immediately attempted to regain the current, but they got entangled among some trees and were unable to extricate themselves. Other Indians continued to arrive, and the crew threw themselves upon their faces in the bottom of the boat; but the enemy made no attempt to board, contenting themselves with keeping up a fire, by which the horses in the boat were soon all killed, and at length one of the girls was shot dead, and Mr. Skyles was wounded. Mr. May then made a signal of surrender, but was instantly shot dead, on showing his head above the side of the boat. At last the Indians swam to the boat and took possession of her, without any resistance, and plundered her. The two men who had decoyed the boat ashore, had really been taken prisoners a few days before, and had been ordered by the Indians to do what they did; but one of them had performed his part with much alacrity, in the hope of finding favor among his captors, while the other acted with reluctance, and only joined in the deceit to save his own life. During the course of the day, the prisoners were divided among the Indians, and were ordered to prepare new oars for the boat, which the Indians determined to use in attacking other boats. On the next morning, six men were seen ascending the river, in a canoe, on the Kentucky side. The prisoners were compelled to go down to the water's edge and decoy them over, as they themselves had been deceived, by a tale of distress. Johnston endeavored to make them suspect the treachery, but without success; and they came across the river and were all killed. Soon afterwards, three boats appeared in sight, descending the river, with a good many horses and dry goods on board, but weakly manned. The Indians embarked in May's boat, and placing the prisoners at the oars, compelled them to bear down upon the others as they passed, and opened a heavy fire upon them. They soon approached pretty near the hindmost boat, which was steered by captain Marshall, of Virginia, and being weakly manned at the oars, was in danger of falling ino their hands. The crew,

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however, without regarding the balls that were showering around them, did not relax in their exertions, and while the Indians lost some ground by getting out of the current, they were enabled to come up with the middle boat, on which they abandoned the other, with the property on board, and joining their forces, overtook the foremost, which received them all aboard, and by hard rowing, with their combined strength at the oars, they escaped with the sacrifice of their two boats and cargoes. Johnston, Skyles, and the surviving female, were afterwards carried out towards the lake, and after various adventures all were restored to their homes; but Flinn was put to death on arriving at the Indian towns.

When it became known that the enemy were infesting the river and attacking boats, it was determined that they should be driven off. Accordingly general Scott raised two hundred and thirty volunteers in Kentucky, and marched to Limestone, where he was joined by general Harmar with about one hundred regulars, and some militia from the Miami country, under captain Israel Ludlow. They then directed their march to the Scioto; but the Indians, probably knowing of their approach, had abandoned their camp, and the only effect of the expedition was to relieve the boats upon the river from danger for a short time. Four Indians were surprised and killed in camp, by a small detachment, and no others were seen during the whole march.

In the month of August, the enemy again began to lay in wait for boats passing up and down the river. On the 8th, they attacked a boat a few miles above the mouth of the Scioto, and killed one man and wounded several others; but five other boats fortunately hove in sight and prevented them from capturing the one first attacked, although the whole five were also assailed with so much vigor, that it was found necessary to abandon one of them to save the rest. A few days before, a detachment of twenty men under captain M'Curdy, going up from Cincinnati to Limestone in a boat, were fired upon by some Indians from the bank, and had one man killed and four wounded. They returned the fire so promptly, however, that the Indians were forced to fly.

During the summer, overtures were made to the Indians, and a wish was expressed to treat with them; but they rejected all the terms that could be conceded, and it was at length determined that hostilities should be carried into their own country. It was concerted that two expeditions should be sent against them at the same time; the first of which was to march from Cincinnati, under the command of general Josiah Harmar, and

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proceed against the Miami town at the forks of the Maumee, where fort Wayne now stands, while the other was to march from Vincennes, under the command of major Hamtramck, and attack the towns on the Wabash. Major Hamtramck's inroad was attended with considerable success, and several towns were destroyed. General Harmar marched from Cincinnati, on the 26th of September, with about fourteen hundred and fifty men, of whom three hundred and twenty were of the regular army, and the residue were militia from Kentucky and the western part of Pennsylvania. The army reached the vicinity of the St. Marys river about the 14th of October, where an Indian was taken prisoner. In consequence of some information obtained through him, the general despatched colonel Hardin of the Kentucky militia, with a command of six hundred men, to the town which was the object of attack, where he arrived on the 15th, and found the cabins in flames. On the 17th, the rest of the army arrived, and an Indian trail having been observed, colonel Trotter was sent on the 18th, with three hundred men, to endeavor to overtake the party. In the course of the day two straggling Indians were killed, and a party was discovered to be following in their rear; but the detachment was recalled in the evening, by a signal given by firing cannon at the camp, and returned without being molested.

On the 19th, colonel Hardin was sent out with about one hundred and fifty militia and sixty regular troops, towards a town a few miles up the St. Josephs river. In the evening the detachment was passing where the road ran through a narrow prairie, when they were suddenly attacked by the enemy, who were concealed in the woods on one side and in the edge of a morass which skirted the road on the other. The militia gave way and fled, and their officers found it impossible to rally them; but the regulars stood their ground until they were nearly all destroyed. Only seven or eight of them escaped, among whom were captain John Armstrong and ensign Hartshorn. Captain Armstrong broke through the enemy and plunged into the morass, where he continued through the night, with his body wholly under water and his head covered by a tussock of grass, and witnessed the yelling and dancing of the victors over the dead bodies of his men. Towards day, it having become very dark, and the enemy becoming quiet, he extricated himself from the swamp, and attempted to find the camp. He was so much chilled and benumbed, by remaining so long in the water, that he had not proceeded far until he found himself almost unable to move his limbs. Having got into a hollow, he scraped

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some dry leaves together, and, possessing materials for striking fire, which were constructed water-tight, and had not been wet, he kindled the leaves and some small sticks, and rested upon his hands and knees, with his body over the blaze, until warmth and power of motion were restored, when he again started, and succeeded in reaching the camp. Ensign Hartshorn, in running to escape from the enemy, stumbled over a log, when the thought struck him, to lie still, which he did, without being seen, until dark, when he was also fortunate enough to reach the camp.

On the next day, the corn and vegetables about the village were destroyed, and on the 21st, the army commenced their return homeward. After proceeding a few miles, the general received information, that the enemy had already returned to their village, upon which he determined to endeavor to change the fortune of the campaign. In the evening, colonel Hardin was ordered to take sixty regulars under the command of major Wyllys, and about five hundred militia, and return and attack the Indians at the town. They did not arrive at the village until about sunrise, when a few Indians were discovered and fired on, and fled in different directions, pursued by the militia, who thus fell into disorder. They were then attacked, impetuously, by the Indians, who, in many cases, fought at close quarters, with the tomahawk against the bayonet, making their most strenuous efforts against the body of regular troops, who preserved their order for some time, but were finally overpowered by numbers, and all killed, except a captain, ensign, and seven men. Major Wyllys was killed. It was not until the regulars had been cut off, that the militia could be recalled from their pursuit. Colonel Hardin at length brought them into regular order, and the contest was continued until past noon, when a retreat was ordered, and the Indians did not pursue. Upwards of one hundred and thirty men were killed in the action; and it was supposed that the enemy must have suffered severely also, as they permitted the army to return to Cincinnati without further molestation. The expedition reached fort Washington on the 3d of November, with all their artillery and baggage. General Harmar claimed the victory in the last battle, in his official despatch, but public opinion has not sustained the claim. The loss suffered by the army, and the fact that the Indians remained masters of the field of battle, contradicted it so palpably, that the campaign has always been characterized as disastrous, and the battle as a defeat. Instead of security to the settlers, which the expedition was expected to give them, they suffered more than they had before; the enemy being flushed

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with their success in contending with their invaders, and inflamed by the destruction of their towns and the loss of their provisions. J.

INDIAN HATING.

The violent animosity which exists between the people of our frontier and the Indians, has long been a subject of remark. In the early periods of the history of our country, it was easily accounted for, on the ground of mutual aggression. The whites were continually encroaching upon the aborigines, and the latter avenging their wrongs by violent and sudden hostilities. The philanthropist is surprised, however, that such feelings should prevail now, when these atrocious wars have ceased, and when no immediate cause of enmity remains; at least upon our side. Yet the fact is, that the dweller upon the frontier continues to regard the Indian with a degree of terror and hatred, similar to that which he feels towards the rattlesnake or panther, and which can neither be removed by argument, nor appeased by any thing but the destruction of its object.

In order to understand the cause and the operation of these feelings, it is necessary to recollect that the backwoodsmen are a peculiar race. We allude to the pioneers, who, keeping continually in advance of civilization, precede the denser population of our country in its progress westward, and live always upon the frontier. They are the descendants of a people whose habits were identically the same as their own. Their fathers were pioneers. A passion for hunting, and a love for sylvan sports, have induced them to recede continually before the tide of emigration, and have kept them a separate people, whose habits, prejudices, and modes of life have been transmitted from father to son with but little change. From generation to generation they have lived in contact with the Indians. The ancestor met the red men in battle upon the shores of the Atlantic, and his descendants have pursued the footsteps of the retreating tribes, from year to year, throughout a whole century, and from the eastern limits of our great continent to the wide prairies of the west.

America was settled in an age when certain rights, called those of *discovery* and *conquest*, were universally acknowledged; and when the possession of a country was readily conceded to the strongest. When more accurate notions of moral right began, with the spread of knowledge, and the dissemination of religious truth, to prevail in public opinion, and regulate the public acts of our government, the pioneers were but slightly

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affected by the wholesome contagion of such opinions. Novel precepts in morals were not apt to reach men who mingled so little with society in its more refined state, and who shunned the restraints, while they despised the luxuries of social life.

The pioneers, who thus dwelt ever upon the borders of the Indian hunting grounds, forming a barrier between savage and civilized men, have received but few accessions to their numbers by emigration. The great tide of emigration, as it rolls forward, beats upon them and rolls them onward, without either swallowing them up in its mass, or mingling its elements with theirs. They accumulate by natural increase; a few of them return occasionally to the bosom of society, but the great mass moves on.

It is not from a desire of conquest, or thirst of blood, or with any premeditated hostility against the savage, that the pioneer continues to follow him from forest to forest, ever disputing with him the right to the soil, and the privilege of hunting game. It is simply because he shuns a crowded population, delights to rove uncontrolled in the woods, and does not believe that an Indian, or any other man, has a right to monopolize the hunting grounds, which he considers free to all. When the Indian disputes the propriety of this invasion upon his ancient heritage, the white man feels himself injured, and stands, as the southern folks say, upon his reserved rights.

The history of the borderers of England and Scotland, and of all dwellers upon frontiers, who come often into hostile collision, shows, that between such parties an intense hatred is created. It is national antipathy, with the addition of private feud and personal injury. The warfare is carried on by a few individuals, who become known to each other, and a few prominent actors on each side soon become distinguished for their prowess or ferocity. When a state of public war ostensibly ceases, acts of violence continue to be perpetrated from motives of mere mischief, or for pillage or revenge.

Our pioneers have, as we have said, been born and reared on the frontier, and have, from generation to generation, by successive removals, remained in the same relative situation in respect to the Indians and to our own government. Every child thus reared, learns to hate an Indian, because he always hears him spoken of as an enemy. From the cradle, he listens continually to horrid tales of savage violence, and becomes familiar with narratives of aboriginal cunning and ferocity. Every family can number some of its members or relatives among the victims of a midnight massacre, or can tell of some acquaintance who has suffered a dreadful death at the stake. Tradi-

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tions of horses stolen, and cattle driven off, and cabins burned, are numberless; are told with great minuteness, and listened to with intense interest. With persons thus reared, hatred towards an Indian becomes a part of their nature, and revenge an instinctive principle. Nor does the evil end here. Although the backwoodsmen, properly so called, retire before that tide of emigration which forms the more stationary population, and eventually fills the country with inhabitants, they usually remain for a time in contact with the first of those who, eventually, succeed them, and impress their own sentiments upon the latter. In the formation of each of the western territories and states, the backwoodsmen have, for awhile, formed the majority of the population, and given the tone to public opinion.

If we attempt to reason on this subject, we must reason with a due regard to facts, and to the known principles of human nature. Is it to be wondered at, that a man should fear and detest an Indian, who has been always accustomed to hear him described only as a midnight prowler, watching to murder the mother as she bends over her helpless children, and tearing, with hellish malignity, the babe from the maternal breast? Is it strange, that he whose mother has fallen under the savage tomahawk, or whose father has died a lingering death at the stake, surrounded by yelling fiends in human shape, should indulge the passion of revenge towards the perpetrators of such atrocities? They know the story only as it was told to them. They have only heard one side, and that with all the exaggerations of fear, sorrow, indignation and resentment. They have heard it from the tongue of a father, or from the lips of a mother, or a sister, accompanied with all the particularity which the tale could receive from the vivid impressions of an eyewitness, and with all the eloquence of deeply awakened feeling. They have heard it perhaps at a time when the war-whoop still sounded in the distance, when the rifle still was kept in preparation, and the cabin door was carefully secured with each returning night.

Such are some of the feelings, and of the facts, which operate upon the inhabitants of our frontiers. The impressions which we have described are handed down from generation to generation, and remain in full force long after all danger from the savages has ceased, and all intercourse with them been discontinued.

Besides that general antipathy which pervades the whole community under such circumstances, there have been many instances of individuals who, in consequence of some personal wrong, have vowed eternal hatred to the whole Indian race,

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and have devoted nearly all of their lives to the fulfilment of a vast scheme of vengeance. A familiar instance is before us in the life of a gentleman, who was known to the writer of this article, and whose history we have often heard repeated by those who were intimately conversant with all the events. We allude to the late colonel John Moredock, who was a member of the territorial legislature of Illinois, a distinguished militia officer, and a man universally known and respected by the early settlers of that region. We are surprised that the writer of a sketch of the early history of Illinois, which we published some months ago, should have omitted the name of this gentleman, and some others, who were famed for deeds of hardihood, while he has dwelt upon the actions of persons who were comparatively insignificant.

John Moredock was the son of a woman who was married several times, and was as often widowed by the tomahawk of the savage. Her husbands had been pioneers, and with them she had wandered from one territory to another, living always on the frontier. She was at last left a widow, at Vincennes, with a large family of children, and was induced to join a party about to remove to Illinois, to which region a few American families had then recently removed. On the eastern side of Illinois there were no settlements of whites; on the shore of the Mississippi a few spots were occupied by the French; and it was now that our own backwoodsmen began to turn their eyes to this delightful country, and determined to settle in the vicinity of the French villages. Mrs. Moredock and her friends embarked at Vincennes in boats with the intention of descending the Wabash and Ohio rivers, and ascending the Mississippi. They proceeded in safety until they reached the Grand Tower on the Mississippi, where, owing to the difficulty of the navigation for ascending boats, it became necessary for the boatmen to land, and drag their vessels round a rocky point, which was swept by a violent current. Here a party of Indians, lying in wait, rushed upon them, and murdered the whole party. Mrs. Moredock was among the victims, and *all* her children, except John, who was proceeding with another party.

John Moredock was just entering upon the years of manhood, when he was thus left in a strange land, the sole survivor of his race. He resolved upon executing vengeance, and immediately took measures to discover the actual perpetrators of the massacre. It was ascertained that the outrage was committed by a party of twenty or thirty Indians, belonging to different tribes, who had formed themselves into a lawless predatory band. Moredock watched the motions of this band for

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more than a year, before an opportunity suitable for his purpose occurred. At length he learned, that they were hunting on the Missouri side of the river, nearly opposite to the recent settlements of the Americans. He raised a party of young men and pursued them; but that time they escaped. Shortly after, he sought them at the head of another party, and had the good fortune to discover them one evening, on an island, whither they had retired to encamp the more securely for the night. Moredock and his friends, about equal in numbers to the Indians, waited until the dead of night, and then landed upon the island, turning adrift their own canoes and those of the enemy, and determined to sacrifice their own lives, or to exterminate the savage band. They were completely successful. Three only of the Indians escaped, by throwing themselves into the river; the rest were slain, while the whites lost not a man.

But Moredock was not satisfied while one of the murderers of his mother remained. He had learned to recognize the names and persons of the three that had escaped, and these he pursued with secret, but untiring diligence, until they all fell by his own hand. Nor was he yet satisfied. He had now become a hunter and a warrior. He was a square-built, muscular man, of remarkable strength and activity. In athletic sports he had few equals; few men would willingly have encountered him in single combat. He was a man of determined courage, and great coolness and steadiness of purpose. He was expert in the use of the rifle, and other weapons; and was complete master of those wonderful and numberless expedients by which the woodsman subsists in the forest, pursues the footsteps of an enemy with unerring sagacity, or conceals himself and his design from the discovery of a watchful foe. He had resolved never to spare an Indian, and though he made no boast of this determination, and seldom avowed it, it became the ruling passion of his life. He thought it praiseworthy to kill an Indian; and would roam through the forest silently and alone, for days and weeks, with this single purpose. A solitary red man, who was so unfortunate as to meet him in the woods, was sure to become his victim; if he encountered a party of the enemy, he would either secretly pursue their footsteps until an opportunity for striking a blow occurred, or, if discovered, would elude them by his superior skill. He died about four years ago, an old man, and it is supposed never in his life failed to embrace an opportunity to kill a savage.

The reader must not infer from this description, that colonel Moredock was unsocial, ferocious, or by nature cruel. On the contrary, he was a man of warm feelings, and excellent dispo-

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sition. At home he was like other men, conducting a large farm with industry and success, and gaining the good will of all his neighbors by his popular manners and benevolent deportment. He was cheerful, convivial, and hospitable; and no man in the territory was more generally known or more universally respected. He was an officer in the ranging service during the war of 1813–14, and acquitted himself with credit; and was afterwards elected to the command of the militia of his county, at a time when such an office was honorable, because it imposed responsibility, and required the exertion of military skill. Colonel Moredock was a member of the legislative council of the territory of Illinois, and at the formation of the state government, was spoken of as a candidate for the office of governor, but refused to permit his name to be used.

LETTER FROM A TRAVELLER.

NO. I.

Mr. Editor—I have just returned from a delightful voyage. I have explored a portion of the exquisitely beautiful shores of the upper Mississippi, and am ready to confess that until now, I had little idea of the extent, the grandeur, or the resources of the west. The world cannot produce such another country as this great valley of ours. Yet to understand its value, one must ascend the Mississippi and the Illinois, and see the noble prairies of the two states which are destined to eclipse all others. I cannot convey to you in adequate language, my admiration of this attractive region. The traveller who visits the western country, and fancies he has acquired *any* knowledge of it—I say *any*, by simply tracing the meanders of the Ohio, or spending weeks, or years, if you please, at Cincinnati or Louisville, is very much mistaken. There is much to admire in western Pennsylvania and Virginia; Kentucky and Ohio are full of attraction; but the man who is really an admirer of nature, and would witness the most splendid exhibitions of the creative power, must go to Illinois and Missouri.

I visited this region for the first time four years ago, while the Sacs and Foxes were at peace with the whites, and before Black Hawk had got to be a great man. They were friendly and well-disposed, and the white people residing near them, would almost as soon have distrusted or disturbed each other, as those peaceful red men. I took great interest in noticing their dwellings, and remarking their deportment, as it was the first

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occasion I had ever enjoyed of seeing the savage in his own wild home. I had embarked on board a steamboat at St. Louis, intending to take a pleasant excursion to the falls of St. Anthony. The weather was very delightful, only a little too warm; and the river was unfortunately so low, that on arriving at the *Des Moines* rapids, we found it difficult to ascend them, and above that point, our progress was continually impeded by the difficulty of the navigation. This circumstance, though vexatious to such of the passengers as had business ahead, or families at home, was not disagreeable to one who, like myself, travelled only for amusement, as it afforded opportunities of exploring the romantic shores. We spent a day at the Lower Rapids, and I have seldom seen a more attractive country. The land is high on both sides, and rises gradually in beautiful swells. I saw hundreds of acres covered with the buckeye, or horse-chesnut, the most beautiful tree of the forest—if, indeed, any can be entitled to that distinction among so great a variety of noble and majestic trees. Beneath, was a rich undergrowth of wild gooseberry bushes. Add to these the beautiful creeper, and the wild honeysuckle, which were occasionally seen, and it is impossible to imagine a vegetation more splendidly luxuriant and ornamental. The whole country is based on rock, and the springs which burst out from the hill sides are clear as crystal and delightfully cold. The shores of the river are plentifully strewed with crystalizations and petrifactions. We picked up some fine specimens of cornelian, and saw a vast number of geodes of every size, from one inch in diameter to fifteen.

It was Sunday. Have you ever experienced the singular and pleasing associations connected with a sabbath passed in the wilderness? I have often enjoyed these feelings, but never felt them with such force as on this day. It was calm and sultry. The brilliant sunbeams were brightly reflected from the broad bosom of the Mississippi, and the deep green outline of the forest was splendidly illumined, while the deep shadows underneath the foliage afforded an attractive appearance of coolness and seclusion. The passengers and crew were scattered about singly or in small parties, so that when I wandered but a small distance from the vessel, and seated myself on a hill which commanded a view of the river and its banks, I found myself perfectly alone. Not a living object was visible, not a sound was heard, not a leaf nor a limb stirred. How different from the streets of a city upon a sabbath morn, when crowds of well-dressed persons are seen moving in every direction; when the cheerful bells are sounding, and the beautiful smiling children are hurrying in troops to Sunday school! Here I was in

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solitude. I saw not the laborer resting from toil, nor the smile of infancy, nor the christian bowing before his God; but Nature proclaimed a sabbath by the silence that reigned abroad, and the splendor with which she had adorned her works.

It is natural that these recollections of my first visit to the frontier should mingle with the observations made in my recent tour through the same scenes; I shall therefore not attempt to separate the remarks made on either occasion, but give you some of the results of both voyages.

I can scarcely describe the sensations with which I first saw the solitary lodge of an Indian hunter, on the shore of the Mississippi. In my childhood, I had read with thrilling interest, the tales of border warfare; but I had not learned to hate an Indian with mortal hatred. I verily believe they have souls. People may think differently in certain places, which shall be nameless, but I cannot be persuaded to the contrary. You cannot imagine any thing more frail than an Indian wigwam—a mere shelter of poles and mats, so small, so apparently inadequate to any purpose of security or comfort, that it is hardly possible to believe it to be intended for the residence of human beings. In such habitations reside the Indian warrior, whose name is a terror to his enemies; and the dark maiden, whose story supplies the poet with rich materials, with which to embellish the page of fiction. In such wretched hovels reside the aboriginal lords of the soil.

I am not among the sentimentalists, who have a tear ever ready when the name of the Indian is pronounced; who love a negro or red man better than their own flesh and blood—or who affect such love out of mere sectional spite, or a fanaticism compounded out of party feelings and original depravity. But *I have* seen in this region, evidences of persecution perpetrated by our people upon this unhappy race, such as the American people would scarcely believe; and I am satisfied that if the events of a late war could be traced to their true source, every real philanthropist in the nation would blush for his country.

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I could relate many anecdotes, to show the friendly feelings entertained towards our government and people by the Sacs—feelings which, whether of fear or of kindness, have rendered them wholly submissive, and which nothing but the most unprovoked aggression on our side, could have kindled into hostility. I will only, at this time, repeat one, which occurred during my first voyage, reserving others for a future letter.

One day, when the boat stopped to take in wood, some of us strolled up to the house of a Mr. D., a respectable farmer from

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Pennsylvania. He had been living here several years, at a spot distant from any settlements, and without a single neighbor. Upon our inquiring whether he felt no alarm in residing thus alone in the vicinity of the Indians, he replied that his family had formerly experienced much uneasiness, but that they had long since become satisfied that there was no ground for apprehension. He was convinced that the Sacs, their nearest neighbors, so far from being disposed to injure the whites, were cautious and timid of giving offence. In support of this opinion, he related the following anecdote.

His house stands on a high bank of the Mississippi, and the family were one day much alarmed by discovering a large number of Indians passing up the river in canoes. They passed along in the most disorderly manner, some paddling their little vessels, and others strolling along the shore, but the majority evidently intoxicated. It was the latter circumstance which caused alarm. The Indians had been to St. Louis to receive their annuities, and had procured a sufficient supply of whisky to render them unsafe visitors. They continued, however, straggling along in larger or smaller parties all day, without stopping. At night, one of them, a young warrior of prepossessing appearance, came to the house, and in the most respectful manner, asked permission to sleep upon the floor of the cabin. Mr. D., although by no means pleased with his guest, knew not how to refuse. The Indian warrior was invited to supper. A plentiful meal, such as composed the ordinary repast of the family, was placed before him, and having satisfied his hunger, he wrapped himself in his blanket, threw himself on the floor before the fire, and went to sleep. In the course of the night, Mr. D. happening to go out, discovered some Indians lying in the bushes not far from the house; without disturbing them, he proceeded in a different direction, where he found another party; they were strewed, in short, entirely around his dwelling. The fact of being thus surrounded, the concealment, and the silence of the Indians, all conspired to awaken suspicion, and he passed the night in no small degree of uneasiness. He rose early in the morning; his Indian guest also started up, gathered his blanket around him, and took leave; first, however, explaining to Mr. D. that he belonged to a party of Sacs who were returning from St. Louis, and that many of them being intoxicated, it had been thought proper to station a guard round Mr. D.'s house, to protect him and his property from injury. He added, that if any depredation should be discovered to have been committed by the Indians, the chiefs would pay Mr. D. the full amount. Such an example of the care taken by the chiefs of this tribe to avoid

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giving umbrage to the whites, affords the highest testimony, either of their friendship for our people, or their respect for our power.

The Sac and Fox tribes inhabited, at that time, a beautiful tract of country in Illinois, upon the borders of Rock river. These two tribes are usually mentioned in conjunction, because the Foxes, many years ago, having been nearly exterminated in a war with some of their neighbors, the remnant of the nation, too feeble to exist as a separate tribe, sought refuge in the Sac villages, and have remained ever since incorporated with the latter people. They are a fine looking race of people, and are well disposed towards the whites. They have long been divided, however, into two parties, one of which is friendly to our government, while the other, called the *British band*, is under the influence of the British traders. It has always been the policy of the latter, to keep the Indians upon the western frontier in a state of disaffection towards the American people, and by these means, to secure to themselves an undue proportion of the fur trade. So long as it should remain difficult upon our part to gain access to the tribes, and our intercourse with them be liable to interruption, jealousy, and distrust, so long would the British trader possess an advantage over us in relation to this traffic. The British fur companies, whose agents are numerous, intelligent, and enterprising, have always acted upon this policy, and the English officers in Canada, both civil and military, have given it their sanction. Almost all the atrocities which have been committed on our frontiers by the Indians, within the last fifty years, have been directly or indirectly incited by the incendiary agents of that mercenary government. The *British band* of the Sacs and Foxes have been in the habit of visiting Malden annually, and receiving valuable presents—presents, which being made to a disaffected portion of a tribe residing not only within the United States, but within the limits of a state, could be viewed in no other light than as bribes—the wages of disaffection. Black Hawk, though not a chief, is one of the most influential individuals of the *British band*.

LETTERS FROM CUBA.

NO. II.

Havana, May, 18—.

My Dear Friend,—After giving you a short account of my arrival at Havana, and of the impression made upon me by the scene, viewed first in the false gilding of the setting sun, and

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then in the misty and mysterious beauty of the moonlight, I left you to retire to my bed, still upon the waters. I am now to show you the scene in the truer, though not so fascinating colors of day-light, and to allow you the opportunity of more minute observation, by conducting you *in medias res.*

After spending a night, in which thought and expectation supplied the place of sleep, or only yielded at last to busy dreams, I was aroused from my unquiet slumbers by a commotion upon deck. Suddenly recollecting where I was, and bringing back, at the same time, all the train of interesting associations, which had so much occupied my mind, I started up, and hastened upon deck. The scene was the same, yet how different—just the difference that shows between the placid face, reposing in sleep, and the same features animated with thought and motion.

On the left, indeed, the white walls of the Cavanas, stretching along the verge of the precipitous bank, rose in the same motionless strength and majesty into the clear morning sun-light, which falling full upon them, showed clearly now the whole extent of outline—which in the night had been lost in the misty distance—with all its rounded towers and massive angles. On the bay, at a short distance before us, lay the black hull of a Spanish war's-man, dismantled and roofed, resting, like the castle above, in quiet, gloomy strength, as if watching the moving world about it. All around, the surface of the water teemed with moving boats, some crossing from side to side, some passing up and down, and some sweeping round from vessel to vessel, laden with pine-apples, bananas, oranges, mangoes, plantains, and all the rich variety of tropical fruits. On the right was the quay, stretching about half a mile inward, all alive with men, some standing in groups, some promenading, some at work, loading or unloading the vessels, which lay crowded together, with their bows instead of their broadsides towards the quay. From their clustering masts waved, mingling, the flags of various nations, meeting thus harmoniously on common ground, in pursuit of the common wants of man. It is pleasant to see the Christian and the Arab, bowing down to drink at the same well. It reminds us, that though so differing in externals, we are, indeed, all of the same race—all creatures of the same God; the various streams of humanity which intersect this earthly existence, in truth, spring from the same fountain, and are yet again to mingle their waters in the great ocean of eternity.

The instant I found myself at liberty, I hastened, full of expectation, to the shore. No sooner did I place my foot on the

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quay, than I was attacked by half a dozen strapping negroes with petitions to carry my baggage. I chose one of them; but was at a loss to know what the fellow would do with the trunk, for he had no carriage of any description. But I soon found that none was needed: the sturdy African mounted the trunk, which was, by the way, a very large and heavy one, directly upon his scull-cap, which was nothing more than a folded handkerchief, and marched off in triumph.

* * * * * * * * *

Havana is a dirty city. The streets—or rather lanes, for they are scarcely wide enough for carriages to pass each other—are seldom or ever cleaned, unless it be on some saint's day, and then only those through which the procession is to pass. There is generally a delicious stream, or rather, not a stream, but a narrow pool, standing all along the middle of the street. This liquid mass is commonly of a beautiful blue color, quite interesting to the eye; and not only the eye, but other senses, such as the smell, and even the taste may share in its sweets. And then after a rain, when the lake overflows its banks, as it were, and nearly fills the streets, collecting, as it spreads, and softening and combining into one mass, all the various ingredients of which the layer of dirt is composed, the walking is fine I assure you. You must know that there are no sidewalks in Havana; for such, street room cannot be spared. In the place of them, there is a row of flag-stones, which are just broad enough for one person; so that the whole population stream along in single file. Now what is to be done in case of meeting? Why, one must step into the street; and if you are a polite man, you will invariably be the one; for each here looks out for himself. And then suppose a carriage comes along, if you would get clear of its spatterings, you must squeeze yourself into the stone wall, which it is laughable to observe every one in the critical moment trying to do.

This, I confess, is rather a caricature. But in truth, I sometimes wonder that Havana is not scourged with a constant pestilence, such a cloud of unwholesome scents and vapors fills the atmosphere. Indeed, Spanish towns are proverbial for their peculiarity in this respect; and it is a fact, that travelling in Cuba by night, I have often discovered myself to be in a village by the noisome smells which filled the air, before I had observed it otherwise.

The houses in Havana are very high, and commonly covered with plastering, either of an orange color, or white, and frequently figured with blue or green paint, so that while the covering is fresh, there is an appearance of splendor about

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them. But in so moist a climate as that of Cuba, the colors very soon fade, and with the splendor, neatness and cleanliness pass away too; so that the buildings have a very shabby, time-worn appearance. Indeed, there is a total want of neatness and care about every thing. All mechanical work is rude and unskilful. The windows are mostly grated with iron bars, for security against assassins and thieves. The door is a monstrous uncouth portal, about as high and wide as that of a church. Indeed, I have often seen a volante, or carriage, standing in the front entry, while the horse was kept in the yard, or square within, around which the house is built. The apartments are commonly very high, for the purpose of freer circulation of the air, and often without ceiling, exposing all the beams and rafters of the roof, like a barn. The floors are laid with tiles or composed of soft stone, beaten to dust, and then plastered and polished.

Every thing here appears strange enough; but what at first sight struck me most, was the appearance of a *calisero*, or postillion. This strange animal was one of the first objects that greeted my eyes on entering the city. He wore a scarlet jacket, corded all over, reaching but a little way below his armpits. His person, from the 'hem of his jacket' down to his knees, was covered with striped small clothes, as they may without contradiction be called, since they did not invade the province of pantaloons by reaching lower than the knee; at least so far as could be discoverable to the eye. Thence downward, the limbs were cased in a pair of jack-boots, or buskins, or leather gaiters, or whatever term you may apply to them, for they have no appropriated English name, since there is no such English idea. It sets close to the leg, from the instep up as far as the knee; then the stiffened leather, suddenly stands forth and bristles up around the front of the knee like a bishop's mitre. From the heel protrudes a monstrous spur, the wheel of which is about an inch in diameter. The foot is covered with a thin shoe or slipper; and the head is surmounted with a vari-colored palm leaf hat, full a foot and a half in height. Such is a calisero, as he stands. But when you see him mounted, in company with the rest of his equipage, the sight is really curious. Imagine to yourself a broad, old fashioned chaise body, slung between two monstrous wheels, so large as to rise above the top of it, and about four feet off, a rat of an animal, just hitched on at the end of the shafts, almost overwhelmed by a strapping negro, who bestrides him, enveloped in the garb I have described, and all together scrambling and splashing through the muddy streets of Havana, and you have before you a caricature of the ridiculous.

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Another thing which strikes a peaceful American with singularity, is the number of soldiers that meet him at every turn. I believe the number in and about the city is about six thousand. They are very neat in their appearance, wearing the white uniforms, which it is remarkable to observe, are always clean, even in that dirty city. The privates carry not only muskets, but swords. Their persons are rather under than above the middle size, and very slight. Such is, indeed, the stature of the whole race. The Spanish soldiers here are under excellent discipline; and are very efficient in preserving order. Guards are posted at frequent intervals through the city, and stand to their arms night and day. It is imposing, at the still hour of twilight, to hear, mingling with the solemn peal of the vesper bells, the lively flourish of the trumpet ringing through the streets, *bassed* by the measured tread of the soldiers, as they march their rounds to relieve guard. And again, in the silent depths of the night, when no sound is heard, save the untiring note of the cricket, and all the 'mighty heart' of the populous city is still, just as the castle clock tolls twelve, you hear a distant cry ring forth on the night; it is repeated nearer and louder—yet nearer and more distinct—and now a lone voice beneath your window takes up the cry—'alerto'—it passes on—farther—farther—till it is lost, as it rose, in the distance.

There is always a company of these guards stationed at the door of the palace of the governor-general, and also a sentry at each corner of the building. The palace of the intendant, or financier, an officer, by the way, hated for his extortions, is guarded in the same manner. But notwithstanding all the precautions taken to secure the safety of the citizens, robberies and murders are quite frequent, though not nearly so much so of late years as formerly. I was told by a friend who has been long resident in the city, that it used to be a matter of regular occurrence to him, as he passed by the governor's palace in the course of his morning walk, to see two or three mangled bodies lying on the sidewalk, where they were exposed for a certain length of time to public view, in order that they might be claimed by the friends of the deceased. What a horrid state of things! It was dangerous to be rich—it was death to be fearless and independent. A rebuking word might cost you your life. The vengeance of a Spaniard, so easily aroused, could be easily wreaked. For the most trifling sum, a man could procure the death of his enemy. Indeed, even if you took every care to avoid being obnoxious to any one, you could not feel yourself safe: for so reckless of blood are men here, so little anxious about the lives of their fellow men, that many a

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noble youth has fallen a victim merely to careless mistake. And as to justice, it can rarely, if ever be obtained, and if it could be, it would cost more than its worth. Indeed, the only way for the friends of the deceased to save themselves from utter ruin, is to hush the matter as quickly as possible, or you will have the officers of justice, as they call themselves, in upon you, like so many harpies, who, under the pretence of investigating the matter, will take down as many depositions as they can muster, for which you must pay a round sum; and after all, you gain nothing by it. For the process of a trial here is so slow, being conducted only by writing, and all departments of the law being so notoriously open to bribery, there is but a trifling chance of your obtaining satisfaction. A case happened here some time ago, in which a rich nobleman had committed, or caused to be committed, a vindictive and cruel murder. A suit was commenced against him, and the criminal seeing his case desperate, procured admittance to the intendant, and laying on the table before him two bags, containing a thousand ounces each, left the room without a word. The proceedings against the villain were immediately stopped.

I will relate an anecdote, which was repeated to me by a near relation of the person concerned, to show the manner of proceeding here in cases of murder. Two gentlemen made an appointment to meet each other a few miles from Havana, in order to proceed on a journey together. One of them being detained, reached the place of meeting a little later than the time appointed. On arriving within sight of the spot, he beheld, instead of his friend, a dead body upon the ground. On approaching nearer, what was his horror at recognizing in those palid features the countenance of the person he was in quest of. He was probably murdered by highwaymen, as his pockets had been rifled. Without hesitating to consider of consequences, he immediately hastened back to town, and procuring assistance, caused the body to be conveyed to his own house. He had been at home but a short time, when a loud knock was heard at the door, and in flocked the officers of justice to inquire into the affair. They immediately called for pen and paper, and proceeded to take down the testimony of every one present, from the gentleman himself who had first seen the body, even to those who knew no more of the matter than they themselves, that is, had merely looked upon the corpse after its arrival at the house. Yet they would with threats compel each one to say something, in order to make out as many depositions as possible; for on every sheet was to be paid a certain sum. In this

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manner, sheet fell upon sheet, till piles arose. Yet this was but the beginning. At length the gentleman of the house, seeing no probable end of the matter, and fearing if the course of justice were not stopped, he should be ruined, tendered the officers the sum of five hundred dollars, to put the papers in his possession, and let the affair rest. The offer was accepted.

Another instance was related to me, in which a gentleman having been assassinated, his widow enjoyed the consolation of being turned out of house and home, to satisfy the rapacious claims of the harpies of the law. Such is justice in Havana.

I will conclude, my dear friend, this very elaborate and well digested epistle, with a commentary in the shape of an anecdote. Some years before the French revolution of 1789, while St. Domingo was in the possession of France, a certain Spanish bishop touched at a port in that island, on his way to Mexico. His brother in the church, the French bishop, very cordially invited him to his house. After becoming pretty familiarly acquainted, when the bonds of polite reserve had gradually worn away, their most worshipful heads suffered the conversation to turn, at length, upon the merits of their respective countries—a subject ever dangerous to touch. The Spaniard, full of patriotism (that is, prejudice) and zeal for the church, expatiated widely and warmly on the only topic where an argument could be supported—on the lively regard which his country had always displayed for the interests of religion—its holy zeal; its unbending, all-absorbing, universal devotion of spirit; enlarged upon the merits of the holy inquisition; enumerated the *autos da fe* which had taken place; drew forth from his sanctified memory, a long catalogue of the sinful heretics, on whose funeral piles had been reared the eternal glory of Spain; 'yes, yes,' said he, 'God will bless us! and in the great day, when the trumpet shall wake the dead, and the Son of Man shall come again in the clouds of heaven, the first people, the first nation he will recognize, will be devoted, blessed Spain!' 'Ay! ay!' said the Frenchman, who having politely listened thus far in profound silence, thought at length he had held his peace long enough, 'Mon Dieu! I agree with you: I think he will recognize your country first at his coming, for in truth, old Spain is somehow pretty much as it was when he left.'

O.

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TO THE MONOTROPA, OR GHOST FLOWER.

This singular little plant is found only in damp and dark places, where it stands with its white stalk clasped with white leaves and surmounted with one white flower, that bends its single petal towards the earth.

PALE, mournful flower, that hid'st in shade
Mid chilly damps in murky glade
With moss and mould,
Why dost thou hang thy ghastly head,
So pale and cold?

No freshness on thy petal gleams;
Gone, the bright hue of living greens
And balmy breath,
Thy cold and livid covering seems
The garb of death.

Do ills that wring the human breast
The blooming buds of spring infest,
And fade their bloom?
And bend they, too, with griefs oppres'd,
To the cold tomb?

Is thy pale bosom chill'd with wo?
Has treachery hush'd the genial flow
Of life's young morn?
Have all who woke thy bosom's glow
Left thee forlorn?

Perchance the wailing night bird's song,
That mortal woes and griefs prolong
At evening hour,
Wakes *thy* full tide of feeling strong
With thrilling power:

Perchance thy paly, earth-bowed head
Is bending now above the dead
With dewy eye,
Soft moaning o'er thy treasures fled
In evening's sigh:

And this thy plaint to Reason's ear:
'In every scene Grief will appear,
'And Death's cold hour,
'As springs, 'mid beauties of the year,
'One pale cold flower.'

CLIO.

ISADORE.

STRONG was the power wherewith my soul
Was chained to thine;
'Tis broken, but I bow before
No other shrine.

My love, my faith, were fixed upon
Thee, first and last;
It is my joy to dwell alone
Upon the past.

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No pilgrim to his patron saint
So bowed his heart;—
So felt it sacrilege to faint,
And death to part.

No martyr, clasping the dear cross
That made him free,
So loved it present, mourned it lost,
As I do thee.

Thou wast, indeed, my saint, my pride,
Now mine no more;
My only love, my blooming bride,
My Isadore.

F.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

[The following is an extract from a letter written to us by a gentleman, for whose opinions we entertain a very high respect, and to whose pen our readers have been greatly indebted. It was not intended for publication, but was meant as a friendly admonition to us, of the error of our ways, and administered under the belief that a little wholesome castigation occasionally, may be as useful to a critic as it is to others. We like the frankness of the writer, and while we thank him for the kindness displayed, in the manner of transmitting his reproof, we hope we afford the best evidence of the spirit in which it is received, by placing it before our readers. We may respect the opinions of a friend, without changing our own. We like the English, as a nation, no better now than heretofore, but we esteem an Englishman, who feels and acts as becomes a gentleman, just as much as if he had been born on this side of the Atlantic.]

I AM prompted, on this occasion, to make a few remarks on the nature of the strictures you have entered upon, with regard to English literature and the English character, which, I am compelled to think, are not carried on with that just degree of candor and liberality, which should characterize the deliberate sentiments of cultivated minds, when engaged in such like disquisitions. I am an Englishman by birth and education, and, therefore, claim to have some actual knowledge of the English character, and feel myself, after a residence of sixteen years in this country, in some degree competent to decide upon the merits of the subject in question. But while thus an Englishman, I am no less an American in sentiment and feeling, and trust that I am as exempt from *English* prejudice, as it may, by possibility, be deemed fitting for an Englishman to be. I am not blind to the defects of my countrymen. I can even bear to hear them freely descanted on, without getting out of temper, or feeling a disposition to recriminate. But while thus sufficiently impressed with a humiliating sense of the many unfavorable traits to be found in the English character, I am also aware, that it is adorned with many rare virtues; and I feel as anxious that justice should be measured out to the *English*, as you can do, that it should not be withheld from the Americans.

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You feel indignant at the caricatured representations of the American 'domestic manners,' in the publications of a Trollope. I also have felt indignant at them, both as an American, and as an Englishman; and you will excuse me, if I feel somewhat disturbed, at what I conceive to be, to say the least of it, a culling out of all the most exceptionable features to be found in English literature and character, as depicted in the strictures alluded to. In the July number of the Western Magazine, speaking of England, you advance the sweeping charge that, 'there is no civilized country, in which the *mass* of society is so unprincipled;' and quote a paragraph from a German tourist, in confirmation of what you say. Now, I am so far from agreeing with you in this particular, that I hold it to be true, and it has hardly ever been controverted, that there is no people in the world who, as a whole, have a higher *regard* for *principle*, or who are more remarkable for their strict observance of the moral law, in their intercourse and dealings among themselves, and with the world; and in this particular, they have, in my opinion, the advantage of the Americans. There is more confidence between man and man, although they do not *boast* as much as the Americans. Prince Puckler Muskau was conversant with the *higher* classes and fashionable coteries alone, of that country; but these bear but a very small proportion to the *masses* of society, although he by no means sustains the charge you have made. He has, I have no doubt, given a very faithful picture of their manners and sentiments, and I esteem him as a writer of most genuine worth and liberality. While he has freely noted the faults of the English character, so far as it came under his review, he has not been niggardly of his commendations of it, as is evinced on numerous occasions in his volume. The middling classes of society are in England the most numerous body, and should not be lost sight of in making an estimate of English character; and even the humblest and lowest, notwithstanding their uncouth manners, and their *patois*, have their virtues; and among these, fidelity, punctuality and truth, are not the least distinguished; nor are they, by any means, so servile as represented, keep out of view the menials—they are less so than the operatives in the manufacturing districts of New England. You refer to some of the best of English writers for proof of the correctness of your views, to Richardson, Pope, Addison, &c. Has there been no improvement in society since their days? Even in this country, the improvement has been very considerable, or I am wrongly informed. Moreover, it has been the fashion of English writers to comment more freely upon the morals of society, than

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has ever been customary, or would, indeed be tolerated in this country; and in this respect, the English press enjoys, perhaps, more freedom than the press of this country. But surely there is not wanting subject matter enough in the follies and vices of society, in every country, to furnish full employment for the pen of the moralist. I hope I am mistaken, but it appears to me that you entertain a spirit of hostility and unfairness, to every thing which bears the name of English, for which, if it be the case, I am truly sorry. You appear anxious to get rid of the relationship of consanguinity—of all 'family likeness;' and of the fact, which I believe has hitherto been universally conceded, that the two countries are in possession of kindred institutions, civil and religious. (I allude to an article in the April number of the Magazine.) With regard to English literature, I am disposed to admit, in part, the correctness of your remarks: that a great deal of it is in bad taste, perhaps vitiating; but the same objection lies against some of the most popular American periodicals. But your denunciations I think too severe, and too comprehensive, when you speak in the gross, of popular English literature being so extremely pernicious, that it is 'silently corrupting our press.' Surely, American editors, if so superior in *caste*, as you intimate, know better how to discriminate, than to suffer a calamity so deplorable to overtake them. In a country where literary productions are so numerous and so multifarious as they are in Great Britain, we may expect to meet with a great deal that is objectionable, in style, taste, and sentiment, both in their periodical publications, and in those which are intended for a more important and more permanent purpose.

But how much is this country not indebted for its present advancement, and rising distinction in literary eminence, to the abundance of English literature of a high and superior excellence? Were we, even now, to be cut off from that source, or the supply withheld, we should, I am inclined to think, soon find ourselves singularly impoverished. And, far greater losers than gainers, in every point of view, when we take into consideration the peculiar circumstances of the countries respectively, the degree of relationship, sameness of language, etc. common to them both; and it would be utterly impossible for us ever to divest ourselves of the associations, which blend our literature so intimately with that of England, past and present. There is, comparatively, but little erudition in the United States, and small means and leisure of acquiring it. We should have, I apprehend, but a slender portion of profound criticism on learned subjects.

A great majority of the books put into the hands of our chil-

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dren, in this country, our youth and students of every profession and character, are *English.* Our magazines, monthly, 'child's,' 'people's,' Parley's, etc.; our 'libraries,' 'family,' 'classical,' 'useful and entertaining knowledge,' etc. etc., are only copies, or models of similar modern English publications. The British quarterly reviews, which give so much tone to the literature of this country, are all, with perhaps the exception of the London Quarterly, conducted, at present, in a spirit of great liberality.

And are not these a part of the fashionable literature of Great Britain? Are not the various classes of publications above alluded to, more widely extended among all sorts of readers, than any other works? And more has been done there, in this way, for the advancement and diffusion of letters and knowledge, within these few years, than in any other country. Why speak of fashionable literature as that, exclusively, which is adapted to the vitiated tastes of a *few*, who call themselves the *ton*, and are remarkable only for the want of humanized feelings?

American writers have vented a great deal of spleen at the English, because one or two English travellers have given somewhat distorted pictures of American manners, although their accounts have not met with the countenance and credence of any but the high-toned aristocrats of England. A majority of the British reviewers have disclaimed them, while there have been other English travellers, who have done ample justice to the American character.

I think the Americans a little too sensitive when their faults and foibles are attacked, for faults and foibles they have. They are not the only people whom travellers have misrepresented; and even in the 'Domestic Manners of the Americans,' something may be found by which the Americans might profit. At any rate, let not a whole nation be held responsible for what one or two individuals alone are accountable. I have spoken freely, and said more than I intended, although the subject will admit of a great deal more. America, her institutions, the urbanity and many amiable qualities of her citizens, are all entwined round my heart, as they are, in like manner, round the hearts of thousands; nay, perhaps a majority of Englishmen, at home and abroad. Do not then, by an indiscriminate attack upon English character and manners, alienate that good feeling, so auspicious to a friendly intercourse between the two people. Englishmen are sufficiently unpopular in this country, among the people at large, without any farther attempts to excite popular prejudice against them. They have their faults, which are the more conspicuous and exposed, from the circumstance that

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Englishmen have been less in the habit of suppressing their sentiments and feelings, than perhaps any other people.

Their prejudices, I admit to be strong; and sincerity is with them a fault. I have now done with this subject, and hope that I shall not, hereafter, elicit less of your regard, from the known fact of my being an *Englishman.*

LOVELL'S FOLLY.

A NOVEL: by CAROLINE LEE HENTZ, author of De Lara, Lamorah, &c. Cincinnati: Hubbard & Edmands.

WE sit down to write this article, on the 21st day of August, at noon, thermometer at ninety-four, or thereabouts, and the printer dunning us for *copy*, with as little remorse, as if we were surrounded by the atmosphere of Nova Zembla. It is all the same to him; for printers, commencing the world in the character of *devils*, may be supposed to be proof against heat. The benevolent reader would feel for us, could he behold us laboring in his behalf, on such a day; and the fair writer of the book before us, would tremble for its fate, could she see us toiling over it, at a moment so unpropitious to good-humored criticism, or *cool* judgment. Cool indeed! Can any man be cool to-day, and should we expect an editor to be more frigid than any other human being, who is 'fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter!'

But, however arduous may be the task of putting our thoughts on paper, we are happy to say that the reading of Mrs. Hentz's book afforded a most agreeable relaxation. It is the very thing for a hot day—sprightly, imaginative and interesting. It may be perused, sitting or reclining, without putting the reader to sleep, and that is more than can be said, in dog-days, of most books.

To come at once to the pith of the matter, it is proper to state, that the publishers have been good enough to send us the sheets, fresh from the press, and previous to their publication, so that this review will make its appearance, before the book itself; which has yet to go through the hands of the binders, where, being a lady's book, we hope it will be suitably attired. We are glad to have the opportunity of extending to it a cordial welcome, and hope it may be the precursor of many similar volumes, equally honorable to the genius of western writers, and to the public spirit of western publishers. This is not the

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first novel that has been printed in the west, but it is the best one that has fallen under our notice; and we risk little in saying, that it will not diminish the reputation of a writer, who has already given the most unequivocal evidences of taste and genius, and who is justly estimated in this city, as one of its greatest intellectual ornaments.

But, for fear we should be suspected of saying pretty things of this book, merely because the writer is a lady, we shall proceed to make some selections. An outline of the story we cannot give, without spoiling it. Love scenes are delicate affairs to manage, at best, and we are sure we should spoil these by attempting to retail them, at second hand.

The following is the manner and form, in which the author lays the *venue:*

'There is a beautiful valley in New England, which I will not call by its geographical name, but by the rural appellation of Cloverdale; a *sobriquet*, once given it by a poet, while it was receiving the bounteous sprinkling of a summer shower. There are many reasons why I prefer the poet's fancy to the plain, downright matter of fact—one is, that while I give a faithful description of the loveliness of nature, I would wish to call in the charm of imagination and the illusion of novelty as auxiliaries of truth. By the adoption of an innocent artifice of this kind, the drapery of fancy may be suffered to float lightly and gracefully over some of the *realities* of life, like the soft mist of the valley; and never was misty veil so transparent, silvery and fantastic as that which, every moonlight night, mantled the valley of Cloverdale. Another is—the name is so descriptive of pastoral plenty and rural beauty. It presents at once to the eye an image of luxuriant intervals, "redolent of sweets," fertilized by beneficent streams; of indolent cattle, ruminating on the riches of the land: of blooming dairymaids, and those luxuries of the country, butter and cheese. But Cloverdale possessed other distinctions than those received from the direct bounty of nature, who had adorned it as "a gem richer than all its tribe." It had long held an aristocratic rank among the neighboring towns, (in New England, every inhabited vale and village is thus honorably titled.) This was owing to the only aristocracy acknowledged in *our* country, the superior intelligence and refinement of its inhabitants. It was gradually becoming a favorite summer retreat of some of the metropolitans, who, debilitated or disgusted by the heat and confinement of a city, longed for the chartered air and liberal shade. There were some whose tastes were so unaccountable as to prefer its luxurious retirement to the fashionable watering places, where bustling invalids annually resort, who are laboring under the most insupportable of all maladies, a *mental dyspepsia.* Some who thought the waters of the winding river, (which, still adopting the same poet's fancy, I shall call *Devon*,) were purer and better than all the waters of Saratoga and Ballston. And several travellers, who had journeyed themselves three successive summers into unutterable admiration of the falls of Niagara, declared it was deliciously soothing to the eye, wearied by excessive grandeur, to rest on its modest waves, that flowed on through banks shadowed by such "bonny spreading bushes," that the sheltered stream could never sympathize with the recorded woes of *Bruin Water.*'

The name of the novel seems to be derived from that of one of the characters, who, although not prominent in the action of the story, is introduced in a very graphic and easy manner. He was a rich old bachelor, whose affections having no ligitimate channels, diverged into many eccentric courses.

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'Architecture became his ruling passion, and having no children to tranrmit his name to posterity, he determined to leave a monument more enduring than frail flesh and blood, and which should link his memory to future generations, by the most venerable and classic associations. For this purpose, he caused to be erected a stately mansion, which he at first intended to be a model of the purest simplicity, but his taste luxuriating as the work went on, he relieved the severity of the Gothic pillars, which supported the piazza, with the richest Corinthian entablatures, and added many fantastic devices of his own, to crown the symmetrical arch of the windows, which descended to the floor in front, and opened into a yard, whose velvet green was beautifully contrasted by flights of white marble steps. But as if resolved to mar the effect of this fair union, he had placed on high pedestals, in the centre of each square, statues of general Washington and Buonaparte; not cold and spotless, like the ancient gods, but dressed in full regimentals, and colored with the hues of life. The garden, too, was decorated with statues of party-colored nymphs, and Adonises, and last, not least, his own figure, stowed like a household divinity in the vestibule of the temple. But the ill-fated Benedict was not destined to enjoy the fruit of his labors. He had studied architecture more deeply than economy, and was confounded when he found his purse was not as inexhaustible as his genius. The workmen became importunate, creditors clamorous; he heard his taste ridiculed, his madness condemned; ruin glared him in the face, and unable to sustain all these accumulated horrors, the reason, whose suggestions he had slighted, utterly forsook him. He became a brain-stricken wanderer mid the shade of the valley, and fled from the companionship of men, to hold fellowship with the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air, while the monument he had built in his pride, became famous in the surrounding country, by the name of "*Lovell's Folly*," derived from its unfortunate owner. The celebrity of this mansion, first attracted Mr. Marriwood to Cloverdale. He saw that by making those alterations and improvements which a cultivated taste and ample fortune enabled him to plan and execute, it would make a very desirable and elegant abode. A noble but neglected farm belonged to the establishment, which would furnish a liberal field for his agricultural talents, and in the simple and unostentatious inhabitants, he thought he should find characters which he could mould at his will. Being thus at once established in his own imagination as the honored nabob of the country, he became an immediate purchaser, and hastened to communicate the result of his examination to his only daughter, Miss Penitence Marriwood, who began forthwith to build *her chateaux en Espagne*—though of different materials from her father's.

'One of Mr. Marriwood's first movements was to displace the statues of the Gallic warrior and American chief from their marble thrones, transport the nymphs and swains from their sylvan beds, and disenshrine the faded image of poor Lovell, which stood in melancholy desolation, amid the wonders he had wrought. Mr. Marriwood was, however, too well aware of the value of worldly goods, to throw aside these relics of insane fancy, as useless rubbish. He sold the venerated father of American glory to the keeper of a neighboring hotel, who hoisted him on the pinnacle of a huge white pillar, as a sign peculiarly fitting and imposing, it being called the Washington hotel. Buonaparte being considered of infinitely less value, was disposed of, at an inferior price, to the same purchaser, as an ornament to a whitewashed pump contiguous to the stable, where the imperial Corsican was doomed to see the lilies of France, emblazoned on his chapeau de bras, daily and hourly bespattered by incessant jets d'eau, without the power to repel or resent the insult. A carpenter, who was building a pleasure-boat for the accommodation of the strangers and young people of the valley, bought one of the naiads for his barge, which he christened "Lady of the Lake." Finding the lord of the mansion rather unsaleable, the new owner, with ready ingenuity, converted him into a scare-crow, for his own rich corn-fields. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*'

Another extract, which we take at random, will afford a fair specimen of the author's style.

'A path wound so temptingly just below the window into the *interval*, and she knew Venus would watch so faithfully over her sleeping mother, she could not resist the impulse; and putting on her calash, she was soon bounding along that path, with something of the step of a wild mountain girl. The change, from a confined apart-

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ment, to the unbounded atmosphere, from the paraphernalia of a sick chamber, to the magnificent garniture of summer fields, was sufficient to give elasticity to spirits less mercurial than hers. She had the candor to confess to herself, that she had never, even in her native regions, witnessed any thing so lovely, as the prospect that stretched around her. It was the season when the apple-trees were in full blossom; when every rustic orchard resembled an imperial flower-garden; when every gale was redolent with excessive sweetness; and the path of the wanderer was literally strewed with blossoms, fair as if scattered by the fingers of Hope.

'Lorelly continued her rambles to the very banks of the river, that smiled as bewitchingly through the boughs that shadowed it, as a transparent blue eye through its "fringed curtains." She there seated herself, not from fatigue, but from pure admiration of a seat which the pastoral divinities must have made for the express accommodation of such unpurposed vagrants as herself. It was formed of the trunk of an apple-tree, which for awhile forgetting its upright growth, had stretched lazily on its grassy bed, like many a human soul, that losing sight of its heavenly tendency, is grovelling supinely in the dust; but as the same human soul, touched by a divine impulse, springs upward towards its native heaven, the repentant tree had suddenly lifted its luxuriant boughs, and the blossoming sprays now hung in beautiful wreaths, striving to cover the early degeneracy of the parent trunk. Here Lorelly seated herself, happy in the mere consciousness of existence—happy in being the inhabitant of so fair a world. She forgot all that had darkened her childhood and chilled her glowing youth—all the painful recollections of the past, and all the trembling apprehensions of the future. The soothing sound of the waters, as they flowed with soft, gurgling murmurs over their pebbly channel; the cool rustling of the leaves, as the west wind stole whisperingly and lovingly through the branches, which again bent wistfully over the stream, to whisper the secrets of nature to the passing wave, all served to lull the beholder into a state of delicious repose and self-abandonment.'

Our limits will not allow us to extract more largely from this interesting work. We dismiss it with a cordial recommendation. It is a native production, and appeals strongly to the pride of our country. So little has been done in our land, in this department of literature, that we hail the appearance of this volume, with peculiar pleasure. As a story, it is simple, without complicated machinery, or stirring events; but the style is chaste, and sometimes elegant; the morality is pure and elevated; the tone of the work is cheerful, while its tendency is decidedly virtuous. It contains some incidents of deep interest, and passages of eloquent beauty; and it is the production of a lady, who has already entitled herself to a distinguished place among the writers of polite literature, by the production of two tragedies, which have been received with applause on the stage, and admired by the critic as elegant compositions.

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THE BUDGET.

We dislike apologies. It is unpleasant to make or to receive them, and still more disagreeable to feel that there is an occasion which requires them to be made. We have always been rather shy on this subject, since reading the remark of Dr. Franklin, that 'the man who is good at making an excuse is seldom good for any thing else.' Such explanations are nevertheless often necessary, and when they become so, we must get through them with the best grace we can.

We commenced this work with a sincere determination to render it permanent and valuable. We aimed at producing something above the ephemeral publications whose sole object is the amusement of the passing hour. We believed that such a work was needed, and were confident that the country was prepared to sustain it. That we were not deceived in our calculations, we have before us the most gratifying evidence. The work has been received with a degree of cordiality, and indulgence, far beyond its actual merits, and for which the Editor takes pleasure in expressing, most emphatically, his grateful acknowledgments. Editors of newspapers and periodicals, throughout the union, have received it with a degree of courtesy, and extended to it marks of approbation, which have cheered and assured us in the outset of our career, and far exceeded our expectations. From the reading public, we have received a still more substantial testimony in approbation of our plan. A subscription list, which, at the commencement of this year, included less than five hundred names, has swelled to nearly three thousand; a support greater than has ever been given to any western periodical, and which few of those of the eastern cities have attained.

The Editor regrets, that under such circumstances, he has been prevented by events beyond his control, from fulfilling the just expectations of the public, by extending to the work that attention on his part, which would have conduced to its steady improvement, and given to it the high character, which the public has a right to expect it to assume. A dangerous and obstinate attack of the prevailing epidemic has obliged him to absent himself from his post, for more than two months past, and entirely disabled him from the performance of any mental labor. The July and August numbers were prepared without any aid or supervision on his part, at a time when the prevalence of a dreadful disease had spread a gloom over our city, and paralyzed all its business operations. The work was placed under the direction of a friend, to whose kindness we have heretofore been greatly indebted, and in whose fine genius and ex-

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tensive attainments we reposed unlimited confidence. But surrounded by sickness and despondency, he was unsupported by the pens of others, and unable to give full scope to his own powers. The present number has been hastily got up since the Editor's return home, partly by himself, and in part by others.

The liberal support which our work has received, has induced us to contemplate several important improvements. Among them, the first will be, an addition of several pages to each number, to be filled with items of literary and scientific intelligence. These will be printed in small type, and will contain, in a small space, a considerable amount of matter. Into this department we hope to collect a variety of accurate and valuable statistical information, in relation to education, literature, and the useful arts. The arrangement will commence with the October number.

A special effort is also about to be made to enlist the talents of several able contributors; and it is hoped and confidently expected, that we shall be able to concentrate a highly respectable portion of the best intelligence of the country, in the support of the Magazine.

A portrait, intended for the embellishment of this number, has been delayed by the artist employed in preparing it, but will probably be received in time for the October number.

THE PROPRIETORS OF THE WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE OFFER

A PREMIUM OF FIFTY DOLLARS

For the best TALE which shall be presented to them for publication previous to the tenth day of November, 1833; and Fifty Dollars for the best ESSAY, on a literary or scientific subject.

The premiums will be awarded by a board of five literary gentlemen, whose names shall be announced previous to the time appointed for making the selection.

The PRIZE TALE will be published in the December number of the Magazine. The *prize essay* will be published in the January number. All the tales and essays presented will be considered as the property of the proprietors of the Magazine, who will be at liberty to publish as many of them as they may think proper.

The articles offered in competition will be forwarded to Messrs. Corey & Fairbank, publishers, Cincinnati; each accompanied by a sealed paper containing the name of the author, which will not be opened in any case, except in that of the successful candidate.

The length of the articles should be from ten to twenty pages.

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LITERARY NOTICES.

MEMORANDA OF A RESIDENCE AT THE COURT OF LONDON. By Richard Rush, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary from the United States of America, from 1817 to 1825.

WE have read this volume with unmingled approbation and pleasure. When a gentleman of matured judgment and ripe scholarship, like Mr. Rush, undertakes to write upon subjects with which he is intimately acquainted, he confers a public benefit, which demands the acknowledgment of those who are interested in the literature of their country. The highest circle of society in England is entirely hidden, by its exclusive character, from the inspection of ordinary travellers. Its members live as if upon enchanted ground, into which none but the initiated may find access. Even the writers of their own country, the most highly gifted and intelligent, gazing at a distance with intense curiosity, behold only so much of the brilliant pageant as is purposely exhibited to dazzle the vulgar eye, without gaining any accurate knowledge of the hidden mysteries of high life. Prince Puckler Muskau saw them all, and has given us, in his delightful style, the most lively and graphic picture of the sayings and doings of the English aristocracy. Mr. Rush has favored us with a work very different in character, but equally excellent in its way. One of these writers is a prince, the other a republican; the one a man of pleasure, the other a man of business. The prince has genius, such as seldom finds its way to the brain of a noble; he is imaginative, epigramatic, lively, fearless, and sometimes severe; the diplomatist is dignified, cautious, and rather *prosey*—perfectly courteous, and charily avoiding every topic the discussion of which might give offence, and every word which might seem harsh. On all disputed points, he is a complete *non-committal*, if we may adopt a phrase from the recent coinage of our newspapers. This arises partly from an habitual amiability, which all who know the distinguished writer, are aware forms a prominent trait in his personal intercourse with society, and partly from official wariness acquired in the long exercise of high public trusts. We are glad that the book has been written in this spirit. A man who has represented his country abroad, and held a conspicuous station in the administration of its government at home, should be cautious of a reputation which is identified, in some degree with that of the nation. However disconnected he may now be from public men and measures, his opinions will be regarded abroad as the echo of the public sentiment of our country. Mr. Rush seems to have written under a full sense of this responsibility; and although his details are in consequence more meagre, and far less amusing and interesting than they might otherwise have been, his work bears a gentlemanly impress, and carries with it ample evidence of being, as far as it goes, scrupulously candid. This is a great matter. A few facts accurately ascertained, are better than a mass of information carelessly digested and loosely thrown together.

Mr. Rush's first intention was to comprise in his work the full term of his mission; but finding that his material swelled to a larger bulk than was anticipated, has contented himself with detailing the events of little more than one year, and throwing out a hint that the remainder may be given to the public hereafter. We hope his labors may be continued. The work opens with the voyage of the minister to England,

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his first impressions on reaching that country, and his reception by the British government. The volume is chiefly filled with accounts of negotiations and visits of ceremony. There is perhaps too much of sameness throughout, but the incidents are of a character which bear to be repeated. At the tables of cabinet ministers and nobles, he meets with princes, dukes, statesmen, and philosophers, whose names are so interwoven with the history of this age, as to render the slightest incident regarding them interesting. We only regret that he did not speak more minutely and freely of some of the distinguished individuals with whom he was brought in contact, so often and so familiarly as to have afforded ample opportunities for the study of their peculiar personal characters. Of Castlereagh, Canning, Wellington, Liverpool, sir Humphrey Davy, Jeremy Bentham, and others, we should have been pleased to have obtained full-length portraits. It would also have been gratifying to have seen a little more of the *domestic manners* of the English, who only figure in this book in their court-dresses, and are only exhibited as actors in the great farce of state ceremony.

Woodward High School.

We had the pleasure to witness an examination of this school, which lasted three days, and ended on the 23d of August. The institution would be interesting, if from no other reason, in consequence of the manner in which it was founded, by a single individual, himself unlearned, unknown, and who, had it not been for this noble act, would have passed off the stage of existence, without leaving a trace behind him. But, by a generous endowment, large in amount, carefully entrusted in judicious hands, and wisely guarded by the terms of the gift, he has left a monument far more splendid, than the costly mausoleum which marks the grave of a monarch, and one which will preserve his memory, when kings and conquerors shall be forgotten.

The school is well regulated, and ably conducted. We were delighted with the deportment of the president and teachers, and the intelligence displayed by the pupils. The course of instruction adopted, is one which aims at combining as great an amount as possible, of useful and practical knowledge, in preference to such attainments as are merely ornamental. The teaching is of a practical character, having always in view, the important objects, of communicating knowledge for beneficial purposes, and of cultivating the reasoning powers, rather than the memory. We have only room to speak generally, but we cannot withhold the expression of our decided approbation of the course of study pursued at this excellent institution, and of the skill and fidelity manifested by the instructers.

The Western Journal of the Medical and Physical Sciences. Edited by Daniel Drake, M. D. etc. Cincinnati: E. Deming.

Without assuming to possess any knowledge of the topics treated of in this work, we infer its respectability from the fact of its having completed its sixth year, and from the high reputation of its editor. We are glad to see that it has been thus long sustained, and has escaped the common fate of periodicals, which, in our country, have

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flourished like flowers, or epidemics, for but a season at a time. The Western Journal is the oldest periodical, newspapers excepted, in the western country. It has struggled through various difficulties, and fallen into the hands of several publishers; but has maintained throughout, if we are not mistaken as to the opinion of competent judges, a very fair standing in comparison with other works of the same class. We have more than once had occasion to look into it for scientific facts in relation to this valley, which we could not find recorded elsewhere. The following statement which we find in an editorial paragraph, in the last number, is singularly illustrative of the apathy with which eastern readers regard the literary efforts of the west. 'The Journal has never yet had a dozen subscribers east of the mountains, nor have half that number of his eastern brethren contributed to its pages! In Philadelphia, the seat of his *Alma Mater*, and the emporium of the medical sciences, for some time the only subscriber was the public-spirited Mathew Carey, esq.; and when the learned Dr. Bell, of that city, was writing the treatise on mineral waters and baths, he could not find a copy of it in the whole of that great city, from which to transcribe the history of the principal mineral springs of Kentucky and Ohio.'

CHARACTERISTICS OF WOMEN. By Mrs. Jamieson. 2 vols.

THIS is as beautifully a written work as one need sit down to, and as interesting. It purports to be a development of the female characters of Shakspeare, but is in fact made up in great part, of the imaginings of the author's own brain. There are certain persons, who look upon the works of the great dramatist, as something superhuman; and in each 'and' and 'but' of his penning, find something to admire. To such, and we believe Mrs. J. is one of them, there is no one of Shakspeare's characters but has, if studied, enough to immortalize any other poet: and in this hyperbolical spirit, Mrs. Jamieson has found in the females of that writer, what we think no one else would find, and what we believe, to exist only in her own imagination. But true or false, Mrs. Jamieson has, at any rate, written a delightful, and what is more, an improving work, and we recommend it to all readers, particularly young ladies.

COMIC ALMANAC, FOR 1834. Cincinnati. N. & G. Guilford, and Hubbard & Edmands.

THIS is better than the Eastern Comic Almanacs.

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THE

WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1833.

THE CHASE.

From the log-book of Richard Mixen, Q. S.

'A sail!—a sail!—a promised prize to hope!
Her nation—flag—how speaks the telescope?'
Corsair.

'SAIL, ho!' cried the mast-head-man, as the daylight broke on the U. S. ship ——, on a fine morning in June, 18—.

'Whereaway?'

'Off the weather bow—a taunt brig, with her yards braced up, and all sail set alow and aloft.'

'How does she set in the water?'

'Light, sir, as a duck!'

'Any sheer in her waist?'

'Straight as a line, sir!'

'Quartermaster, give me the glass.' Lieutenant Smith took a long look. 'The very chap we've been looking for! Mr. Griffin!'

'Sir.'

'Let the captain know there's a suspicious brig to windward, and the Dog Keys to leeward, right under the fore chains.'

'Ay, ay, sir;' and Mr. Griffin was out of sight in a moment.

'Forecastle, there! out and loose the flying jib; topmen, aloft and shake the reef out of the topsails, and stand by to let fall topgallant sails; afterguard, man the main sheet; and you, gunners, look out for the arm-chests!'

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A dozen 'ay, ays' were bellowed at once. It seemed lieutenant Smith gave all these orders in a breath, and in as short a time, pea and monkey jackets were doffed, and every man in motion. The quickness with which all the commands were executed, gave earnest that the men understood their cause, and before their commander appeared on deck, the whole was completed and the ship under full sail.

'Whereaway is this craft, Mr. Smith?' said the captain.

'Just outside the fore-tack, sir.'

Captain L. took a glass and for some time looked steadily in the direction designated. He appeared satisfied, that the vessel in sight was no other than a piratical brig, of which he had been in search.

'The very fellow!' said he, as he dropped the glass from his eye. 'Call all hands, Mr. Smith, and give her the royals;—we must catch that brig before night.'

A moment after, the boatswain's shrill call, succeeded by his gruff 'all hands ahoy,' rung through the ship, and in a few minutes the drowsy sailors, one by one, came bundling up the hatchways, till all were on deck.

By this time the trade wind set in, and the ship gathered headway. Its freshness invigorated all, and with the intelligence of a chase, dispelled the surliness of the men, who had been deprived of their rest, and seated an animated expression on every face. The brig was about two miles distant, and plainly visible to all.

'Cast loose the bow gun, and get her ready for a fire.'

'Ay, ay, sir.'

'Is there any current setting towards these keys, Mr. Smith?'

'No, sir; the current sets to the northeast.'

'How close can we scrape the reef?'

'A cable's length will carry us clear.'*

'All ready with the gun, sir,' cried the quarter-gunner.

'Fire, then, and plant the shot under her fore foot, and take care not to touch her.'

'Up helm a little—there—steady, steady,' and the quarter-gunner lengthened out the last syllable till he got the gun in a fair range.

'Stand clear, and watch the shot,' cried he, as he retreated a pace and pulled the lockstring. Away went the ball, and all eyes were bent to see the spot it should strike. The aim was fair, for the iron fell close ahead of the brig;—she passed over its wake, and stirred neither tack nor sheet. There was a pro-

* One hundred and twenty fathoms, or 720 feet.

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found stillness in the ship, for all were surprised that the brig showed no symptoms of obeying the summons, and were unwilling almost to believe their own eyes. Captain L. participated in the feeling, and it was not until he plainly saw such was the fact, that he ordered the gun to be discharged again.

'The breeze freshens, sir; shall we take in sail?' said Mr. Smith, as the wind whistled sharply through the rigging, and the ship began to plunge heavily into the accumulating waves. Captain L. paid no attention to the remark. He was absorbed in thinking of the brig.

'Shall we furl the royals, sir?' again demanded the lieutenant; 'the lee chains are under now.'

'Are you ready with that gun?' shouted the captain.

'All ready, sir.'

'Give it to her then, among her spars.'

The ship was for a moment kept away from the wind, and the gun fired. The shot went far over the brig, doing her no damage.

'What are you about there? who trained that gun?' cried the captain.

'I trained it, sir,' replied Palmer, the quarter-gunner, with the rim of his tarpaulin between his thumb and forefinger; 'but the ship was so c'reened to leeward that I couldn't fire lower.'

At that moment the breeze freshened still more, and the main royal yard snapped in twain. The sail sagged down, and flapped about so furiously as to endanger the mast. Nothing short of this could have diverted captain L.'s attention from the brig; now, the snap of the yard startled him, and he saw he was carrying topgallant sails and royals, when commonly he would have had a reef in the topsails.

'Take in those flying kites, sir, and down with the topgallant yards. You'll have the masts over the side presently, and then we may whistle for the brig. In with them, sir.'

Captain L. was in a passion. The truth is, the wind was every instant freshening, and was already nearly half a gale. The ship was foaming and plunging through the seas, without rising upon them, at the rate of nine knots an hour; her masts pitching and jerking with that short, uneasy motion that must, in a very short time, have snapped them, had not the slight accident aloft informed captain L. of the trial he was making of his spars. The lighter sails being in, however, eased them so much, that immediate danger was no longer apprehended, and then attention was again fixed on the brig. She still held her course, having only taken in her royals. This movement more fully showed her real character; for, in furling them, more

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men were seen aloft than any merchantman could have spared from deck. By this time the long gun was ready for another fire. Captain L. aimed and fired it himself, but with no better success than Palmer. The shot fell short. The next moment a volume of smoke issued from the weather side of the brig, and the booming report of a heavy gun came on the increasing gale.

'Does the scoundrel defy me!' cried the captain. 'Beat to quarters, and give him a broadside, right into his hull!'

'The brig bears away before the wind,' cried a man from the jib-boom.

'Hard up the helm, then!' cried the commander; 'up with it, and square the yards.'

'Avast, there!' exclaimed Mr. Smith; 'there 's a reef close under the lee bow, and if you keep her away the tenth part of a point, we shall be dashed to pieces in five minutes!'

The order was instantly countermanded. Captain L. sprang to the lee gangway, and discovered to his dismay the low, black rocks ranged regularly along, not four hundred yards from the ship! He then passed rapidly on to the forecastle, and threw a hasty glance along the ledge, till his eye rested on the last point. He saw, with the quickness of thought, that he was in a situation from which it would be difficult to escape. The gale rapidly increased. The ship, trembling at every joint, was breaking through the drift and foam, cutting the boiling seas that every moment broke clear over her, deluging her deck with water. Captain L. made his way back to the quarter-deck. The peril into which he was unconsciously thrown, brought him completely to himself;—the brig and all else but his ship was forgotten. He was perfectly cool, though quick and nervous in his movements; and a shade of anxiety was discoverable in his face, notwithstanding his effort to suppress all outward demonstration of his feelings.

'The ship cannot stay in this sea,' said he, in a low, hurried, and half-inquiring tone, to Mr. Smith.

'No, sir; she will never go round in such a swell as this. No human efforts could make her!'

'And she will certainly go to the bottom if we attempt to ware!'

'Certainly!' replied the collected Smith.

'How does that point bear?'

Lieutenant Smith stooped and glanced at its position.

'About two points on the lee bow, and not half a mile off!'

'Give me the trumpet, sir—give me the trumpet! She must go round, or we 'll be smashed in five minutes!' and seizing

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the trumpet, he shouted, 'ready about,' and the other orders for tacking closely followed. There was a moment of bustle and changing of places among the men, and then all was quiet.

'Are you all ready, forward?'

'All ready, sir!'

'Ease down the helm—handsomely! handsomely! Let fly the jib-sheet!'

The helm was put down, the sheet let go, and slowly the ship's head came up to the wind, and her sails were slightly shivered. To the success of this movement, every man on board looked with a heart swelled almost to bursting, for on it, they knew their safety hung. The seas dashed over her more impetuously—and, for a moment, she stood almost still. This moment was to decide. If the wind caught the head sails aback, the manœuvre would be complete and the ship safe; if not, she would most likely get stern-way, and the most disastrous result was to be anticipated. Captain L. did not, for an instant, forget his terrible responsibility at that crisis; but gazing intently on the sails, his whole soul seemed wrapped up in the event. His feelings were his men's, who did not, for one moment, withdraw their straining scrutiny from the indicators of their fate. Scarcely a minute had elapsed, yet to them it seemed an age, when slowly the bows of the ship payed off from the wind, and it was apparent she would not go about.

'May she be damned for that!' growled a sailor within hearing of his commander.

'Silence, sir!' exclaimed the captain.

There was a startling solemnity in his tone and manner, evincing a just sense of propriety at a moment so big with the fate of human beings.

'Bring the ship to the wind, quartermaster, and keep her as close as she will lie—touch and go.'

'Touch and go, sir!' was the immoveable seaman's reply.

The ship, obedient to her helm, came up, and regained her headway, without having very perceptibly fallen off. By this time the point it was necessary to weather was a few hundred yards distant, and to every man on board, it seemed the merest possible chance to pass it—to strike it, would be certain destruction. The gale still increased, yet captain L. did not dare to start a rope. Every strand was stretched to the utmost. The spars were sprung into the shape of bows. If the ship before dived through the seas, she now seemed to drive them before her, so tremendous was the power with which she was urged onward. Her lee guns dragged in the water, and the lee side of the deck was full of it. Under such a press of canvass, it

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was only wonderful the masts were not swept from the deck, or the ship capsized. As she neared the point, the feelings of her inmates were wound up to an agonizing pitch. Some stood, with terrified countenances, grasping the rigging; some crept away to a corner, and with their faces buried in their hands, waited in silent dread the consummation; while others gazed with aching eyes on the rocks, as the ship, with appalling rapidity, neared them.

But what sound is that, like the report of a cannon, that comes so stunningly on the ears of all?

'The jib's burst!' yelled a trumpet-toned, unearthly voice from the forward deck;—it seemed the knell of hope!

'Lay out and loose the fore-topmast staysail, and man the halyards!' shouted the undismayed commander; 'move, men, for your lives! quartermaster, keep the ship steady!'

'Steady, to a hair, sir!' was the cool, undaunted reply.

By the time the fore-topmast staysail was hoisted, the ship was directly abreast the point of danger. Then was the agony of that fearful trial, almost beyond mortal bearing! Instead of finding it, what they supposed, a point, terminating suddenly, they discovered, on approaching it, that the ledge continued in a right line nearly a quarter of a mile! The ship was then so near it that a strong arm might have cast a biscuit on the rocks, and she was sensibly drifting to leeward, under the press of wind and the continued setting of the sea. The water boiled up around her from the rocks below! The spray of the waves was almost thrown back on her deck from the rocks above! Could they hope to escape? Not one man expected to see the setting of that day's sun! Each settled in his own mind to meet his Creator as best he could. Captain L. was the only man who quailed not amid the furious encounter. With a steady gaze on the sails, he watched the quiver of their edges, and not once removed his eyes from them. He knew that on keeping the ship close to the wind, depended all, and to that he looked, as the arbiter between life and death.

'Luff, quartermaster, luff,' said he in a rapid under-tone, as if uncertain whether the command was correct; 'luff, I think the wind veers!'

'It does, sir; she has come up a point.'

To this reprieving intelligence there was but one drawback in the mind of captain L. The wind, constantly fitful, might suddenly change back to its old point, in which event the headway of the ship would be deadened, and as close to the breakers as she then was, not one hope would be left. But an all-seeing Providence did not so decree it. Still the commander

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watched the sails, and still the ship came gradually up. Every moment removed her farther from the breakers. There was a sensible movement throughout the ship. A long drawn sigh burst from the men, and they breathed again, as they saw the distance between them and danger momentarily lessening. At length, the last black rock was left behind, and the weight of torture was removed from their breasts, who, a short time before, were prepared to battle with 'the foaming brine;' and to die on the rocks, whose very existence they *now* scarce thought of!

Attention was again directed to the brig, and she was perceived almost hull down to leeward, with all sail set. The sea was clear, and captain L. became again intent on the chase.

'Now slap her before the wind,' said he to his lieutenant; 'crack all drawing sail on her from stem to stern, and before we sleep this night, we 'll have her.'

The ardent and steady commander then gave the trumpet to Mr. Smith, and sought his cabin. His feelings had been terribly wrought up, and the revulsion was more overpowering than he was willing to exhibit to those around.

His orders were obeyed with unwonted eagerness and celerity;—the ship like a moving cloud, flies onward through the majestic billows, yet seeming scarce to touch them,

'So gloriously her gallant course she goes.'

Now she lifts her head, sparkling with a million drops, high in air, like a gay caparisoned steed; now plunges it into the hillocks of crested brine, dashing the effervescent spray in snowy and fantastic curls before her prow:—Now resting almost motionless on the apex of an arching sea, or darting forward with accelerated impetuosity;—Now gracefully careening from side to side; then moving steadily, with upright masts, on her winged career, like a sea-bird soaring on the rushing gale:—

'Who would not brave the battle fire,—the wreck,
To move the monarch of her peopled deck?'

Throughout the forepart of the day the wind was still strong; at meridian, it had sensibly diminished; and before the afternoon had half expired, the sudden gale dwindled into the steady trade, the waters subsided, and the ship moved on rapidly, but without labor. The distance between the two vessels was, at sunset, shortened to about two miles.

'We shall have a brush with that fellow, yet;' said captain L. as he relieved his eye from a long scrutiny of the brig, and cast it on a dark cloud that was backing up from the horizon behind.

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'Does she show teeth?' demanded Smith.

'Ay; she has unshipped her bright sides and shows a full row; her deck swarms with men, too. Are the guns all double-shotted?'

'Yes, sir.'

'The small arms in order?'

'All in perfect order. I have examined them myself. Not a pistol will miss fire, and the cutlasses would brain a man in a child's hand!'

Four hours afterwards, the ship still under a press of sail, captain L. stood where he did in the last conversation with his lieutenant. He had remained, with his eyes rivetted on the brig, till suddenly, as if she had sunk to the bottom, she disappeared, and it was in vain he swept the horizon with his night glass. Nothing could have startled him more than did this unlooked for vanishing. He certainly had not withdrawn his eyes from her five minutes, altogether, and yet was she gone, and nobody could see her. The night, too, was unfortunately darker than usual, for much of the sky was overcast with the cloud that first appeared at sunset. Captain L.—to use one of his own expressions—was 'all aback.' He went to the forward part of the ship—then to the gangway—then back to the quarter-deck; and looked in every direction; and it was reduced to a certainty that the brig was nowhere to be seen.

'In the devil's name, what can have become of her!' said he at length; 'this is not the latitude of the Flying Dutchman, or I should think I have been fooling myself with a goblin galliot all day! Are there any rocks about here, Mr. Smith?'

'Not a single breaker on the chart, sir.'

'Then she 's afloat, and have her, I will! Mast-head, there!' and without waiting for an answer, he shouted again, 'mast-head, there!'

'Sir!' sounded a voice, as if from the clouds.

'Do you see any thing of that brig?'

'No, sir!'

Captain L. became still more impatient. Every man on board was set to look out for the invisible brig; and for half an hour, one hundred and fifty men and three hundred eyes looked out in vain. Never was man so puzzled as captain L. He did not know which way to turn, how to act, and least of all, what to think. There was a mystery about the matter that resisted the touchstone of professional experience and skill. That he should, in turning away for two minutes, have lost sight of the brig, was to him incomprehensible; and was certainly enough to disturb his equanimity.

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'If I lose that brig,' said he, impatiently, 'I'll throw up my commission, and swear, the prince of darkness himself, is cruising in these seas, in an invisible Baltimore brig! Forecastle, there!'

'Sir!'

'Do you see any thing, yet?'

'There 's something on the starboard bow, sir, but we can't make it out.'

Captain L. was on the forecastle in a moment. One look satisfied him. There was the brig, within point-blank distance, and not a rag of canvass abroad.

'Not gone yet, my fly-away! Mr. Smith, down with the studding sails, and beat to quarters!'

The words were hardly from his lips, before every man, as if simultaneously impelled, sprang to a rope, and in a minute, the light sails were lowered from the yards, and thrust below deck. The next, the deck was as silent, and the men as immoveable, as if they had become stone under a sorcerer's wand! *They were at quarters!*

Along the deck, at regular intervals, were lighted matches, and battle lanthorns, that cast a subdued light on the paraphernalia of war, scattered around in seeming confusion, yet, every article in its proper place; and showed the expression of eagerness combined with stern determination, depicted on the faces of the men. If there be a moment of a sailor's life, when his ardent character shines with greatest brilliancy, it is when he momentarily expects a battle to commence. With a swelling heart and a bounding pulse, he stands impatient for the word, no thought of danger or dismay, damping the vigor of his fiery spirit. Yet, is he never more steady in his judgment. That, as his other faculties, strengthens with the emergency, and he exhibits the uncommon spectacle of the intensest passion, guided, controlled, and regulated by an impetuous, but almost unerring judgment. It is then we are taught to admire his character; it is then the darker shades are lost in the halo of brilliancy his manliness and valor throw around him; and we forget that the lion of the battle can be as well the prince of a debauch, and the abject slave of degrading and inhuman passions.

With a steady speed the ship approached the brig. From the moment the guns of the former could be brought to bear, they were trained with exactness against the enemy, now within pistol shot of the ship, and nearly abreast. Not a light was visible about her, and not a sail was spread to break the delicate line of her long and rakish masts against the sky. No human figure showed itself above the bulwarks, save one, that, even in the darkness, appeared commanding, and he was at the helm.

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Her long black hull rose and fell gracefully on the swells of the sea, and once in awhile, as she lurched to her side, a line of open ports could be distinguished, which seemed to bid defiance to the approaching ship.

'Brig ahoy!' shouted captain L.

A pause succeeded the hail, in which the crew scarcely breathed, so intent were they on the answer. The only sound was the rushing wave, and the flapping of the ropes swayed to and fro by the vessel's motion. No answer came.

'Brig ahoy!' again cried captain L., more vehemently.

'Hilloa!' came back upon the wind, in a clear, strong, and sonorous voice.

'What brig is that?'

There was no reply; but slowly, and as if by preternatural agency, the brig's sails were loosed and distended to their limits. No living creature was seen to effect this movement. No one could be perceived on the yards, and the man first seen, was the only one on deck. It seemed the work of magic.

'If you do not answer, I will fire into you!'

'Fire, if you please!' was the taunting and contemptuous answer.

'Stand by!' cried captain L.

'Stand by!' was heard from the brig, in an elevated, commanding, and determined tone.

Captain L., still willing to spare an inferior foe, exclaimed:

'Will you answer me? What brig is that?'

'No!' shouted the solitary of the brig.

'Fire!' screamed captain L.

'Fire!' yelled the other.

At the word, the broadsides of both vessels were discharged. As the sheeted flame burst forth, the ocean far round was lighted up with an intense, momentary blaze, and millions of sparks hung, for awhile, between the vessels, and gradually sinking to the water, were extinguished. Instantly succeeding the report, were the crash of timbers, and the groans of the wounded. Unheeded they fell, and their cries reached not the ears of comrades, who, at any other time, would have flown to their relief; now, the spell of battle was on every heart: the timid grew brave; the feeble, strong; the courageous, lion-like! For a short time, the wind was lulled by the concussion of the discharge, and the cloud of smoke hung upon the surface of the sea, completely concealing the combatants from each other, till the breeze resumed its supremacy, and swept it onward, and they emerged to view.

Again the lightning of their broadsides glared upon the sea,

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and their thunder roared, mixed up with the thunder of the clouds, and the fitful gusts of a gathering storm. A heavy, impenetrable darkness reigned, save close by the water's surface. Extending a few feet above that, was a subdued, sickly brilliance; the ocean had put on its mantle of light, and in every direction, as far as the eye could span, the breaking waves looked, as if on every crest was lighted a pale white fire, till the entire expanse seemed a vivid sheet of dancing flame. The effect was magnificent, and inspiring, heightened, as it was, for a moment after the fire of the vessels, by the flying shot, as they bounded and rushed through the waters, leaving a train of awakened light, like lightning, streaming over the face of the vasty deep!

Before the hostile vessels were prepared for a third discharge, the clouds that had been steadily gathering over head, opened, and a deluge of rain, accompanied with a violent wind, an almost unintermitted stream of lightning, and one constant peal of deafening thunder, poured down upon them! Further combat was impossible. The full terrors of a tropical storm were above and around them. The wind almost instantaneously strengthened into a furious gale, and in the tumult consequent on a visitation so sudden and unprovided for, the vessels were separated.

During the greater part of the night, the ship lay to under short sail, and when the day dawned again, no vestige of the brig was visible.

MORAL FORCE.

The characteristics which, more than all others, distinguish a highly civilized people, are the readiness with which they, on all occasions, yield themselves to the guidance of reason, and their prompt recognition and observance of all the precepts of a sound morality. The adjuncts, sympathy, charity, philanthropy, &c., the offspring of that cultivated feeling which such a condition of society implies, will not be wanting.

The advancement and spread of knowledge, is directly and alone concerned in bringing about a state of social and individual happiness so very desirable. The degree of influence, which reason and sentiment combined, exert over the conduct of men in society, is denominated the Moral Force, in opposition to physical or brute force, which characterizes the manners and conduct of savage, or but partially civilized communi-

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ties, where Passion has not yet transferred the sceptre to Reason, and the moral sense, if at all, is but imperfectly developed. Among such a people, difference of opinion is not tolerated; a sentiment, at variance with the authorized or established dogmas, engenders animosities which excite violence and revengeful tumults; or it brings down the vindictive wrath of the ruling despot, and the rash subject who gave utterance to the treason, is doomed to suffer torture for his indiscretion.

The diffusion of intelligence among the masses of mankind, has given life and vigor to that mighty power, public opinion, which, ere long, nothing will be able to withstand; its potency is felt to be more and more irresistible and salutary, as it derives increased impetus from this source. It is even now exerting a force, in national affairs, throughout the whole civilized world, before which, every despot quails. Under its controlling influence, the physical energies, surrounding the thrones of kings and emperors, once so formidable, are becoming powerless and unavailing.

Governments, hitherto acknowledging no rule which was based on the suffrages of humanity, are beginning, however reluctantly, to recognize the doctrine of equal rights; and let us venture to hope, that hereafter, revolutions in states and empires will be brought about, not by the violence and devastating scenes of civil war, but by the safer, surer, and more enduring principles, which, the spread of knowledge is infusing into all classes. Reform is becoming the order of the day; and in this way, the whole British empire is now becoming new modelled, and is about to undergo a thorough expurgation of all abuses, under the auspices of an enlightened public sentiment.

The materials out of which mobs are formed, are daily becoming scarcer, and more obedient to the control of the increasing numbers of the better informed; and we trust, that the time will shortly arrive, when governments will find their true interests and safety to consist, not in repressing knowledge and shutting out all light from the people, as of yore, but in promoting their education, and affording them every means of instruction, which they can so well and amply supply.

But not to dwell on political and governmental affairs, which, in this country at least, occupy at all times, a sufficient portion of the public attention, we will descend to the circle of lesser communities; trace the sources whence public opinion has its rise, review its present action on the moral conduct of men, and endeavor to evolve principles for the further advancement of the species, and the still greater amelioration of the condition of mankind.

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In the dark ages which preceded the invention of printing, public opinion could scarcely be said to have existence as an operative and controlling force. The freedom of the press, in the unrestrained interchange of ideas, inviting free discussion, and exciting inquiry on every subject, has upset the bigotry of ancient times, and established liberty and toleration; while the art of printing holds out a guarantee, that mankind will never again retrograde in their march of improvement.

In this way have truth and knowledge been disseminated, and intelligence diffused.

Difference of opinion is no longer proscribed as heresy or treason; but it is thought sufficient that 'reason is left free to combat error.'

Our better knowledge of the constitution of the human mind, has taught us to know how utterly impossible it will ever be, that all men should think alike on any subject.

The attempt to bring about so great an anomaly, could only be compared to the frantic madness of Procrustes, reducing his miserable captives to the same standard of length, by stretching them on his bed of torture.

The further progress of mankind in civilization and refinement, is intimately connected with the free interchange of thought; for however diversified the many shades of opinion which prevail, the truth itself remains always the same, one and unchangeable, and is only to be attained by freeing the mind as much as possible from all pre-conception; and however slowly it may be evolved from the mists of error, yet, where this interchange takes place, freed from all restraints, truth will ultimately be traced to its hiding-place, and a portion of its rays will finally illumine every subject—'one error and one fraud after another will disappear.'

Could we all contemplate objects from the same point of view, —which, probably, will never be the case—we should invariably arrive at the same conclusions. The manner in which we, individually, understand things, and shape them to our own conceptions, changes with respect to ourselves, all their bearings and relations to one another. Would mankind be persuaded, universally, to practise the charities of toleration, the angry passions would cease to agitate the world, and be almost swept from the face of the earth. What, but the despotism of opinion, which 'even great and wise and good men, have thought themselves justified in exercising'—what, but the madness and folly of bigotry, have prompted to the persecution, the suffering and bloodshed, through which mankind have attained to their present stage of civilization? The sentiments of one age differ

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widely from the sentiments of another age; the mind of the same individual undergoes frequent revolutions of sentiment during the brief periods of youth and manhood: Is it then to be wondered at, if different minds exhibit diverse modes of thought according to their several characters and powers of comprehension?

How impious and daring the mortal who would prescribe boundaries to those intellectual movements which the Deity has ordained to be almost infinitely various! 'They would bid the human mind stand still, when no atom remains unchanged.'

Public opinion does not derive its origin and efficacy from the clamors of the multitude, whose sentiments are, for the most part, adoptive; it emanates from the enlightened portion of the community—the few, comparatively speaking, who study the harmonies of nature, and acting as the benefactors of mankind, guide and direct the destinies of the many.

The judgment of the wise and the good, whose numbers have been continually increasing with the increase and spread of knowledge, will always exert a governing influence in society. Sentiments from this source, although they are appropriated by numbers who do not sufficiently appreciate or understand their value, yet becoming blended with their convictions of right and wrong, have a due share in regulating their conduct, and pointing out their social duties, in proportion to the cultivation or the development of the moral feelings of each; and thus, all those unaccustomed to the toil of thinking are contented to adopt the opinions of others already formed. Public opinion will have an influence greater or less, in forming the character of every one, in proportion to the importance which he is wont to attach to the public approbation, or disapprobation of his own conduct; and the dread of a tribunal so formidable, impels mankind generally, to put on the semblance, at least, if not the reality, of those virtues, which attract most of the popular regard.

How necessary and salutary the recognition of the social and moral law, as regulated by public sentiment, is, we may see evinced, when men become accidentally, or otherwise, released from its restraints. In the language of an intelligent German writer, they 'throw off the positive moral principle as soon as a power, which they recognize as competent, partially dissolves the obligations of society. As soon as war is declared, the most virtuous soldier kills his fellow man, 'ex officio,' though perhaps he be but the compulsory servant of a despot, whom, in his heart, he regards as the scum of the earth; or the Pope, in the name of the religion of love, absolves men from every sentiment of truth, rectitude, or humanity, and immediately the

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pious burn, torture, kill, lie 'con amore,' and die satisfied and blessed in the fulfilment of their duty and to the glory of God.'

It was perhaps owing to the abstraction of so many of the wisest and best of the citizens, at the time of the first French revolution, who either voluntarily withdrew themselves from the scene, or were proscribed and banished the nation, that the extreme horrors and anarchy of that period, were of such long continuance. Some of the citizens, who had acted no inconsiderable part in the tragedy, subsequently distinguished themselves for their apparent love of order, and their regard for humanity. So very imperfect is the reliance which we can have on the moral conduct of men, when freed from the restraints imposed on them by a well-ordered society, and exercising an irresponsible authority; unless indeed, we can be well assured of their habitual regard for principle, independent of all other considerations, or sordid views of interest and passion. The above observations relative to the extensive influence and all-pervading power of public sentiment, may suffice to impress upon us, the great importance of giving to it a healthy and sound condition; and admonish us, therefore, how obligatory it is upon every one, whose mind is in a due state of cultivation, to exercise his portion of intellect, and degree of influence over his fellow men, in purifying and giving to it a right direction.

Although much has been already done, much yet remains. Too great an alloy of passion and prejudice, even on occasions the most momentous, still mingles with and debases public feeling: it has need of undergoing further process of refinement in the alembic of truth and reason.

Prejudice has always stood in the way of truth, and ever been the greatest bar to improvement. To encounter, with a view to dislodge it, is to assail a strong hold; an open and avowed attack is rarely successful.

Before the mind can be brought to yield up a received and long-entertained opinion, it must have arrived at a point favorable to the change; for less, probably, depends upon the inherent force of sentiments, than upon the temper of mind with which they are regarded: this state or temper, then, has first to be induced, or the attempt to establish truth, where error has presided, will be a useless effort.

It is equally vain for reason to assail directly, those errors and immoralities which claim any share of the popular sanction for their continuance; they can only be so far corrected as a change, with regard to them, can be wrought in the feelings of the community at large, and in proportion as the general expression of disapprobation is directed against them.

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The instance of duelling, yet so prevalent in society, may suffice in illustration of the foregoing remark. Volumes of labored treatises have been written to prove the criminality and the folly of those who seek, by this method, to obtain reparation for injuries they have suffered; yet, while neither the one nor the other of these positions is hardly controverted by any one, during the season of cool reflection, the practice still continues an unmitigated evil, and is to be feared, will be one of the last traits of a rude age, that will disappear from among us.

Men in these circumstances, seldom pursue the promptings of their own minds; they are goaded on to desperation by their *friends*, into whose hands they resign themselves, and who represent to them, the odium of the world as resting upon their names, should they refuse to comply with the miscalled laws of honor. They picture to their excited imaginations, the dreadful alternative of infamy or slaughter; and finally, with all due *gallantry*, make a tender of their services to aid and abet, in the consummation of the deadly fued, with their presence and address.

These are the men who incur the responsibilities, and to whose conduct the greatest share of guilt attaches; to them the dissuasives and arguments urging to the exercise of better feelings, should be addressed; and when every portion of the community will consent to view their conduct in the light which it so justly merits, duelling will cease to disgrace the moral character of the age, and the time will be accelerated, when insults and injuries received, will meet with their full measure of redress in the just indignation and reprobation of society.

Until every species of brute force shall cease to be contemplated, man, civilly and morally, will not have attained to his highest intellectual state. We may anticipate the time, however distant—for it is not for us to say at what point civilization shall stop—when reason will be the only weapon, offensive and defensive, by which grievances will be adjusted and satisfaction sought for injuries sustained. Then, while it will be deemed sufficient to have received an acknowledgment of wrong on the one hand, there will exist, on the other, an anxious wish to make the atonement as soon as error shall have been manifested. Public opinion is not the standard by which a reflecting individual will regulate his conduct; he will seek the guidance of a more perfect rule derived from a higher source, in the immutable laws of an absolute nature, which his own cultivated moral feelings will suggest. The moral force, by which he is governed, resides within his own breast, and he imparts of it to the

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feelings of the multitude, which, in the contrast, may not inaptly be termed the external moral influence, or force.

Most men are willing to take morality as they find it; and, 'contented with preserving a certain level free from any thing notoriously mean and abject,' they seek in selfish apathy, only the reputation and negative virtues of common honesty. And were there no benevolent and independent few, who are continually aspiring to raise still higher the ordinary standard of morals, gratuitously devoting their time and talents to that object, society, instead of advancing in civilization and refinement, would inevitably be again precipitated into the debasement and barbarism of past times.

The moral feelings of men would more frequently guide them to a right estimate of things, would the reflecting portion of the community exercise a greater share of moral courage, in giving expression to their sentiments, when they happen to be at variance with the generally received opinion.

In this country, especially, there is too little discrimination observed in our intercourse with men. The hand of fellowship is frequently given where it ought to be withheld; the smile of approbation is too often accorded where merited reproof should be exhibited in the dignified demeanor of offended virtue. But in exercising this privilege, the just degree of severity, only should be used, without ever losing sight of the object which good men propose to themselves, on such occasions, which is the reformation and amendment, and not the degradation and abandonment of the individual to his faults. Due allowance should be made for circumstances, and a just severity be tempered with humanity.

And while thus studious of not affording the smallest countenance to vice and immorality, we should on the other hand, be equally solicitous to award its due meed of praise to every virtuous action; for 'to praise the virtuous doings of another man, is to dispense a direct recompense to virtue, and at the same time to direct the popular sanction to the encouragement of similar acts.'

The moral influence which public opinion exerts over the conduct of men, is so overpowering and universal, that perhaps no one can be found, at all times, hardy enough to disregard it; and yet it would seem, that had the mind of man attained its highest culture, and the moral faculty its most perfect development, every man would frame laws for himself, unheeding the opinion of others. The moral force within the breast would then be irresistible, and no extraneous influences be able to divert its tendencies. But until that time shall arrive, (if arrive

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it will,) the great majority of mankind must receive from others, those laws which they themselves are unequal to frame.

And all that the wiser and better portion of mankind can do, will be to guide and enlighten, with a diligent zeal, the popular sentiment, as the only means of forwarding a state of society so exceedingly desirable. J. O.

Boonville, Mo. 1833.

TRAVELS OF AN IRISH GENTLEMAN IN SEARCH OF A RELIGION.

With notes and illustrations by the Editor of 'Captain Rock's Memoirs.' Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard. 1833.

'A health to thee, Tom Moore.'

Byron.

Let not the reader be startled by the fear that we are about to plunge into the thick cloud of a theological controversy. Far from it. That subject is already in the hands of those, who will be careful enough not to let it sleep; and while there are professional disputants in the field, armed at all points, and ready to do battle manfully for the true faith, with any who may throw down the gauntlet, we are content to be silent spectators. But a book of travels comes properly within the sphere of our jurisdiction; and of all travellers, commend us to an Irish gentleman. The very title has something inviting in it, and the idea of making a tour in company with a facetious, witty, true-hearted son of the emerald isle, hath in it, a touch of inspiration. We are anxious, moreover, to know something of an Irish gentleman, who travels for so novel a purpose. The world is full of wanderers from sweet Ireland, and pleasant gentlemen they are, meet them where you will. Some go abroad in search of adventure; some in pursuit of fortune; some 'walk the wide ocean, in search of promotion,' and others traverse the land in pursuit of employment; many are driven abroad by the terrors of despotism; many by the pure love of liberty; and as many, because they have grown tired of eating by way of *variety*, 'the big potatoes with the little ones.' But never before did we hear of an Irish gentleman travelling *in search of a religion*. No, never since the day that St. Patrick drove all the snakes out of Ireland with a hazle wand, has any true son of that blessed land, found it necessary to cross the sea in search of a saint better than his own, or a faith purer than that of his fathers.

On opening this volume, we were somewhat startled by the discovery, that our traveller is a papist. Not that we think any

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the worse of him for that: we honor the man who believes and worships sincerely, under the banner of whatsoever sect he may think proper to rally, and desire to be understood as not intimating in this article, a preference for any shade of christian faith. We merely proposed to ourselves the pleasure of travelling with this Irish gentleman, in his pursuit of what we esteem, a most excellent thing; and on finding out that he was a son of the ancient church, were only struck with the idea, that it was rather odd for a catholic to travel in search of that, which was already provided for him at home. For where shall he travel? Not into the bible, for that to him is a sealed book; nor among heretics, for he is prohibited from listening to them; nor into the regions of philosophy or reason, for why examine facts or arguments on a subject which an infaliible church settles by authority. Such a tourist may circumnavigate the globe, and return as wise as he went, with the consolation of knowing all the while, where the object of his search may be found, without the power of approaching it. His religion is a mystery, which he may not penetrate; and if he happens to lose sight of it, he is precisely in the predicament of the Irish sailor, who dropped his tea-kettle over board: 'Is a thing lost,' said he, 'when you know where it is?' 'Certainly not,' was the reply; 'Then your *tae*-kettle's not lost, for it's at the bottom of the sea.'

But another disclosure awaits the reader, which will demand the exercise of all his credulity. The Irish gentleman who has favored the public with an account of the adventures which befel him, in his pursuit of the true faith, is no other than the celebrated Anacreon Moore; alias, Tom Crib; alias, Thomas Little; alias, Tom Brown, the younger; alias, Mr. Thomas Moore, the bacchanalian and amatory poet, the tenderest, the wittiest, the most melodious, the most profligate of lyric bards. No man living can write a song as well as Moore, nor has he ever been excelled in this delightful art, by the most illustrious of his predecessors. He is one who has fed well, and kept good company, who sings exquisitely in praise of the inspiring charms of beauty, and the bottle, prolongs the midnight revel by singing,

> Joy so seldom weaves a chain,
> Like this to night, that oh! 'tis pain,
> To break its links so soon,

and has proved to the satisfaction of the whole poetry-reading world, that 'love is the soul of a neat Irishman.'

Of course, Mr. Thomas Moore is particularly well qualified to write a treatise on theology. Of his great erudition, no one

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can have a moment's doubt. He is intimately acquainted with all the ancient fathers—the fathers of poetry and song—with Alcæus, Pindar, and

> 'Old Anacreon wet with wine,
> And crowned with wreathes of Lesbian vine;'

with Lucretius, Virgil, Tibullus, Horace, and Ovid, 'poet of the tender loves.' If religion be found sparkling in the wine cup, or lurking in the eye of beauty, we know of no Irish gentleman who would be apt to travel after it, with such hearty good will, or with as fair a prospect of success, as our author, who in one of his much admired poems, recommends the following comprehensive course of study:

> 'Ne'er talk of wisdom's gloomy schools;
> Give me the sage who's able
> To draw his moral thoughts and rules
> From the sunshine of the table.'

No one has worshipped more gods, or bowed with truer devotion at the shrine of a favorite divinity. Bacchus and Venus first divided his youthful affections; in honor of them he translated Anacreon, and assumed the appropriate name of *Little*. A *pension* was the next object of his idolatry, to obtain which, he slandered America; but not getting his reward, he forthwith set up liberty as a molten image, and espoused the cause of his injured countrymen, the Irish. Since then, he has wooed the muses, and sang the praises of Apollo and Cupid, and even Diana. At the last accounts, he was endeavoring to deify his bottle companion, the late chaste and amiable Lord Byron. It is perfectly obvious, that he must be well skilled in *divinity*. It is however, due, in justice to our poet, to remark, that he has never by any means, suffered his devotional feelings to poison the cup of his social enjoyments; his piety is of the most liberal character, and however orthodox in his own opinions, he charitably abstains from interfering with the faith of other men. The following is a brief compend of his faith in this behalf:

> 'Come, send round the wine, and leave points of belief
> To simpleton sages and reasoning fools;
> This moment's a flower too fair and brief
> To be withered and stained by the dust of their schools.
> Your glass may be purple and mine may be blue,
> But while they are filled from the same bright bowl,
> The fool who would quarrel for difference of hue,
> Deserves not the comfort they shed on the soul.'

Upon the whole, we have come to the conclusion that two propositions are true of the author of this book: *first*, that no

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Irish gentleman in his majesty's dominions, could, with greater propriety, look out for a decent and comfortable religion; and *secondly*, that it is high time for him to set about it. Throughout his past life, we have good authority for saying, that

> 'His only books
> Were woman's looks,
> And folly 's all they've taught him,'

and we are very happy to find him disposed at last to enter upon more serious studies; a conclusion to which he has possibly been brought by a suggestion in one of his own poems:

> 'There was a little man, and he had a little soul.'

So much for the Irish gentleman, and a very merry gentleman he is—not meaning to flatter his honor .A few words now as to his book. It opens with the following sprightly remarks:

Soliloquy up two pair of stairs.—Motives for embracing Protestantism.—Providential accident.—Anti-popery Catechism.—Broadside of Epithets.—Final resolution.

'It was on the evening of the 16th day of April, 1829,—the very day on which the memorable news reached Dublin of the Royal Assent having been given to the Catholic Relief bill,—that, as I was sitting alone in my chambers, up two pair of stairs, Trinity College, being myself one of the everlasting "Seven Millions" thus liberated, I started suddenly, after a few moments' reverie, from my chair, and taking a stride across the room, as if to make trial of a pair of emancipated legs, exclaimed, "Thank God! I may now, if I like, turn Protestant."

The reader will see, at once, in this short speech, the entire course of my thoughts at that moment of exultation. I found myself free, not only from the penalties attached to being a Catholic, but from the point of honor which had till then debarred me from being any thing else. Not that I had, indeed, ever much paused to consider in what the faith I professed differed from others. I was as yet young,—but just entered into my twenty-first year. The relations of my creed with this world had been of too stirring a nature to leave me much thought to bestow on its concernments with the next; nor was I yet so much of the degenerate Greek in my tastes as to sit discussing what was the precise color of the light of Mount Thabor when that "light of life," liberty was itself to be struggled for.

I had, therefore, little other notion of Protestants than as a set of gentlemanlike heretics, somewhat scanty in creed, but in all things else rich and prosperous, and governing Ireland, according to their will and pleasure, by right of some certain Thirty-nine Articles, of which I had not yet clearly ascertained whether they were Articles of War or of Religion.

The Roman Catholics, on the other hand, though myself one of them, I could not help regarding as a race of obsolete and obstinate religionists, robbed of every thing but (what was, perhaps, least worth preserving,) their Creed, and justifying the charge brought against them of being unfit for freedom, by having so long and so unresistingly submitted to be slaves. In short, I felt—as many other high-spirited young Papists must have felt before me—that I had been not only enslaved, but degraded by belonging to such a race; and though, had adversity still frowned on our faith, I would have clung to it to the last, and died fighting for Transubstantiation, and the Pope with the best, I was not sorry to be saved the doubtful glory of such martyrdom; and much as I rejoiced at the release of my fellow-sufferers from thraldom, rejoiced still more at the prospect of my own release from *them*.

While such was the state of my feelings with respect to the *political* bearings of my creed, I saw no reason, on regarding it in a religious point of view, to feel much more satisfied with it. The dark pictures I had seen so invariably drawn, in Protestant

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pamphlets and sermons, of the religious tenets of Popery, had sunk mortifyingly into my mind; and when I heard eminent, learned, and in the repute of the world, estimable men, representing the faith which I had had the misfortune to inherit as a system of damnable idolatry, whose doctrines had not merely the tendency, but the prepense design, to encourage imposture, perjury, assassination, and all other monstrous crimes, I was already prepared, by the opinions which I had myself formed of my brother Papists, to be but too willing a recipient of such accusations against them from others. Though, as man and as citizen, I rose indignantly against these charges, yet as Catholic, I quailed inwardly under the fear that they were but too true.

In this state of mind it was that I had long looked forward to the great measure of Emancipation, both as the closing of that old, bitter, and hereditary contest in which the spiritual part of the question had been made subordinate to the temporal, and, more particularly, as a release, for myself from that scrupulous point of honor which had hitherto kept me wedded, "for better, for worse," to Popery.

It is not our intention to pursue the author through the whole course of the argument by which he arrived at his conclusion. The natural expectation of the reader, on taking up such a book, would be, that an inquirer after truth, a seeker after the true faith, would in the first place resort to the scriptures, for the purpose of ascertaining which of the existing systems of christian belief conformed most closely with the precepts of the Redeemer. This would seem to be not only the most direct course, but the *only* one, not liable to objection. Instead of this, our author commences with saint Clement, saint Ignatius, and other worthy men who were shining lights in the early ages of the church, and proceeds thence through the catalogue of the fathers, for the purpose of showing that certain disputed dogmas of the popish faith were held by those writers. The question with him is not as to the soundness of these doctrines, but their antiquity. And in arranging his proofs, he seldom, we might almost say never, appeals to the language of our Savior or the apostles, but always to the fathers. Now we cannot believe that our author doubts the authority of the scriptures, and we are therefore compelled to suppose that he has failed to appeal to them from a consciousness that his cause would derive no support from their testimony. For it is not to be concealed, that while the Irish gentleman professes to be in search of a religion, he is in fact writing a labored defence of popery.

The first argument, then, simply proves the antiquity of the Romish church, a proposition never denied, and the establishment of which is wholly superfluous; for if addressed to catholics, it only tells them what they believe already, and if to protestants or unbelievers, the argument drawn from it is not worth a farthing. Antiquity has lost its mysterious spell over the human mind; and we now brush away its dust, without ceremony, in our search after truth. But it is quite natural for a bacchanalian bard who loves old poets and old port, to value

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his creed as he does his wine, by the quantity of cobwebs which hang around it.

Mr. Moore is doubtless aware of the rule of evidence which prevails in all controversies, that the best evidence of which the case is susceptible must be adduced; and that the production of proof of secondary dignity admits the just inference, that the better witness, if produced, would testify against the party who thus omits to offer it. Surely, the gospel itself would be, in this instance, the best evidence; but the Irish gentleman, being a layman, dare not open the bible with his unhallowed hands. Nor is this all. It seems that the apostles, besides their public writings, delivered certain traditions to their successors. Saint Basil declares, 'The apostles and fathers who prescribed from the beginning certain rites to the church, knew how to preserve the dignity of the mysteries, by the secrecy and silence in which they enveloped them. For what is open to the ear and eye, is no longer mysterious. For this reason, several things have been handed down to us without writing, lest the vulgar, too familiar with our dogmas, should pass from being accustomed to them to the contempt of them.' Thus we learn that the religion which our Savior commanded his disciples to teach to *every creature*, is not to be taught to *the vulgar*. A pretty doctrine, truly, to come from an Irish gentleman of the nineteenth century, and from one, too, who had the audacity to fly in the face of the holy alliance, and to call it a

> 'Most holy, high, and legitimate *squad*.'

The truth is, that in the search after truth, Mr. Thomas Moore is rather out of his element. He has been accustomed to look for it, if at all, in lower latitudes than the cold region of religion. The old adage declared that it was hidden in the bottom of a well; a place into which he would never venture, unless it contained something stronger than cold water. He finds it in a more congenial climate:

> 'The diamond sleeps within the mine,
> The pearl beneath the water;
> While *truth*, more precious, dwells in wine,
> The grape's own rosy daughter.'

We desire to be understood as not opposing any objection to the dogmas of the Roman church. This is not the place for such discussion. Right or wrong, they are heartily welcome to them; and we cheerfully turn them over to the Irish gentleman, and other grave polemics, whom *he* pleases to call 'simpleton sages, and reasoning fools.' We examine his arguments as abstract propositions. The very idea of founding an argument in

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favor of a doctrine upon its antiquity, without any reference to facts, or any deductions from reason, is ridiculous. The christian religion is a *system*, complete, beautifully arranged, and harmonious in its parts; and it is perfectly susceptible of being analyzed, compared, examined, and thoroughly tested in all its parts. Religion is a *science*, having its elementary principles, which being ascertained, lead to a chain of consequences and deductions, all of which are as consistent with each other and with reason, as the principles of any other science. God governs the universe by laws which are fixed. Religion is not a mystery. There are things in it hard to be understood—there are things which the mind of man cannot reach—but this is equally true of the laws of matter; in either case, we know all that is necessary to our happiness. The attempt to drown all inquiry, and all appeal to reason or to scripture, by the mere *dicta*, 'thus said the fathers,' 'thus did the early christians,' is too supremely absurd to be tolerated at this enlightened day. The danger which Mr. Moore alludes to, of 'throwing open the scriptures to the multitude,'—'leaving, like modern reformers, the right of judgment unfettered, and allowing every man to interpret the sacred volume as he fancied,' is altogether imaginary. The more that book has been examined, the more has it become respected. Science, literature, reason, and philosophy, have contributed largely to the support of religion. The discoveries of science, the researches of travellers, the investigations of the learned, have brought to light nothing which has tended to weaken our confidence in revelation, but on the contrary, have triumphantly added proof to proof, of the truth of sacred history, and of the admirable adaptation of God's government to the actual state of man. An argument which would sanctify the errors of a church, by proving their antiquity, would show too much; for the deist can go farther back than the christian, and the atheist can quote the most venerable names in classic literature. There is no error, nor vice, which might not be dignified by the same course of reasoning, and a most comfortable doctrine it would be, for our Hibernian friend Mr. Thomas Little, whose offences against virtue, modesty, and good manners, would be most amply covered by the charitable cloak of precedent. With the Odes of Anacreon before him, it would be superfluous to ask that very puzzling question in ethics,

> From the heretic girl of my soul shall I fly,
> To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?

for that question has been settled long ago. The amatory poet taking his opinions from authority, satisfied himself with believ-

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ing without examination, that which pugnacious theologians are said to evince by their practice, 'my doxy is orthodoxy, your doxy is heterodoxy.' And if at any time it should not be perfectly convenient to practise the precepts of saint Cyprian, or saint Jerome, we presume he would have no hesitation in taking up with father Ovid, or borrowing a *pro tempore* faith from the more modern Rochester, on the principle of that sound moral axiom,

> 'When we are far from the lips that we love,
> We have but to make love to the lips that are near.'

Having settled the antiquity of his own mother church, and of course its infallibility, our Irish gentleman determined on taking a trip to Germany, for the purpose of investigating the merits of the reformation; imitating herein the prudent and very common practice to which we are all prone, of first making up our own minds, and then asking advice. In Germany, he picks up some precious scraps of scandal in relation to several protestant ladies, and evinces the gallantry and generosity of an Irish gentleman by deliberately recording these in his book. We pass them over as matter not to be commented on, having alluded to them for the purpose of showing that Mr. Little's moral sensibilities have not been much improved by his theological studies, and that the serious nature of his researches has not had the effect of restraining him from the indulgence of his bad propensities.

> 'No—vain alas! the endeavor,
> From bonds so sweet to sever:
> Poor wisdom's chance,
> Against a glance,
> Is just as weak as ever!'

The last part of the Irish gentleman's book is unworthy of criticism. It consists of a lecture which purports to have been delivered by a protestant professor of theology, in the university of Gottingen. It is intended to be a cutting sarcasm against the reformation, and is of course very severe; for a man of Mr. Moore's genius can hardly entirely fail in any attempt, however mistaken. It is the argument of a daring atheist; a blasphemous attack on all religion—a rash and wicked production, the writer of which imitates the desperation of the man who fires a powder magazine and destroys himself, that he may enjoy the malignant satisfaction of seeing his enemy perish also.

In justice to the author we will remark, that he has for the portion of his work, which is most liable to objection, the authority of precedent. Protestant writers in their zeal to put down popery, have recapitulated the crimes of monks, the terrors of the inquisition, and the despotism of the church. Let it

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be remembered always that other churches have perpetrated cruelties when in power. No church has ever yet held civil power without abusing it. Persecutions and burnings have alike emanated from all sides. Such facts do not show the errors of the church, but the depravity of human nature. They show that power cannot be trusted in ecclesiastical hands, and that church and state cannot be joined, with safety to the citizen. All men are apt to abuse power; but history seems to point out this difference: that political men when in possession of supreme authority, are aware of the importance of popularity, while ecclesiastics in the same circumstances have ever held public sentiment in contempt and set it at defiance. The publications which are circulated with so much zeal by *enterprising booksellers*, and received with such avidity by the people, wherein the horrors of popery are depicted, and the sufferings of the martyrs set forth in wood cuts, *executed* as villanously as ever heretic was, are fraught with mischief. They tend to debauch the public mind, and to bring religion into contempt. Fair discussion of principles conducted in a calm spirit, advance the cause of truth; but bitter denunciations, and mutual developments of the crimes committed in the heat of sectarian zeal, are subversive of peace, and injurious alike to religion and good morals, affording subjects of triumph to the sceptic, and matter for deep regret to every pious mind.

We shall take leave of our poetical and polemical Irish bard, with a verse from one of his own ditties:

> 'Away then, cheek by jowl,
> Little man and little soul
> Went, and spoke their speech to a tittle, tittle, tittle,
> And all the world declare,
> That this priggish little pair,
> Never yet in all their lives looked so little, little, little.'

THE SPECTRE HUNTER,

A Legend of the West. By John Russell, of Bluffdale, Illinois.

During its early years, the province of Louisiana was the theatre of many a wild and romantic adventure. Far from all that could revive the recollection of other days, disappointment forgot, in the seclusion of its Arcadian scenes, that man was ungrateful, or woman untrue.

Many a legend of those times is yet told in a foreign tongue,

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by a venerable few who have come down to us from a former age, and who linger among the new race that peoples their native province, like the mouldering bastions of St. Louis, surrounded by the dwellings and warehouses which busy trade has erected.

The following legend is still heard around their winter evening hearths.

* * * * * * * * *

It was near the middle of October, in the year 1769, on one of those fine autumnal days peculiar to the west, when a French trader was journeying with one of the natives to an Indian settlement high up the Merrimack. In the expressive language of the country, vegetation had been '*struck*,' and the leaves of the ever-varying forest displayed a richness of coloring nowhere seen but under a western sky. The ivy hung in crimson festoons around the oak, and seemed rather the gorgeous drapery of an eastern bridal chamber, than the sober work of nature. The hollow sound of the crane, as he guided his squadron to the south, was in unison with the scene. The broad disk of the sun, reddened by the smoke of 'Indian summer,' slowly sinking behind the Ozark mountains, flamed on the waters of the Merrimack. The kindling eye of the savage, and the softened tone of his voice, told that the scenery of his native wild was beheld with strong emotions. The trader, immersed in dreams of speculation, lingered behind, and left the mind of the savage to take, uninterruptedly, the hue of the hour. They were fast approaching one of those mounds where the warrior of years beyond the reach of tradition sleeps in glory.

The white man casts a vacant eye upon this rude sepulchre of other years, or, at most, regards it with idle curiosity. Far otherwise with the native. He passes it with a slow, melancholy tread: he gazes upon it in silence, and the deep workings of his features show the intense feeling with which he views the grave over which moons have come and gone too countless for the Indian to number.

Just as they came in sight of the mound, the Indian started back. On its summit, reclined against a tree, stood a tall, majestic figure, seemingly watching the last rays of the sun fading on the waters of the river. By the side of the tree against which he leaned, was a rifle. At his feet lay a dog apparently asleep. The trader soon arrived, and gazed with silent awe upon the apparition, and the long shadow which it cast upon the surrounding forest. They soon filed off in a different direction, and scarce did a sound arise from the dead leaves, so noiseless was their tread.

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The shadows of night had diffused a dimness through the woods, the buffalo had sunk to his lair, and the feathered tribes were perched on the tall sycamores, long before they deemed themselves sufficiently distant to encamp for the night. At length, having reached a deep ravine through which ran a little stream, the savage kindled a fire by the side of a dry, fallen elm. Not a word was uttered during the operation, and both, for a long time, watched the flame, curling around the wood they had piled upon it, before either ventured to speak. 'Red Serpent,' said the trader, 'you have always lived in these woods; ever before saw you the tall vision we beheld on the mound? Is it of mortal mould?' A pause followed. The savage cast frequent and piercing glances into the surrounding darkness, which the bright blaze of the fire rendered deeper and still more impenetrable. 'I have traversed these wilds ever since I could spring the bow, or take the beaver from the trap. There is not a tree from the great Ozark to the "father of waters," that Red Serpent has not seen, in war and in peace. In this glen, when the sky was red and the clouds sent down their waters, in this very glen, I lay in ambush, and heard the wily Osage consult how he might surprise the sleeping Shawnees. The storm howled, and even the hungry wolf looked out from her den and shrunk back. I crawled away unobserved, I reached my native village, and before the sun arose, the head of the Osage was low.'

Another pause ensued. The shadowy lines of the speaker's countenance grew darker. The scenes of other years were crowding around his memory. The trader left him to the communion of his own thoughts. At length the cloud passed from his brow, and his mind reverted to the question of the Frenchman. 'The being we saw on the mound is THE SPECTRE HUNTER; he roams these woods, and no deer is so fleet, no bird is so swift of wing, but the tall rifle we saw leaning against the tree can reach him. The dog that lay at his feet, did you mark how silent, even when strangers approached; yet often when lying, at night, by my fire on the hills of the Bourbeuse, I have heard his deep, death-like howl, moaning in the blast, from across the great father of waters.'

However little known at the time of which we speak, the SPECTRE HUNTER was not long permitted to pursue his favorite employment of the chase in obscurity. He soon became the theme of every idle gossip, whether around the hearth of the European, or the ruder fire of the Weekwam. He had often been seen, but no one had ever dared approach him. He was universally represented as a tall, straight figure, of high and

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noble bearing; his long, black locks, and beard that swept his bosom, sprinkled with premature age; his head always uncovered, even when the storm raved wildest. From his shoulders to his knees, hung a robe of the coarsest sackcloth, girded with a belt of the skin of a wildcat, from which were suspended a powder horn and a knife of fearful dimensions. His feet were always bare, and their print frequently found in the light snow. Often when the moon was riding in her zenith, he was seen paddling his canoe, with startling rapidity, over "*the Endless River*," and the bright flashes that fell on the parted waters, and the straight, unbending course he held against the swift current, told that his oar was wielded by no mortal arm. Every beast of the forest could snuff him in the breeze, and the fiercest bloodhound, at the sight of the dog that followed him, uttered a low, plaintive whine, and crouched cowardly at his master's feet.

A hunter once crossed his path, and the spectre motioned for him to recede. At every wave of his hand, he felt the blood freeze in his veins. One night when the thunders were racking the earth, and he was supposed to be on the opposite side of the water, he was suddenly seen, by the flashes of lightning, standing on the tallest mound of Cahokia, his bosom bare, and his hands upraised to the bolt. His dog was still at his feet, and his long howl was heard between every pause of the storm.

Year after year passed away, and still the spectre hunter and his dog swept the forest, and darted in the light canoe across the swift waters.

One day, in the summer of 1774, the little shop of Diego, a Spanish trader in St. Louis, was closed. At that early period the town gave no indications that it was destined to become, under a free and energetic government, the great emporium of the west. Every inhabitant was known to all the rest, and no uncommon incident occurred, however trivial, without exciting universal attention. It was soon rumored, that the half-opened door of Diego had admitted the venerable father Clement, and that all who had called to purchase the little commodities of the shop had received a repulse from the little grated window which in those times of Indian hostility, belonged to every dwelling. Curiosity was everywhere excited to the highest pitch; and many dark surmises, unfavorable to the character of Diego, were whispered: but no one dared to suspect that the aged priest would have any connection with a deed of darkness. He had forsaken all the refinements and comforts of Europe, with the prospect of sleeping far from his kindred, for the only purpose of administering the consolations of religion to his humble

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brethren in the distant land of the pagan. Though deeply versed in the lore of the schools, he was yet humble as a child. He had a word of hope and consolation for all; and deep and rankling, indeed, was the thorn which his prayers and his tears could not extract. Towards evening, he left the shop and slowly bent his way to the rude house of prayer. A deep solemnity was seated on his countenance, and his head was bent almost to the crucifix that hung on his breast. Not one among the collected groups, he passed dared to interrupt his meditations. Soon, the bell, hung in the forks of an elm, tolled the signal that a fellow-mortal had ceased to be numbered with the living. That sound, even in the gayest metropolis, is seldom heard without emotion. In that little village, on the confines of civilization, every knell sent its deep and solemn tones to the heart. The knell was succeeded by the well-known summons to the house of prayer. No expensive toilet was known in that region of Arcadian simplicity; and the villagers, prompted alike by curiosity and devotion, were soon collected. Presently, a coffin of the rudest construction, borne by four Indian servants, was deposited in the middle of the church. Every eye was turned towards it; the priest drew near, and after a momentary pause, removed the lid. 'Here,' said he, 'here, my brethren, are deposited the remains of the SPECTRE HUNTER!' An involuntary shuddering spoke the feelings of his audience. 'Start not with horror, my brethren; for though a great sinner, he was a mortal like yourselves; and oh, may each of you, in the last sad hour of life, be as repentant as he was! The tenant of that coffin, rude and humble as it is, was one of the highest grandees of Spain. Born to princely wealth, and descended from a long line of illustrious ancestors, in whose veins have flowed the blood of a Castilian sovereign, he seemed elevated above the reach of calamity, and the path of his life destined to be one bright track of sunshine. Long trains of servants stood in his hall, to swell the pomp of his state and to anticipate his every want. Generous of soul, and possessed of a fine, manly form, many a high-born damsel sighed at his name, and no Spaniard below the throne but would have been honored by an alliance with his house. But the maid who won his hand, possessed no rank but that of a heart most amiable, most tender, and most true; and the nightly serenades of the minstrels under the windows of their castle, told of their happiness.

For more than a year, their lives passed on, waveless as a summer lake, and wealth, and rank, and youth flung an elysium around them. At that period, Isabella, his only sister, left the convent where she had been educated, to reside with her brother.

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Playful as a fawn, and ardently attached to her brother and sister, her presence added a new charm to the society of the castle. She had not long resided with them, before Don Manuel, her brother, was called to visit his estates in the province of Andalusia. The idea of this separation was the first cloud that ever cast a shade over their happiness. His wife and sister fondly hung around him, and almost regretted the possession of the rich and extensive domain that deprived them, even for so short a period, of one so dear to both. With many adieus, and many promises that he would hasten his return to the home which his absence would render so unhappy, he set out on his journey.

He had passed but a few leagues beyond the walls of Madrid, before he met his agent, and after some delay, happily accomplished the object of his journey. It was night when he re-entered the city. He left his carriage in the care of his servants and proceeded on foot to the castle. To enjoy the agreeable surprise which his unexpected return would excite, he commanded his servants to be silent, and ascended cautiously to the chamber of his wife and sister. The door was half open, and judge his astonishment on beholding a cavalier, kneeling at the feet of his wife, who manifested by her smiles that his ardent addresses were received with pleasure. The sight was too much. He sprang into the room, and buried his dagger in the bosom of the cavalier. 'Oh! your sister!' exclaimed his wife, and fell senseless to the floor. The truth rushed to his mind. His sister, in her playfulness, had thrown over her graceful form the rich military dress of her brother, and assuming his character, was kneeling at the feet of his wife with all the feigned ardor of youthful attachment. The news instantly spread through the castle and the utmost consternation ensued. The servants rushed to the street, and by their frantic cries, proclaimed that a scene of blood was within. The officers of justice rushed to the apartment and seized the unhappy man, who stood riveted with horror to the spot. His wife, awakened at the noise, opened her eyes upon her dying sister, and her husband a prisoner, and closed them again forever. Don Manuel was borne to prison, and the seal of the king placed upon the doors of the castle. Every servant but Diego had deserted. He, with admirable presence of mind, at the commencement of the tumult, seized a casket containing some valuable effects of his master, and concealed them in the humble dwelling of his mother.

While their friends were paying the last sad offices to the remains of his family, the unfortunate prisoner was unconscious

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of every thing that had passed. Insanity had kindly come to his relief, and the man who, a short time before, possessed all that ambition could covet, was now a maniac, chained in a solitary cell, deserted by all, except one faithful servant, whom misfortune served only to bind the closer to his interest.

* * * * * * * * *

Many a year had passed, and the trial of Don Miguel was still delayed on account of his insanity. At length, by the kind and soothing attention of Diego, whom the jailer permitted constantly to attend him, his reason returned. His princely estates were in the hands of those who would not willingly restore them, and he understood human nature too well not to know that his life would be sacrificed to their cupidity, should he ever be put upon his trial. He feigned himself still a lunatic, while Diego successfully interceded for his removal to a private hospital for the insane, near the seacoast. Attached to the hospital was a large garden, in which the keeper permitted them, at stated hours, to walk. The walls were high, and as no fears were entertained that a madman could escape without being immediately detected and returned, they were not regarded with suspicion. They had not long remained there before Diego had matured a plan for their escape. He procured for each the dress of a friar, and provided a key to unlock the gate next to the sea. One day he found in the harbor a vessel on the point of sailing for New Orleans, in the distant province of Louisiana.

Such were the regulations of the police, that no one could leave the port without presenting at the custom-house, a pass from the Alguazil. A pass was forged by Diego, for the two friars, under the assumed names of Ambrose and Bertrand, and a permission to leave Spain was granted without suspicion. At sunset, they left the garden unobserved, and slowly proceeded to the wharf. It was an hour of fearful interest, and their hearts beat with the most intense hope and fear. Life and death hung on the events of a few moments. Several of the more devout knelt as they passed, and Don Manuel and his servant gave them a benediction in language which excess of emotion rendered inarticulate. They reached the wharf undiscovered, and procured a boat to convey them to the vessel, moored at a distance in the offing. At every stroke of the oar that took them farther from the land, their hearts throbbed less violently. As they climbed the sides of the vessel, the sailors were heaving the last anchor, the cordage lay uncoiled on the deck, the helmsman stood at his post, and every thing indicated that the tall ship was on the point of spreading her pinions for the

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great deep. The tide was now high, and a strong breeze sprung up. The order for sailing sounded through the vessel, and every sail was unfurled. Scarce was this command obeyed, when the bells of the town rang, and the guns of the fort fired an alarm. The noise and confusion on shore were borne over the waters to the vessel. The fugitives well knew that their flight was the cause of the tumult on land, and beheld with consternation, by the light of the full moon which had just risen, that an armed frigate was getting under way apparently for the purpose of pursuing them.

The captain went to the quarter-deck, and with a night glass beheld the signals that were hoisted for him to cast anchor, and was on the point of giving orders to put the helm about and return to the port, when Don Manuel sprang forward, and implored him, by the love of the blessed Virgin to pursue his voyage. He told him they were missionaries to the heathen, and for every moment they were detained from planting the standard of the cross in the new world, he should be held responsible to his God. The fervor of the noble man, the intensity of feeling portrayed in every feature, struck the captain with awe. He believed the friars were men inspired by Heaven for a holy errand, and dared not disobey them. Instead of returning, another sail was bent to the mast, and at daylight, nothing but ocean was seen above the horizon.

On the fortieth day, the vessel landed on the shores of the new world, and Don Manuel and Diego proceeded, the former barefooted, to the wilds of the upper province, that they might be removed as far as possible from the scene of his crime. Life, for Don Manuel, had no hope but that of obtaining, by the most rigid penance, a forgiveness of his sins, and a reunion, beyond this vale of sorrows, with those two beings whose remembrance still agonized his every recollection. He assumed the garb in which he has always been seen, and all the wants which his rifle could not supply, have been provided for by the ever-faithful Diego. The life he has led in the wilderness, was one of extreme suffering. During all that period, his bed has been the cold earth, and no shelter protected him from the storm. Except on the nights when he came to the house of Diego, to confess, and receive absolution from my lips, he has held no converse with his species. The dying scene which I have witnessed, I will not detail; it is too affecting. Suffice it to say, that he died penitent, with a humble hope of pardon, and with an earnest request that you would permit his remains to sleep in consecrated earth.'

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The good priest ended. The Spectre Hunter was no longer an object of horror, and his remains were interred under the shade of the large willow which, till within the last twenty years, hung its weeping head in the cemetery of our city. Many a tear has been shed over his ashes, while listening to his mournful tale; and many a requiem sung in the strains of his native language, by soft-eyed damsels, as they flung upon his grave the earliest blossoms of spring.

'PEACE I LEAVE WITH YOU, MY PEACE I GIVE UNTO YOU.'

How peaceful is the closing hour
  Of summer day, so calm and still,
While modest eve, with blushes warm,
  Glides pensive o'er the western hill.

How peaceful is the evening lake
  That spreads its mirror still and fair,
While pleased, the peerless queen of heaven,
  Lingers to view her image there.

How peaceful to the eye of youth,
  Is the bright scene of future years;
While hope, sweet syren, hides with flowers,
  Each dark recess of wo and tears.

But storms will shroud the summer sky,
  And sweep the lake e'er dawn of day,
And darker storms, with eddying whirl,
  Will bear youth's fondest hopes away.

But still there is a blissful calm
  Even here on earth to mortals given,
That cheers the heart that changes not,
  Sweet foretaste of the rest of heaven.

When hopes that dawned are sunk in night,
  When parted friends are wept no more,
When sighs are hushed and sorrows soothed,
  And passion's troubled storm is o'er;

When the wrapt soul, serene and calm,
  Rises in blest communion free,
This peace, O God, my hope, my rest,
  This perfect peace is found in thee!

CLIO.

DISEASES OF TREES AND PLANTS.

Extract of a letter, from a gentleman in Mississippi, to the editor.

You have no doubt paid attention to the *diseases* which affect the forest trees of your region, as well as that *scourge* of the cotton plant, which in all sections of cotton regions, has for

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many years curtailed the wants, or rather the extravagance of the farmer. Diseases, growing out of too sudden transitions of weather, threaten to extirpate the gigantic poplar and the thrifty linn of the Natchez basin. Our cane brakes are rapidly on the decline; and as the sun recovers access to the earth, these trees suffer from sudden change; and the long and silvery moss is fast declining in length and beauty. The severe drought of 1828, so affected the oak of our basin, that excrescences of the limbs and small twigs everywhere took place, which likewise contributed to the increase of misletoe. The extremes of our climate, which have continued from that period to the present time, have served to perpetuate and even increase the diseases of our trees. The misletoe so covers the linn trees, that in winter they have all the appearances of evergreens. Other parasitical plants have taken hold of the poplar, and they exhibit all the appearances of decay and death. The sleet of February, 1832, so disarmed our majestic oaks of their limbs, that disease has rendered them fit subjects for parasitical plants; and as old trees cannot regain their limbs when once lost, death must soon overtake them.

Of all diseases, that which most afflicts the trees of our country, is a certain kind of affection, which produces a saccharine fermentation of the sap of the tree. I took a thrifty young oak from a piece of woodland, where it was much shaded, and planted it in my yard. The situation was such as to admit the rays of the sun freely to the trunk. After two years, disease was manifest; and in a year more, I discovered the bark to be as hard as iron, which induced me to drive a hatchet into it in many places, but without apparent relief. That fall, a large green worm devoured all the leaves of the tree early in September. The following spring, when the sap began to circulate, a woodpecker, of the species called the sap-sucker, discovered the tree, and began his work upon it, as you have known them to act with the apple tree: he drilled holes through the bark for the sap, and these holes formed rings around the trunk, one after another, for five feet in extent. I repeatedly drove him from the tree, but in a few minutes he would be there again. Discovering his great fondness for pecking the tree, I went to it and found that the sap which had run from the apertures made some days before, was desiccated, and upon separating a bit from the bark, I found it to have the taste of sugar. The same summer, the tree began to improve in appearance; and in two years more, was the largest and the most healthy of the young oaks which had been set out at the same time.

As the worm and sap-sucker attacked no other tree near, I

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am inclined to think, that in most cases, trees are diseased before visited by either worms or birds. In all trees, visited by the sap-sucker, it would be well to ascertain if the sap which exudes from the tree is sweet.

Sir Humphrey Davy, when speaking of the diseases of plants, makes the following remarks: 'Parasitical plants, of different species, which attach themselves to trees and shrubs, feed on their juices, destroy their health, and finally their life, abound in all climates; and are, perhaps, the most formidable of the enemies of the superior and cultivated vegetable species.' It is surprising how that great man should have suffered himself to be so much deceived in the supposed injurious tendency of these plants upon the health and vigor of trees and shrubs. The presence of most of them is a symptom, and not a cause, of disease in the tree. I am very confident, that none of the whole tribe of such plants have, under any circumstances, produced disease.

'The mildew, which has often occasioned great havoc in our crops, and which was particularly destructive in 1804, is a species of fungus, so small as to require glasses to render its form distinct, and rapidly propagated by its seeds. This has been shown by various botanists; and the subject has received a full illustration from the enlightened and elaborate researches of the president of the Royal Society.'

'The fungus rapidly spreads from stalk to stalk, fixes itself in the cells connected with the common tubes, and carries away and consumes that nourishment which should have been appropriated to the grain.'

'No remedy has as yet been discovered for this disease; but as the fungus increases by the diffusion of its seeds, great care should be taken that no mildewed straw is carried in the manure used for corn; and in the early crop, if mildew is observed upon any of the stalks of corn, they should be carefully removed and treated as weeds.'

'The popular notion among farmers, that a barberry tree, in the neighborhood of a field of wheat, often produces the mildew, deserves examination. This tree is frequently covered with fungus, which, if it should be shown to be capable of degenerating into the wheat fungus, would offer an easy explanation of the effect.'

'There is every reason to believe, from the researches of sir Joseph Banks, that the smut in wheat is produced by a very small fungus, which fixes on the grain. The products that it affords by analysis, are similar to those afforded by the puff-ball; and it is difficult to conceive, that without the agency of some

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organized structure, so complete a change should be effected in the constitution of the grain.'—*Agricultural Chemistry, p.* 235.

When such men as sir H. Davy and sir J. Banks, so extensively informed by researches in various ways, come before the public with such heterodox philosophy, it is not to be wondered at when practical farmers say, philosophy teaches nonsense. The mildew and the fungus of these gentlemen and their botanists, is nothing more than a morbid secretion and exudation from the cells connected with the common tubes and vessels. They have lodged complaints against the barberry tree of the neighborhood of wheat fields, and of course made war upon them; as our cotton planters did some years ago upon *bugs* and humming-birds, for poisoning the pods of the cotton stalk.

You know, that while we had a committee to decide upon the most decisive method by which all the bugs of our country should be destroyed, the Louisianians had a humming-bird society, as a setoff to the bug society, devising ways and means how the humming-birds should be kept out of your cotton fields. I never heard how they succeeded in their philosophy; but the Mississippians discovered that the bugs visited the fields principally at night. This discovery was important, as we could arm each negro with a gourd to put his bugs in, and task each to a quart of bugs every night, and punish him the next day, if he did not complete his task. After much philosophizing upon these bugs, they suddenly disappeared; but the cotton continued to rot; when it was finally concluded, that the atmosphere was poisoned, and the cotton plant diseased.

It would be very desirable to ascertain the age of the oldest trees, of such kind whose layers of the annual growth will admit of accuracy. The sweet-gum and the poplar discover no signs by which we can attain a knowledge of their age. The oldest tree I have seen in our basin, whose age was attainable, was a red-oak, about four and a half feet across the stump, whose layers enabled me to determine upon 252 years; but when I visited Randolph's island, according to your request, Mr. Randolph and myself examined a live-oak, of nine feet diameter, whose age was determined at 1000 years. I am clearly of opinion, that no other tree of America lives as long; and perhaps this is the oldest tree of its kind in North America. Sir H. Davy, speaking of the trees of England, makes the following remark: 'In consequence of the slow decay of the heart wood of the oak and chesnut, these trees, under favorable circumstances, attain an age which cannot be much short of a thousand years.'—*Agricul. Chem.*

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CONVENTION OF TEACHERS.

NEW PROJECT.

We feel proud to notice, particularly, the convention of teachers lately held in this city, as well as to give publicity to some important results, which we believe to have grown out of it. The institution which held its first annual meeting here, on the second Monday of last month, is composed of professional teachers, who assembled for the purpose of interchanging thought and experience on the great business in which they are engaged. A number of gentlemen who had been previously appointed, delivered public lectures on subjects connected with education; and we have no hesitation in saying, that the exhibition of talent and knowledge in these discourses, would have done credit to any city in the union. They were delivered in the Second Presbyterian church, a large edifice, which was crowded, at almost every lecture, with an intelligent and deeply interested audience. There was even an excitement—a deep-toned feeling—which evinced that the points discussed, were considered as of no ordinary importance; and that dry as some of them might seem when viewed in the abstract, they do in fact, when properly presented in connection with the many affecting associations inseparable from them, appeal strongly to the finest feelings of the heart.

In the course of the week, and in consequence of the curiosity awakened, and the information elicited, by these animated discussions, it was thought that an effort should be made to create a wider and more powerful impression on the public mind, than could be made by a society composed of teachers only, few in number, and not generally influential in society. It was conceded on all hands that the deficiency of schools throughout the western states, was great and alarming, and the character of those in existence lamentably defective. It seemed to be also admitted, that the evil is one beyond any probable reach of legislative action, and of a magnitude so vast as to render the single-handed exertions of benevolent individuals in relation to it, perfectly hopeless. The only feasible plan seemed to be, one that should combine the exertions of a larger number of persons, and embrace a sufficiently respectable amount of means, to operate successfully on public opinion.

As the initial measure of such a project, a public meeting was held, at which an animated public discussion took place on the general subject of education. An intense interest in the subject matter of the debate, was exhibited by the speakers and the audience, and a plan was adopted, which in our opinion,

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bids fair to lead to the most propitious results. A central committee was appointed to devise the scheme of an institution for the improvement of education, and the diffusion of useful knowledge in the west. They were instructed to procure the appointment, and invite the cooperation of similar committees in the surrounding states and territories. A collection was taken up amounting to nearly $300, and it is understood that the committee will immediately appoint an agent to visit every part of this state, and invite the cooperation of all the friends of popular education. It is expected that other measures of a vigorous character, will be promptly adopted, of which the public will be informed.

The whole of this plan is based upon the obvious proposition, that in order to accomplish any purpose which requires popular action, public opinion must be informed, and its energies awakened, enlisted, and aroused into motion. The legislatures will do nothing, can do nothing, and perhaps ought not to attempt to do any thing, on a subject of such vast magnitude, and absorbing interest, unless instructed by the people.

The people will never act on this subject until the whole matter shall be placed prominently before them, in the shape of facts, statistics, and tangible propositions. There is no subject more susceptible of being clearly illustrated, than this of popular education. That every mind in the republic ought to be brought within the moralizing and elevating influence of education, may be demonstrated by argument. It can be shown that three-fourths of all the criminals convicted in the United States, are uneducated; and it is believed that the money expended in punishing criminals, would educate the children of all the poor, and go far towards suppressing crime.

It is hoped that the institution about to be put in operation here, will be the means of awakening inquiry, and exciting public feeling on this subject—that it will collect *facts* and place them before the people—that it will suggest practicable plans for the improvement of common schools, and that it will procure the establishment of a *college* for the *education of teachers.* This we hold to be vitally important. The lawyer must study his profession, the shoemaker must learn his art, and why should not the teacher be instructed in his duty? There is surely such a thing as the *art of teaching.*

It is understood that measures will be taken immediately for the collection of a fund sufficient to put the proposed plan in operation. An agent will be employed to visit the different parts of this state, to collect facts, and to disseminate informa-

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tion; and a number of tracts on education will be thrown into circulation.

We have heard that there is to be a meeting at Lexington, Kentucky, on the first of November, for a similar purpose. We are glad to see our sister state about to be engaged in this great cause. Whenever the enthusiasm of Kentucky shall be enlisted in this business, a great point will be gained. And that it will become enlisted there is no question; that generous and patriotic people cannot long sleep over such a question, and when it shall be fairly placed before them—when the eloquence of her own sons shall give it tongue, it will sweep over the west like the fires of autumn.

THE HOPELESS ONE.

Oh! would that I were one of those
  Gay spirits, that with joy can taste
The stream of pleasure, while it flows,
  Nor think how long its course may last.

But I—I never plucked a flower
  To feast upon its breathing bloom;
'Twas but to think how brief an hour
  Would waste it in its mouldering tomb.

E'en now, when, lady, thou art nigh,
  The brightest I have ever met,
I meet thy darkly gleaming eye
  With less of pleasure than regret.

Were it less bright, and thou less fair,
  Somewhat more human, less divine,
I then, perhaps, I then might dare
  To think thou some time might'st be mine.

But now, when on thy brow I gaze,
  The beauteous idol I adore,
I only think of those sad days,
  When I shall see that form no more!

Part of the following appeared some months since in a southern paper. It is re-written with a wish to contribute, even a widow's mite, to the Western Magazine.

TO THE PRESS.

Thou magic mirror, that to every eye
  Dost the great world in miniature reveal,
Noting the cloudlike changes as they fly,
  And the deep currents tracing as they steal—
    What do we owe thee? what shall be
    All grateful hearts' return for thee?
The brave shall guard thee, and the fair caress,
And freedom's watchword ever be, the Press.

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Old Time is an insatiate innovator,
Yet, till thy birth, unmarked was every age;
Tradition was a prodigy relater,
And Truth fled blushing from dark history's page.
Thou bad'st the darkness disappear;
And a new glorious atmosphere
Caught the hid beams from intellect's recess,
And poured them glowing sunlike from the Press.

The deathless embers of the nation queens,
Greece and Old Rome, still shed a starlike ray;
But what an age of slumber intervenes,
Which, with but thee, had been one cloudless day.
Even Grecian glory had not set,
Nor Rome her empire yielded yet,
Were their's the seal the humblest now possess
Of mental immortality—the Press.

O, more than all the alchymists e'er sought,
Thou to thy matchless founder did'st unfold,
To embody all the spirit-mines of thought
In burning characters of breathing gold;
To touch the sage's sepulchre,
And bid the mighty slumberer
Rise host-like, and with varied tongues address
Earth, omnipresent through the electric Press.

Thou magic power! tyrants grow pale at thee
And thy bold apparitions, and would fain,
Like him of old, fetter the spirit sea,
Nor dream their recreant limbs shall rust the chain.
O Freedom! what hast thou to fear,
Thy chosen home, this hemisphere?
The spark we borrowed, soon the east shall bless
In a returning flood from freedom's Press.

Blood-quenched and driven down the orient skies,
The sun of glory rises in the west;
And hither turn the earth's admiring eyes,
Where, swiftly cent'ring, all its hopes must rest—
The paradise of half a world,
From which the cloven foot was hurled;
Where Love and Honor, *tasting*, shall possess
The tree of knowledge, rooted in the Press.

And the far west—who is not prophet here?
Who does not feel the slumbers of his soul
Waked into angel visions, and his ear
Sublimed to catch the music tones that roll
From the sweet lips that are to be—
The valley's thronged posterity—
Calling to us, their ancestors, to guess
The coming, glorious triumphs of the Press!

Cincinnati, September 18, 1833. LOVERIGHT.

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LITERARY NOTICES.

A Treatise on the Diseases and Physical Education of Children. By John Eberle, M. D. Cincinnati: Corey & Fairbank. 1833.

We are gratified with an opportunity of introducing to the readers of the Magazine, the work just named. Though technical in its title, it is not exclusively dedicated to the disciple of medicine. For him, of course, it has peculiar attractions; and if the name of the author has excited within him any high expectations, an examination of the book will not be likely to occasion disappointment. It is an adequate and a perspicuous treatise upon the subjects set forth in the title. The same evidences of long experience, acute observation, extensive research and correct judgment, that have so prominently marked the previous works of the author, are also manifest in the present undertaking.

Two circumstances induce us to prefer it to the work of Dr. Dewees, on the same subjects. The first is, that the style is more condensed, whereby the author is enabled to communicate a greater quantity of knowledge, in a more impressive manner, so that the patience of the reader is not wearied, or his memory burdened with unimportant matters. The other circumstance is, that several very important maladies, entirely passed over by Dr. Dewees, are in this treatise particularly noticed, while few, if any, diseases that require attention, are omitted.

But, as we have already remarked, the work is not addressed to the physician alone. It has qualities that should deeply engage the attention of the fair reader of this periodical. For certainly, if any thing be calculated to interest the kind mother, it is a discourse upon the best means of rearing up a healthful and happy offspring. We may remark, that much of the physical as well as moral character of a nation, depends upon its matrons. Are these wise in the knowledge, and prudent in the avoidance of all those causes that can injure their offspring? are they well instructed in the correct management of the infant, during its earlier years?—then may they reasonably hope to look upon sons and daughters, fully developed in their mental and physical frames, buoyant with health, firm-nerved, intellectually vigorous, morally pure, capable of enjoying happiness.

Did mothers know but half the influence, the physical management of their children exert over their future fortunes, they would at once cast aside every thing, to become fully acquainted with the subject. Physical education, when judicious, will not unfrequently weaken or even entirely destroy hereditary predispositions to fatal maladies; but when injudicious, may ruin a constitution naturally excellent, and doom the future man to drag out a wretched and diseased existence. Dyspepsia, for example, that very fashionable, but horribly tormenting disorder, may, we doubt not, in a vast variety of instances, be traced to the ill-judging kindness and criminal ignorance of mothers and nurses.

But we presume enough has been said, to impress the minds of those for whom we are writing, with the importance of acquainting themselves fully with the physical education proper for children. They will permit us, therefore, to refer them to Dr. Eberle's treatise, for a knowledge of the principles that should regulate their own conduct, and also their conduct towards their children, in reference to food, clothing, exercise, exposure, cleanliness, bathing, &c.

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In conclusion, we feel bound to express our gratification with the manner in which the work is got up; for to us, it is a real pleasure to see a good book in a good dress. Its excellent paper, clear, clean type, and the neat style of its execution altogether, are highly creditable to the enterprising publishers. B.

THREE YEARS IN NORTH AMERICA. By JAMES STUART, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo.

THE British Journals are chuckling over the pages of James Stuart, Esq., in whom they seem to have found an Israelite in whom there is no guile. He is a Scotch gentleman, who seems to have travelled because he had not sense enough to stay at home, and to have written a book because he lacked wit to hold his tongue. He is well disposed towards America, and has managed with the very best intentions, and with the most scrupulous regard for veracity, to write almost as much untruth as some of his predecessors, who practised the science of falsehood professionally.

When Mrs. Trollope published her very philosophical essay on the Manners of American Domestics, the delighted critics declared, 'we have long wished to see such a book;' and the Edinburgh Review takes the opportunity of repeating the same words in reference to the singularly unmeaning volumes of James Stuart, Esq. Why they should be in such raptures about such a book, excites our special wonder; and we can only express the conviction that had they read it *in extenso*, *personally*, as we did, and not *by its title*, *critically*, as we suppose they did, they would never wish to see the like of it again. To say the truth, there is nothing to admire about it, except the very remarkable circumstance that its author is an honest man, a proposition which could not be asserted in relation to many of his predecessors. Mr. Stuart is incapable of inventing an untruth; and only utters what he thinks he has good reason to believe he has seen or heard.

It is amusing to see what importance he gives to trifles, and with what simplicity he manages to write page after page of matter, totally irrelevant, or childishly unmeaning; and which he might have written just as well by his own fireside in Scotland, without putting himself to the trouble of travelling, or the inconvenience of sleeping in the same room with other men. Poor Mr. Stuart! he had his own troubles on this delicate subject. The first thing he did at every tavern at which he stopped in the United States, was to inquire whether he could have an apartment to himself; and this laudable inquiry, with the answer, and the final result, are all duly recorded, to the great edification of the reader, to whom it must be quite interesting to know the whole history of the slumbers of a travelling foreigner. The work ought, in justice to itself, to have been entitled, 'Slumbers in America, by a Sleepy Scot.'

One instance of his *gullibility* and his propensity for gossip, is quite amusing. He stopped at the house of a Mr. Piggot, in Illinois—whom we happen to know, and can fancy we see amusing himself with the credulity of the tourist. It seems that all the little girls in the house—and there is no lack of children in the houses of Illinois—had names ending with the letter *a*, such as Amelia, Amanda, &c. Mr. Stuart was struck with this, and inquired how it happened—a very natural inquiry on his part, for the circumstance was important, and ought to be known in Europe. Mr. Piggot gratified his philosophical curiosity, by informing him that the American people had a particular fondness for female names with this termination, and had discarded the old-

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fashioned appellations, such as Jane, and Harriet, &c. Whereupon, Mr. Stuart records the fact, and wonders how it happens, that the Americans should have so strange a taste, and should have discarded such pretty names as Jane, &c.

Such is the production of which the Edinburgh Review says, 'we have long wished to see such a book.'

LUTHER AND THE LUTHERAN REFORMATION. By JOHN SCOTT, A. M. New York: J. & J. Harper. 2 vols. 12mo. 1833.

No work has been more wanted than a good history of Luther and the Reformation. That event changed the fate of nations, and rendered its chief actor the most distinguished man of his own age, and one of the greatest benefactors of the human race. But the character of Luther has never been clearly understood. His talents can scarce be doubted, and his uncommon intrepidity vindicates itself to the most desultory reader of history. His motives, however, have been questioned, and his private character assailed. He is even said to have been a convivial man, and have indulged a lively vein of humor and poetic trifling. His name has been a theme for high eulogy, and bitter denunciation. Of all this, we may believe as much as we please, seeing as we do every day, that living men, who are leaders in political strife, or polemic controversy, are so misrepresented, that their contemporaries can scarcely form correct estimates of their characters. The work before us, is the *fourth* number of *Harper's theological library*, and is prepared with great care and research. It is minute, and yet highly interesting, and embodies a larger amount of information respecting Luther and his contemporaries, than we recollect to have seen embraced in any similar production.

DELORAINE: A Novel. By WILLIAM GODWIN, author of CALEB WILLIAMS. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard. 1833.

THIS production is a literary phenomenon. The veteran author of Caleb Williams has outlived his contemporaries, and remains among us a relic of a past generation. He has long passed the period of life, when the mental as well as the physical energies are supposed to become chilled by the frost of old age; and yet he has written a work which is full of the genius and vigor of ripe manhood. It is enough to say that it bears the stamp of Godwin. We say this in honor of an intellect of extraordinary power and originality. The tendency of Godwin's writings we are far from defending. His *Political Justice* is one of the most fascinating, yet most dangerous works in our language; and his novels, if they do not subvert the boundaries of right and wrong, will contribute nothing to the cause of virtue.

VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD, &c. &c. By EDWARD FANNING. New York: Collins & Hanway. 1833.

THE writer of this work is a nautical man, who describes his own adventures in language which is plain and simple, but not always grammatical, and never elegant.

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He is much better acquainted with Neptune than Apollo, and knows nothing of the Nine, unless it be the *long brass nine*, with which he sometimes gallantly defended his ship against the Ladrones of the China sea, or the hostile savages of the Pacific ocean. We like his book none the worse for being composed in the unstudied phraseology of the sailor; satisfied as we are that the story, however awkwardly told, is true, and that the writer is a man of close observation, and much practical knowledge, who states with fidelity the results of his experience. It is from such sources that we derive knowledge. It is not very important what may be the style in which such a book is written, or the degree of scholarship possessed by the author, if his descriptions be accurate, and his facts such as will add to our present stock of information. The great fault of the majority of books of travels is, that the writer is apt to make himself too much the hero of his own tale, and to fill his pages with theories which are neither new nor important, and with personal adventures, which, as the advertisements sometimes say of lost papers, 'are of no use to any but the owner.'

It is indeed a matter of exultation to us, to see such a work emanating from an American sea captain. We have long been aware of the enterprise and intelligence of this class of our fellow-citizens. The coarse, brutal, ignorant, amphibious animal described by Smollet in his sketches of the sea life, is not known in our marine; and the species is either extinct, or banished to some other land. Young men, of excellent education and correct morals, embark in this profession; and among the ship-masters, now engaged in the commerce of our country, will be found respectable, temperate, intelligent men, of steady, business habits, and highly cultivated minds. The statements of such men with regard to foreign countries are of the most valuable kind. The mere scholar, who goes abroad for the purpose of writing his travels, generally carries with him certain preconceived theories, and assumed facts, which he proposes to establish by evidence, and to sustain which, all his researches are made. Those who are in the habit of examining testimony, will readily believe, that the result, in such a case, will be that desired by the inquirer. But business men, who, with minds open to conviction, seek information for the sole purpose of rendering it subservient to the interests of commercial enterprise, are not likely to be thus deceived.

To the enterprise of the American seaman, the commercial world is indebted for the discovery and successful prosecution of the trade in the skins of the fur seal. These animals are found in vast numbers upon the uninhabited islands of the South sea, where our sailors take them, and having prepared the skins, proceed with the latter to Canton. Here the furs are sold, and the vessel returns home with a cargo of Chinese products, after an absence of two years, having circumnavigated the globe. In the prosecution of this business, our hardy countrymen are exposed to a variety of perils, in addition to the ordinary dangers of the sea. Often, in navigating seas but seldom visited and little known, they run upon coral reefs which are not laid down in their charts, and are either shipwrecked, or narrowly escape that dreadful fate. Sometimes they are forced to visit islands inhabited by hostile savages, for the purpose of procuring wood or water, and with difficulty escape the snares laid for their lives by a cruel, cunning, and numerous foe; and not unfrequently the scurvy, so fatal to ships on long voyages, thins their numbers with fearful destruction.

These dangers are enhanced by the fact, that after arriving in those distant seas, the voyagers are often obliged to spend much time in searching for a place suitable to their purpose. The seals do not frequent the same places every year; and on reaching a

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spot which has been selected as a hunting ground, it is found to be deserted by these animals, or perhaps occupied by the crew of another vessel. Other islands must then be explored, and frequently a vessel roams unsuccessfully over thousands of miles of the pathless ocean, touching at island after island without success. These indefatigable voyagers make, of course, many valuable discoveries. Captain Fanning gives a list of about one hundred islands, not known to former navigators, nor laid down upon any chart, which have been discovered by the American mariners engaged in this traffic.

Although the fur of the seal is the most prominent article of trade for which these regions are visited, there are some others which repay with profit the cost of seeking them. The sea elephant and the sea leopard are taken in these islands by our sailors, and the oil extracted from them in large quantities. *Sandal wood* is found on the islands of the Pacific, within the 25th degree of latitude from the equator. This wood is rendered very fragrant by a large quantity of aromatic oil which it contains and preserves for years. It is burned by the Chinese before their idols. *Eatable bird's nests* are also found on these islands and carried to China. 'This article is the nest of a small bird, of a half circle in form, and very similar to the barn swallow's nest, though not so large by at least one-third; it is composed of a gummy thread about the size of sowing twine, the better kind being of a bright, clear, amber color.' It has not yet been discovered where the bird procures this substance; many suppose it to be the gum of a tree, while some believe that it is a marine production. The Chinese prize it for their soups and stews, though from its rarity and high price, only the nobles and wealthy can afford the luxury of an eatable bird's nest. *Beach la mer* is a species of marine worm, of a glutinous nature, and is also eaten by the Chinese. The *coral mass* is a vegetable collected from the coral rocks, and esteemed by the Chinese so highly as to be considered a royal dish; being, nevertheless, exceedingly unpalatable to American or European tastes, as the reader may infer from the description of our author, who compares the flavor of it to that of *bilge water*. *Mother of Pearl* is another article of traffic collected among those islands.

The author advances the opinion that it is practicable for vessels to sail to the south pole, unless prevented by intervening land. He says that the report of all who have passed beyond the 68th degree of south latitude is, that above this degree the sea was found to be clear of ice, and the climate more mild, with prevailing winds from the south. Weddel, who sailed farther south than any other navigator has been known to go, reached 74 degrees 15 minutes, and found the weather as mild as summer, the wind from the south, and the sea clear of ice as far as the eye could reach.

A Map of the City of Nashville, with the public buildings, &c. Planned and published by J. P. Ayres. Engraved by Doolittle & Munson, Cincinnati. 1833.

We cannot enter into a detailed description of this beautiful specimen of art. The citizens of Nashville may justly feel proud of a sheet which exhibits at the same time, a correct plan of their city, and a variety of excellent engraved views of their public buildings, and of the surrounding scenery. We doubt whether any city in the union is represented on paper more handsomely.

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GODOLPHIN. A Novel. 2 vols. 12mo. 1833.

So great was the sensation created by this work on its first appearance, that it became absolutely necessary for every reader of fiction, who desired to keep pace with the stream of current literature, to give it a perusal. Yet like other wonders, it has already had its day, and will soon cease to be remembered. It contains no conservative principle of permanent excellence—nothing either in the style or sentiment particularly deserving commendation. It is nevertheless a brilliant, original, and attractive production; one which absorbs the attention of the reader, and holds his judgment at bay, by its ingenious sophistry, its dashing style, its rapid transition of scene, and its graphic sketches of character. The plan, sentiment, and moral, are all bad; and the reader is vexed at the conclusion, to find that he has been cheated out of his time, and beguiled into an intense admiration of something that turns out to be mere tinsel. The morality—or rather the immorality—is that of the school of Bulwer. The hero is another Paul Clifford—a genteel, sentimental profligate—a gambler, a seducer, a voluptuary—who is represented as gaining the affections of a highly gifted, pure, and elegant woman, intimately acquainted with his history and his vices. The bad taste and vicious influence of such a work, must be evident. It has made a stir in the world, chiefly, because many of the characters are drawn from life, and the whole production seasoned with keen and just sarcasm against the aristocracy of Great Britain. The wit is sparkling, and many of the reflections upon life and manners are true to nature, and expressed in vigorous, sententious language. In these respects it resembles an elaborate production of the culinary art, which is only rendered palateable by the good things that are stuffed into it.

LOVELL'S FOLLY. A Novel, by MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

WE are highly gratified to observe that the favorable opinion which we expressed in our last number, of this interesting volume, has been corroborated by the judgments of other critics, and sustained by the verdict of public opinion. As a native production, it appeals to the feeling and patriotism of the west, and will gain, we hope, the extensive circulation, due to its own merits, and the claims of its amiable and highly-gifted author.

TRAITS AND STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY. 2 vols. Philadelphia: E. L. Carey & Hart. 1833.

IRISH stories are generally good, and these are among the best. They are full of pathos and humor. The reader may laugh or weep over them, as he feels disposed, or do both alternately. It is a work which bears the stamp of genius, and evinces an accurate knowledge of human nature: that is to say, of Irish human nature, which has a character peculiar to itself. The sufferings of the poor of that ill-starred land, their generosity, their superstition, their exquisite humor, and their cheerfulness under every storm of adverse fortune, are all beautifully depicted; and the alternations of the pathetic and the humorous succeed each other, like the fat and the lean in a certain pig described by one of the characters—first a streak of one and then of the other.

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SCIENTIFIC.

DESCRIPTION OF A NEW SPECIES OF ASTER.

STEM, simple, virgate subflexuose, glabrous. Leaves, alternate cordate-lanceolate, acuminate; lower ones, on long petioles; upper ones, subsessile, entire; under surface and margins, scabrous. Branches of the panicle, axillary, short, crowded, and hairy. Scales of the involucrum, loose, oblong, shorter than the disk, villous, with the midrib and point green. Flowers, middle size, clustered towards the summit; rays, about twenty, pale blue; disk, yellowish.

This aster was found about two miles west of Cincinnati, on the hill, immediately below mill creek. J. E.

EXPLANATION OF THE PLATE, WHICH ACCOMPANIES THIS NUMBER OF THE MAGAZINE.

SURRENDER of lieutenant-general Burgoyne and his army, at Saratoga, New York. *Gold.*

FACE—A head of general Gates, in profile.

LEGEND—Horatio Gates duci strenuo. Comitia Americana.

REVERSE—Gates and Burgoyne in front of the American and British troops. Burgoyne in the act of presenting his sword to Gates. The Americans on the right, with arms shouldered and colors flying: the British on the left, in the act of grounding their arms, and laying down their colors. Between the two generals are a drum and stand of colors.

LEGEND—Salus regionum septentrional.

EXERGUE—Hoste ad Saratogam in Dedition.—Accepto.—Die Oct. MDCCLXXVII.

This medal, which weighs 10 half joannes, was ordered by a resolve of congress, of November 4, 1779, which stated the particular defeats of Burgoyne's army and detachments from it. Journals of Congress, 1777, p. 472. The reader is referred to 'a state of the expedition from Canada, as laid before the house of commons, by lieutenant-general Burgoyne, London, 1780,' for a variety of interesting details, of the march, repeated battles, and progress from Canada to Saratoga, of the British army: to the British Annual Register for 1779, p. 149: also to 'General Wilkinson's Memoirs,' for many particulars, never before published, of that expedition, and of the capitulation of general Burgoyne: see also Gates' Life in the Portfolio, new series, vol. 2.

The original medal, from which the engraving described above is taken, is deposited in the admirably selected Museum of Mr. Dorfeuille, of this city, who has politely allowed us to have this impression made from it.

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NOTICES OF LITERARY MEN,
LATELY DECEASED.

EDWIN BUCKINGHAM.—Not having until now a department in our work appropriated to this subject, we were unable to notice, at the proper time, the decease of the lamented Edwin Buckingham, junior editor of the Boston Courier, and of the New England Magazine. Both these works stand high in their respective classes; the latter especially is generally and deservedly admitted to be the best periodical in the United States. The capacity of the elder Buckingham, both as an editor and as a publisher, are well known, but it is due to his highly gifted son to say, that he added his full moiety of talent to the support of both the works named. He was one of the most promising young gentlemen of our country: amiable, high-minded, and honorable, with a genius rich and well disciplined, and a mind buoyant, fresh, and teeming with wit. We had the honor of numbering him among our friends, and we take a melancholy pleasure in recording this brief testimonial to the departed virtues of one, whose short career was useful and honorable to himself and his country—whose premature decease was a public loss.

WILLIAM GIBBES HUNT.—Among the victims of the cholera at Nashville, Ten. was Mr. Hunt, the editor of the National Banner. He was of the few gentlemen connected with the newspaper press, who stood above the petty collisions of party rancor, and who preserved the dignity, while he evinced the talent of a scholar. The Banner was conducted with taste, ability, and independence. Its editor, while he furnished to his readers the usual proportion of news and of political discussion, devoted a liberal share of his paper, and of his personal labors, to the support of literature and sound morals. He was esteemed by those who knew him, and respected for his talents, his scholarship, and the manliness of his editorial conduct, by a vast number who, like the writer of this article, had not the pleasure of his acquaintance.

FOREIGN DEATHS.

Lately at Lausanne, aged 81, FRANCIS HUBER, a celebrated naturalist, but especially distinguished for his close observation of the habits of Bees, and for his admirable writings upon that subject.

Lately in Denmark, ERASMUS RASK, a distinguished linguist, and a voluminous writer on the languages of northern Europe, aged 49.

In November last, at Paris, JEAN BAPTISTE SAY, aged 67, the political economist.

September 1, at Paris, of the cholera, aged 79, FRANCOIS XAVIER, Baron de Zach, an eminent astronomer.

November, 1832, at Milan, aged 80, BARNABA ORIANA, an eminent astronomer, director of the Observatory of the Brera in that city.

July 29, 1832, at Paris, aged 79, JEAN ANTOINE CHAPTAL, Compte de Chanteloup, a very voluminous and able writer on chemistry.

October 31, 1832, at Pavia, ANTONIO SCARPA, Professor of Anatomy in that University, and one of the eight foreign members of the Academie des Sciences of Paris.

At his seat in Northamptonshire, England, aged 85, EARL FITZWILLIAM, a statesman of distinguished ability and benevolence.

In England, WILLIAM WILBERFORCE, the philanthropist, aged 74.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Mr. Bulwer, the novelist, has retired from the editorial superintendence of the New Monthly Magazine.

KNOWLEDGE FOR THE PEOPLE.

The great number of cheap periodicals which have appeared in Great Britain during the last year, presents a remarkable literary phenomenon. A list of no less than fifty, most of them sold for a penny each, is given in the London 'Monthly Review,' for last November. The fashion has spread to France, where a new penny journal, entitled *Le Bon Sens*, was commenced last year under the auspices of Messrs. Lafitte, Odillon, Barrot, and Arrago. It has been successfully imitated in this country in the 'People's Magazine,' published by Messrs. Lilly & Wait, Boston, and got up in an excellent style.

OPERATIONS OF BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES.

The last Annual Report of the *American Sunday School Union*, contains the following statements:

1. That in nine years, since its origin,

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that society has, by its agency, established 14,550 schools:

That these are taught gratuitously by 109,000 teachers:

That these schools contain 760,000 scholars:

And that within the last year, there have been formed 2399 schools, containing 13,118 teachers, and 45,688 scholars.

2. That the average annual increase has been, of schools, 1600; of teachers, 12,000; and of pupils, 84,000.

3. That the society has prepared and published 215 books for libraries, of which the largest contains 323 pages; and the smallest, 36; average size 114 pages; of these, 29 volumes were added in the last year. They have also published 100 varieties of children's books unbound.

4. That the receipts for last year were $127,375 55.

The debts of the society amount to $68,826 42.

American Education Society. From the 17th annual report of this society, we gather that, the society has assisted during the last year, 133 young men in 15 theological seminaries; 356 in 26 colleges, and 318 in 101 academies, and public schools. Total, 807 young men in 142 different institutions of learning, being 134 more than were assisted last year. In the last year, the *new beneficiaries* were 28 in theological seminaries, 62 in colleges, and 181 in academies; making 271 in different institutions. The whole number assisted by the society since its formation, is 1697. During the last year, there were 5 young men removed by death, 3 by improper behavior, 1 from derangement, and 1 want of talents.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Commencement of Colleges.

At Yale College, New Haven, the Commencement took place on Wednesday, August 21st. The Phi Beta Kappa Oration was delivered by the Hon. Edward Everett.

The degree of A. B. was conferred on 87 graduates.

That of A. M. on 34.

That of D. D. on the Rev. Senero E. Dwight, President of Hamilton College, and on the Rev. N. S. Wheton, President of Washington College.

The degree of LL. D. was conferred on Henry W. Edwards, governor of Conn. the Hon. Ezekiel F. Chambers, Senator from Maryland, and on the Hon. Edward Everett.

Eighty-six students joined the College at commencement, a larger number than were ever before admitted at one time.

Geneva College. The address before the Literary societies of this institution was delivered by the Hon. Gulian C. Verplanck. The degree of A. B. was conferred on 8 young men, and that of A. M. on 3. The trustees have instituted a professorship of Hebrew.

Williams College. The graduating class was larger than for a number of years. A donation of $10,000 was given by Mrs. Whitman, to found a Professorship of Chemistry and Natural History.

Waterville College, Maine. Graduates 9. Admitted 20.

Brown University, R. I. The number of graduates at this institution was 20. The degree of A. B. was conferred on 3 others, and that of A. M. on 6. The degree of D. D. was conferred on the Rev. W. B. Johnson, of S. C. That of LL. D. on Governor Marcy of New York, and Professor Ferrer of Cambridge. The previous literary address was delivered by Virgil Maxcy, Esq. solicitor of the treasury.

Amherst College. Commencement on the 27th August. Number of graduates 37. Admitted to the freshman class, 50. Orator before the literary societies, A. M. Everett, Esq.

Kenyon College. Commencement was held on the 3d inst; 6 young men graduated. The theological school attached to this institution, is about going into effective operation under the auspices of the Right Rev. Bishop McIlvaine. A large addition to the College buildings is being erected.

INTERNAL IMPROVEMENT.

The rail road from Charleston, (S. C.) to Augusta, (Ga.) is completed. It is 186 miles in length, and the whole distance is performed by the cars in one day.

The rail road from Schenectady to Utica, is about to be commenced. The amount subscribed was treble the amount required for its completion.

The Mad river and lake Erie rail road company was chartered in January 1832, and is intended to connect lake Erie, at Sandusky, with Cincinnati, on the Ohio. The distance on this route is only 216 miles, whilst from Cleaveland to Cincinnati is 420, by way of the Ohio canal. There is little doubt that this work will immediately be commenced and speedily finished. It

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connects at Dayton with the Miami canal, and thus makes a complete line of communication with Cincinnati.

The Wabash and Erie canal is now in progress. This work connects lake Erie with the Wabash, by way of the Maumee. Thirty-two miles are under contract.

EDUCATION.

The French Chamber of Deputies have passed an education bill establishing *national schools;* of these, a part are to be *Normal schools*, for the instruction of *teachers*, in the national schools. The government have issued a proclamation, recommending that these Normal schools be placed in towns of the middling size in preference to cities, with a view of connecting with their institutions, horticulture, agriculture, and the inculcation of simple and grave habits.

The course of instruction laid down, embraces moral and religious studies, reading, writing, grammar, geography, linear design, mensuration, the elements of natural history, natural philosophy, chemistry, general history, and especially native history.

HEALTH AND MORTALITY IN CINCINNATI.

The bills of mortality in Cincinnati for four years last show the following facts:

1. That the rate of mortality is 1 in 34.
2. The healthiest month is January.
3. The least healthy month is July, and the increase from the former to the latter, and decrease from the latter to the former is progressive and regular; the *average* deaths in July being double those of January.
4. The proportion of deaths by *consumption* to similar deaths in the eastern cities of the United States, is as 1 to 4.
5. *Bilious fever and cholera infantum* are the prevailing diseases during the warm months.

The deaths by *cholera* during the twelve months ending September 18, 1833, were as follows;

September	1832,	1
October	"	423
November	"	46
December	"	2
January	1833,	2
February	"	3
March	"	0
April	"	1
May	"	36
June	"	67
July	"	176
August	"	54
September	"	2
Total,		813

The proportion of deaths by *cholera*, to the whole population is 1 in 40.

E. D. M.

NEW VACUUM SUGAR.

The grains of this beautiful sugar are true and well formed crystals. They do not melt so readily as common sugar,—a circumstance that induces some inaccurate observers to imagine that this sugar is not so sweet as common muscovada. The taste is just that of fine *candy*. The advantage is that this sugar is far less hygrometric than common raw sugar, and suffers less from a moist atmosphere. The apparatus used in its preparation is a modification of the late Mr. Howard's apparatus for boiling sugar in *vacuo:* with strainers of copper plates pierced with minute holes, or several folds of wire gauze for clarifying the sirop. The process is, immediately on crushing the canes, to heat, lime, and scum, the juice, which, while warm, is forced through the strainer, from which it runs into the boiler. These are provided with air-tight covers, the tops of which are connected by tubes with a large air pump, wrought by a steam engine. The steam, as generated, is thus drawn off, and the boiling is thus carried on at a temperature far below the boiling point of sugar. When sufficiently concentrated, the sirop is crystalized, and when consolidated it is carried to the curing house, the temperature of which is kept up by steam pipes running into it. This process saves much sugar, for the heating being low, little or no molasses are formed, and a large quantity of sugar is obtained, which, in the old process, is converted into molasses. This apparatus was adopted by sugar-growers in Demerara, on the suggestion of a distinguished philosopher in Liverpool. The experiment has succeeded admirably; and the sugar bears a premium in the Liverpool market, especially when required for coffee.

New Edinburgh Philos. Jour.

SOUND PHILOSOPHY.

It is said, that the sound of a clock striking, may be conveyed to any part of the house in which it is located, by means of a silken thread fastened to the bell and reaching into the room where you wish to convey the sound.

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A VIEW OF THE INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS OF THE U. STATES,

COMPLETED AND IN OPERATION.

STATES.	Canals.	Rail Roads.	Length.	Lockage.	Cost.	When finished.
Maine,	Cumb. & Oxf.		20¼	26 locks	211000	1829
N. Hampshire,	3 River canals		1	124 feet	138000	1812
Vermont,	1 River		½	50 "		
Massachusetts,	Middlesex		27	136 "	528000	1808
	Pawtucket		1½	32		
	Blackstone		45	451.61	600000	1828
	2 River		5	115 ft.		
		Quincy	3			1827
Connecticut,	Farmington		56	218	600000	1829
	Enfield		5	20 ft.		1830
New York,	Erie		363	698	9027456	1825
	Oswego		38	123	525115	1831
	Cayuga & Sen.		20	73½	214000	1828
		Mohawk	16		650000	1832
		Saratoga	20		250000	1832
		Harlaem	8			
New Jersey,	Menis		101	1657	1200000	1832
		Patterson	14		300000	1832
Pennsylvania,	Penn. Can.		426¼		16000000	1833
	Schuylkill		110	620 ft.	2336300	1818
	Union		80	92 locks	2000000	1827
	Lachawana		36		576000	1832
	Lehigh		46¾	360 ft.	1588000	1820
	Conestoga Nov		18		72000	1826
		Columbia	89		2300000	1833
		Mauch Chunk	13½		41000	1828
		Mount Carbon			100000	1831
		Schuylkill v.	23		89000	
		Schuylkill	13		91000	
		Mill Creek	7		20000	
		West Branch	20		100000	
		Pine Grove	5		30000	
		Little Schuylkill	23			1831
		Lachawana	16	800	104000	
		West Chester			90000	1832
		Phil. & Norrist'n.	19			1832
Delaware,	Chesapeake		13¾	24	2200000	1832
		Newcastle	16½		400000	1832
Maryland,	Port Deposit		10			
	Potomac River		3¼	114		
Virginia,	James River		3	114		
	James & Jac'n		30½		624000	1825
	James r. Falls		7	96	310000	
	DismalSwamp		22½	33	360000	1822
		Manchester	13			
North Carolina,	Northwest		6			
	Weldon		12	100		
South Carolina,	Santee		22	103	650667	1802
		Charleston & H.	136		700000	1833
Georgia,	Savan. & Ogee.		16	29	162276	
Alabama,	Tuscumbia	Rail Road				
Louisiana,	Corondelet		1½			
	Lake Ponchart		4½		67500	1831
Kentucky,	Louisville and Portland		2	24		
Ohio,	Ohio		343			1833
	Miami		66			1829
Total,	36 Canals	21 Rail Roads	2425¼		47295014	

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Besides the works here enumerated, and which are now in actual operation, there are many more commenced, and which will soon be completed. In addition to the above table, may be annexed the *McAdam roads*, which are becoming quite numerous throughout the United States. The national road is completed from Cumberland to Columbus, and graded for many miles on both sides of Indianapolis and Vandalia. Two McAdam roads are commenced and in progress from Cincinnati to intersect the national road at Columbus and Springfield. The Miami canal is now in progress from Dayton to the lake.

TABULAR VIEW OF EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES,

AS EXHIBITED IN THE NUMBER OF COLLEGES, ACADEMIES, AND SCHOOLS.

STATES.	Colleges.			Theological Seminaries.		Medical Schools.		Law Schools.		Academies & High schools.		Common Schools.	
	Number.	Teachers.	Pupils.	Number.	Pupils.	Number.	Pupils.	Number.	Pupils.	Number.	Pupils.	Number.	Pupils.
Maine,*	2	11	239	1	6	1	103			29	1200	2499	101325
N. Hampshire,	1	10	181			1	94			39			
Vermont,	2	9	157			3	88			35		2400	72000
Massachusetts,	3	40	570	3	223	2	167	1		56		2273	148656
Connecticut,	3	31	474	1	49	1	73	2		14			85400
Rhode Island,	1	8	133							10		700	
New York,	5	51	416	4	242	2	378	1		57		9600	494959
New Jersey,	2	17	203	2	160					8			
Pennsylvania,	7	25	367	4	88	2	489			92			150000
Delaware,	0	00	0							1			
Maryland,	4	59	309			1	†200	1					
Virginia,	5	27	336	2	46	1	†60	1		55			
North Carolina,	1	9	69										
South Carolina,	2	13	152	3	60	1	†90			32		840	9036
Georgia,	1	9	97							64			
Ohio,	5	25	366	3	87	1	82			2	4000	800	23200
Kentucky	6	32	564			1	260	1		11			
Indiana,	2	10	69	1									
Illinois,	1	4	8										
Missouri,	1	6	125							9			
Tennessee,	3	7	147	1	22								
Alabama,	1												
Mississippi,	1	12	98										
Louisiana,	1	3	55										‡
Total,	60	418	5235	25	987	17	2094	7					

* Report of 1825. † These are near the average number. ‡ No common schools.

This table is so general, as to exclude many details, which would be interesting at this time. Hereafter, it is intended, if possible, to give tables, showing: 1. The number of children at the schooling age, and the number actually schooled. 2. The amount expended in education, by the government of the states. And 3. A comparative view of education in this country, and some of the states of Europe. In addition to the above table, it may be stated, that in Maryland and North Carolina, there are a number of academies, and in all the states, private schools.

The march of Reform.—Mr. O'Connell has given notice of his intention to establish a new daily morning newspaper in London. He doubtless intends to report his own speeches. The sum required for the purpose is 20,000*l.*

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WESTERN RESERVE COLLEGE.

The annual commencement of this institution took place on the 28th ult. at Hudson. The degree of A. B. was conferred upon the following persons, viz: R. Dudley, L. Gilbert, J. Loughhead, H. H. Spaulding, M. Sutliff. J. G. Wilson, and P. Wright.

MIAMI UNIVERSITY.

The annual commencement of Miami University, took place on Tuesday, the 24th September, at Oxford. The number of graduates was twenty-one. A large concourse of visitors attended, some of whom were residents of distant places; and the gratification evinced by all, was highly complimentary to the institution. Most of the graduating class were young men of high promise, and all of them made creditable exhibitions of talent and industry.

The situation of the village of Oxford is commanding and beautiful. It occupies a high hill, which slopes off gradually in every direction, towards a fertile country, that is rapidly improving. The site of Oxford is probably 400 feet above the level of the Ohio river at Cincinnati, and the situation cannot be otherwise than healthy.

The appearance of the students on this occasion was remarked as being peculiarly agreeable, and even imposing. They were mostly fine young men; healthy, well dressed, and correct in their deportment, and without the slightest indication, which was apparent to the public eye, of foppery, extravagance, or dissipation.

The two literary societies have handsome rooms, with excellent libraries and cabinets, and seem to be conducted with spirit and success.

AMERICAN AUTHORS.

The number of deceased American authors, as enumerated in the Quarterly Register, is 495. Of these, however, many were merely writers of pamphlets, speeches, and newspaper articles; 27 wrote on poetry; 12 on mathematics and natural philosophy; 41 on history; 102 on theology and sermons; most of these are merely sermons; 42 on politics. Very few novel writers, classical critics, moral essayists, or philologists, appear among our authors. The great bent of American genius in literature, seems to be towards divinity and politics. The monotony is now and then broken by a few bright glances into the world of poetry, but, is in general a broad level of dissertations upon republicanism, and controversies on the five points of Calvanism. Upon the exact sciences also, there is a remarkable deficiency. France is constantly pouring forth her improved systems of mathematics, philosophy, and engineering. Germany is a great manufactory of classical, and metaphysical works; England for romance and poetry; but on these points, we have heretofore, been contented to borrow. Of our poets, far the greater number have come from Connecticut; among them are, Trumbull, Dwight, Alsop, Selleck Osborn, Percival, Brainerd and Sigourney. Other subjects appear to have no particular locality.

AMERICAN PERIODICALS.

There are published in the United States, 6 quarterly publications; 2 once in *two months*; 22 *monthlies*; besides very many *semi-monthlies*, and more than a 1000 newspapers. Of the 40 larger periodicals, 20 are published in New England; 16 in the middle states; 2 in the south, and 2 in the west. The newspapers are distributed more in respect to the population; but the greatest proportional number is found in the middle states; New York has about 250; Pennsylvania near 200, and Ohio more than 100.

We regret to learn that the American Annals of Education,' is to be discontinued for want of patronage. It was a most valuable publication, the loss of which will be severely felt by the friends of the great and hallowed work of instruction.

An appeal has again been made to the public for its aid to support *Silliman's Journal of Science*, which cannot be sustained without a special effort on the part of its friends. Works like this which scatter profusely among us, knowledge which is nowhere else to be found, or is found only in expensive European publications, ought to be liberally supported, at the public charge. We trust the appeal will not be in vain.

POPULATION OF ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

Agreeably to the returns made to parliament, the following was the population of England, Wales, and Scotland, in 1831.

England and Wales	13,894,574
Scotland	2,365,807
Army and Navy	277,017
	16,537,398

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CITIES AND TOWNS.	
London within the walls	57,695
London without the walls	67,878
Southwark	91,501
Westminster	202,080
Parts within bills mortality	761,348
Adj. Par. not within bills	293,567
Whole metropolis	1,474,069
Edinburgh	162,403
Manchester, Salford, &c.	237,832
Glasgow and suburbs	202,426
Bermingham and suburbs	142,257
Norwich	61,116
Paisley with Abbey parish	57,466
Nottingham	50,680
Liverpool with Foxteth park	189,244
Bristol with suburbs	103,886
Aberdeen new and old	58,019
Newcastle upon Tyne	57,937
Hull	49,461
Dundee	45,355
Plymouth Devonport & Stonehouse	75,534
Portsmouth, Portsea &c.	63,026

LONDON.—The total number of inhabitants of all the parishes whose churches are situated within eight English miles, measured directly from St. Paul's cathedral, amounted in 1801, to 1,031,500; in 1811, to 1,220,200; in 1821, to 1,481,500; and in 1831, to 1,776,556, or to more than *one million and three-quarters*.

To compare London with Paris, the population of the department of the Seine was taken, as included in a district nearly circular, sixteen miles in diameter. This amounted in 1818, to 637,000; in 1820, to 742,000; in 1829, to 1,013,000; exclusive of the resident foreigners and inhabitants of provinces resident in Paris, who amounted to 149,000—total in Paris, in 1829, 1,162,000.

PUPILS AND TEACHERS.

There are, according to the census of the United States, a population between 5 and 15, of 2,841,406 free white persons. This is the *schooling* age, and consequently these are that number, who require teachers. Experience has shown that, at the utmost, not more than 20 can be taught properly by one teacher. There are therefore, 142,070 instructors required to give proper education to the children of the United States. It is supposed there are not more than 20,000 now employed, nor more than 1-3d the whole number of children at school. Supposing the whole number of pupils and teachers, in successful operation at the schools, there will be from the various causes of death, dismission and translation to other employments, vacancies annually to the amount of about 10 or 15,000. This number, under a proper system of instruction, ought to be supplied by graduates from the *Normal schools of instruction*. These Normal schools should be established, and conducted with the express view of qualifying persons for the *profession of teaching*.

COLLEGES.

The number of *Alumni* of all the colleges in the United States, is 24,013, of whom 6163 have become ministers of the gospel. There are 192,448 volumes in the several libraries of the colleges.

J. F. COOPER.

JAMES FENNIMORE COOPER was born in 1788, and is now 45 years of age. He has published 14 novels, of 2 vols. each.

A COMPLIMENT.

The London Athenæum for July says: 'It is with some concern we hear, that LESLIE, the royal academician, is about to leave England for America. He will scarcely leave his equal in the land, if he goes; and it says little for the encouragement given to genius in this country, when a painter, who is surpassed by none, equalled by very few, either for quiet humor, or tenderness or beauty, has to seek for subsistence in another country, and deprive us of the fame which must belong to him, wherever he goes.'

NEW LANDS IN NEW JERSEY.

Twenty thousand acres of woodland, in the neighborhood of two furnaces, in N. Jersey, have been sold within a year past at about $2 an acre; being only 3-8ths advance upon the price of wild land in the western forests, as sold by the U. States. This statement may seem incredible, but it is made on the authority of the editor of the Journal of Commerce, who says he has it from the purchaser.

SALARIES.

The lieut. governor of Nova Scotia formerly received 6000*l.* per annum. It is now reduced to 4000*l.*; being, in dollars and cents, $17,777 77. The governor of Lower Canada now receives 6223*l.* or $27,657 77: a much larger sum than the president of the U. States receives.

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AMERICAN COTTON.

The export of American cotton to Great Britain, from the 1st of October 1832, to 1st Sept. 1833, has been,		*Bales.* 606,000
Of this quantity, there had arrived previous to the 1st January last, agreeably to the English shipping lists,		35,000
Which leaves to arrive during this year,		571,000
Of the *old* crop there will yet be shipped about		18,000
And of the *new* to arrive previous to 1st January next,		25,000
Showing the quantity to be received in all 1833,		606,000
Add the stock of American cotton on hand 1st January,		138,000
And it will give the supply for the whole year,		744,000
Consumption for first 7 months, thirty weeks, at 14,500 per week,	435,000	
Supposed do. for last five months, 22 weeks, at 12,000 per week,	264,000	
Export for the whole year,	26,000	725,000
Which leaves a stock on 1st January, 1834, of only		19,000

MANUFACTURE OF COTTON IN THE UNITED STATES.

Of the state of the cotton manufacture in the United States, in 1831, as collected by the committee of the New York convention, there were in twelve states of the union, 795 cotton mills, with a capital of $40,714,984, manufacturing annually 77,751,316 lbs. of cotton, or 214,882 bales of 361 86-100 lbs. each.

Number of Spindles		1,246,903
Do. Looms		33,506
Pounds of Yarn sold,		10,642,000
Yards of cloth made		230,461,900
Pounds of cloth		59,604,925
Males employed	18,539	
Females employed,	38,927	
Hands employed,		57,466
Pounds of starch used,		1,641,253
Barrels of flour for sizing		17,245
Cords of wood burnt		46,519
Tons coal do.		24,420
Bushels charcoal do.		9,205
Value of other arricles consumed not enumerated,		$599,223
Spindles then building		172,924
Gallons of oil consumed		300,338
Hand weavers		4,760
Total dependents,		117,626
Annual value of cotton manufactures		$26,000,000
Aggregate or total amount of wages paid		$10,294,944

Mr. Slade, an English officer, who has published an interesting and instructive account of his travels, attributes the rapid down hill course of Turkey, within a few years, to the *reforms* made by the Sultan, by which he lost the benefit of the religious enthusiasm of his subjects, and the national and powerful influence of old customs and prejudices.

Turkey.—The Turkish empire is as interesting now, that it is crumbling to pieces, as it was in the sixteenth century, when a Tartar could ride with the sultan's firman, respected all the way, from the banks of the Volga to the confines of Morocco; when its army threatened Vienna, and its fleets ravaged the coasts of Italy. It then excited the fears of Europe: now it excites its cupidity.—*Slade's Travels.*

Sugar from Potatoes.—The Cleaveland (Ohio) Advertiser, of August 22, says that a small quantity of molasses was brought to that village last week, from Medina county, manufactured from potatoes. Eleven quarts of thick molasses was procured from a bushel and three pecks of potatoes. The flavor is pleasant, and the article equal in every respect to West India molasses. The process of manufacturing is said to be simple, and not expensive.

A PETREFACTION.

Baron Steuben died of apoplexy at Steuben, Oneida co. N. Y. in November, 1795. Agreeably to his request, his remains were wrapped in his cloak, enclosed in a plain coffin, and deposited in a grave without a stone. Many years after, we learn by a memoir in the New York Commercial Advertiser, his body was disinterred for the purpose of burial in another place, and it was found to have passed into a state of complete petrefaction, and is believed to remain in that state of preservation to this day. The features of his face were as unchanged as on the day of his interment.

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THE

WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1833.

HISTORY OF OHIO.

CHAPTER V.

ONLY a few weeks elapsed after the return of the army of general Harmar, from the expedition against the towns on the Maumee, until the Indians came upon the frontiers to revenge themselves. They did not wait for the return of spring; but, contrary to their usual system of warfare, commenced their operations in the middle of winter.

Their first attack was upon the settlement at Big-Bottom, upon the Muskingum, thirty-five miles above Marietta. Previous to that time, the people in that part of the country had never been molested by the Indians; but, on the contrary, frequently received friendly visits from them; and, having experienced their uninterrupted peaceful disposition for almost three years, had become entirely unapprehensive of any danger. The settlement at Big-Bottom was composed principally of young men without families, who, by becoming actual settlers, had each entitled themselves to a tract of one hundred acres, in a large body of land laid out in donation lots by the Ohio company, upon the frontier of their purchase. They occupied a block-house and two cabins, all near together, and amounted to only eighteen in number, besides a woman and two children. A party of Indians approached the settlement on the second of January, 1791, and laid concealed, upon the watch, until the dusk of the evening, when they divided into two parties, one of which went to one of the cabins, while the other went towards

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the blockhouse. The party that undertook the capture of the cabin, entered it without noise, and in a manner apparently friendly; but as soon as they had all got in, they made signs to the men within it, four in number, to be quiet, threatening them with the tomahawk in case they resisted, and immediately bound them as prisoners. The other party came to the door of the blockhouse, and found its inmates, who had shortly before come in from their work, engaged in preparing their supper, with their arms laid carelessly around the apartment. A large Mohawk Indian suddenly pushed open the door, and his followers poured in a volley with their rifles, and then rushed in and completed the work with their tomahawks. The only resistance they met with was made by the woman. While the Mohawk was holding the door open, at the moment of the firing, she seized an ax, with which she gave him a severe wound; but she was immediately afterwards tomahawked. The only one in the blockhouse who was not killed, was a boy who concealed himself in the bedding, piled up in the corner of the room, and was not discovered, until the Indians began to search for plunder after the massacre was over. They saved his life, and afterwards carried him to Detroit, together with the four men taken in the cabin. The other cabin was occupied by two men named Ballard, who immediately on hearing the firing at the blockhouse, rushed out and made their escape, and reached the next frontier settlement before daylight, in time to put the inhabitants on their guard. The Indians came on early in the morning; but finding the people prepared for their defence, made no attack, and retired without molesting any other settlement.

Within a few days after the attack upon the settlements on the Muskingum, a much more formidable force approached those in the Miami country. The frontier post in that quarter was Dunlap's station, now Coleraine, on the Great Miami. The garrison consisted of thirty-five regulars under the command of captain Kingsbury, and there were about fifteen men of the inhabitants capable of taking part in its defence. About the 10th of January, the Indian force, which was supposed to amount to three hundred warriors, invested the fort. In their approach, they fell in with some men who were ranging the woods, killed one named Cunningham, wounded another named Sloane, who however escaped to the fort, and took one, named Abner Hunt, prisoner. When they surrounded the fort, they fastened a cord to Hunt's ancle, and made him get upon a log and demand a surrender, in which case they promised that all lives should be spared; but declared that, otherwise, the whole garrison as well as Hunt the prisoner, should be massacred.

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The garrison refused to surrender, and Hunt was told to run and try to make his escape; but he answered that he could not. The Indians immediately put their threats, with regard to Hunt, into execution. He was tortured and mangled in a most barbarous manner; and the last of his sufferings, from the appearance of his body after the siege was broken up, was the burning of his bowels with a flaming brand. The attack upon the fort then commenced, and the firing was continued throughout the day, during which a number of the Indians were killed and wounded, while the only injury done to any of the garrison was a slight wound to one of the men, in the arm. The women bore their part in the defence, by running bullets, for which purpose, when lead failed, they melted down their pewter utensils. When night came, and the firing had ceased, one of the men left the garrison, and having succeeded in making his way through the Indians without being noticed, reached Cincinnati in safety, where he gave the first intelligence of the attack of the station. The news was spread to Columbia, and the inhabitants of both places volunteered; so that with the regulars that could be spared from fort Washington, a considerable force was raised, which marched without delay to the relief of the place. They arrived about four o'clock in the afternoon, and found that the Indians had given up the siege about two hours before; having first either killed or driven off all the stock around the garrison. They were followed a short distance, but were not overtaken, and it was not deemed prudent to pursue them very far. The siege had lasted about twenty-six hours.

In the course of the following spring, the enemy again began to lay in wait for boats upon the Ohio. About the 20th of March, a detachment of troops was ascending the river from fort Washington to Limestone, and were surprised by the Indians, and twenty out of twenty-two were massacred with the tomahawk, without a gun being fired. A few men, during the same spring, started, in a periogue, from Cincinnati to Columbia, and were attacked a little above the mouth of Deer creek, and several of them were killed. But a short time afterwards, a desperate encounter with a single boat discouraged them from that mode of fighting, and the river subsequently remained unmolested. In fact, there was probably no occurrence in the whole war, in which more signal bravery was displayed, than in Hubbell's boat fight; and no victory was ever better merited by those who obtained it.

Captain William Hubbell had removed from Vermont to the neighborhood of Frankfort in Kentucky, and having gone to

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the eastward on business, was returning down the river in a flat-boat which he had purchased on the Monongahela. The company on board having received various accessions on its passage down, consisted, on leaving the mouth of the Kenhawa, of nine men, three women, and eight children. From various circumstances, it was thought probable that they would be attacked by the Indians, and Mr. Hubbell was appointed commander of the boat, and preparations were made to resist any attack that might be made upon them, by dividing the nine men into watches of three, and putting their arms in as good condition as possible. In the evening of the 23d of March, they overtook six boats, and at first thought of continuing in their company; but they soon found that they were likely to be in more danger by keeping together than by leaving them, as they could not be prevailed upon to make the proper dispositions for resisting the attack of the enemy, which there was so much reason to expect. They accordingly manned their oars, and went ahead of the other boats, one of which, however, in charge of capt. Greathouse, at first kept with them, but its crew ceasing to row, it fell behind. During the early part of the night, a canoe was seen floating along, in which they supposed were Indians observing them. They thought it most probable that the attack would not be made until daylight, and therefore continued their regular division of the night-watch, intending as soon as morning appeared, to make all the show of force that was possible, by having all the men visible. It was arranged that the women and children, in case of attack, should lie down in the bottom of the boat, with the baggage piled around them.

Just at the dawn they were hailed from the shore, and begged in the most piteous tone to land and take some white people on board; but knowing the artifices used by the Indians, they kept on their way, when the language of entreaty was turned to that of abuse and insult, and verified their suspicions. They soon heard the sound of paddles approaching them, and before long saw three canoes coming to the attack, each containing from twenty-five to thirty Indians. Every thing likely to prove an incumbrance was thrown overboard, and the men took their positions, with directions to fire successively, and to make every shot tell. The Indians on coming up, placed one of their canoes before the bow of the boat, one astern, and the other at one side, and a volley was poured in by one of them, which wounded two of the boat's crew. The fire was returned, and checked the Indians, and it then became more deliberate on both sides. In a short time, captain Hubble had his right arm disabled by a ball passing through it, and for awhile his

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hand was paralyzed by the shock. When the power of using it returned, he rushed forward to the bow of the boat with a pair of pistols, to repel the enemy, who were just attempting to board, and had got their hands upon the sides. He fired his pistols, and then caught up some small wood from a pile prepared for the fire, with which he prevented them from entering, and finally beat them off. About this time the boat of captain Greathouse appeared in sight, and the Indians left Hubbell's boat to attack it. It was taken without the least resistance, and rowed to the shore, where the captain and a boy were murdered. The Indians then took the women who were on board and placed them in their own canoes, and returned to the attack of Hubbell's boat, the defenders of which were reduced to the alternative of yielding, or perhaps of killing the women, whom the Indians placed in the most exposed situations. Four of the boat's crew had been disabled entirely, in the first encounter, and the captain was severely wounded in two places. They nevertheless resisted the attack with desperate resolution, and the Indians were compelled to draw off to the shore. By this time the boat had drifted close to the bank, and several hundred Indians were running down, and commenced firing upon them. Only two of the crew were now unhurt, and they were placed at the oars, while the others laid down wherever they could screen themselves from the enemy's fire, which was continued for about twenty minutes, before they got out of its reach, when the women and children were paraded on the deck, and all joined in three cheers as a parting salutation to their discomfited assailants.

Two of the crew had been killed in the contest, and another mortally wounded. Only two of the nine had escaped uninjured. One of the children in the bottom of the boat had received a wound in his arm and another in his forehead, but had lain quiet, and did not even inform his mother until the contest was over; because, he said, the captain had ordered them to remain silent, and he was afraid she would have made a noise, if he had told her.

The boat reached Limestone about midnight following the day of the battle. Every plank above water was pierced with bullet-holes; hardly a space of two feet square being to be found which did not contain several. The five boats, which they had passed on the night before the attack, arrived safely at Limestone the next day, the Indians not having ventured to assail so many together, after being so signally defeated in their encounter with a single one.

After the return of general Harmer's expedition, governor St.

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Clair had sent conciliatory messages to the Miami tribe of Indians, but with no effect. In March, the attempt was again renewed, by sending Cornplanter, a Seneca chief, with several others of his tribe, to the Miami villages, with instructions to impress the Indians with the desire cherished by the United States, for the establishment of peace, and with the evil consequences they would draw upon themselves by persisting in their hostilities. These overtures likewise failed. In April, similar messages were sent to the Delawares, but with the same result.

During the spring, one of the spies employed in the service of the Ohio Company's settlements was killed by the Indians on the Hockhocking. On the 21st of May, two men were at work upon an out-lot in Cincinnati, when they were fired upon by the Indians, and one of them named Joseph Cutter, was taken prisoner, but the other escaped unhurt. Some young men soon collected and started in pursuit, eight of whom, out of forty, continued after reaching the tops of the hills. They soon were able to distinguish Cutter's tracks, in consequence of his losing one of his shoes; and discovered also, that the Indians were equal to themselves in number. They continued the pursuit on the run, until dark; when they returned to Cincinnati, and found afterwards that the Indians only went about two miles farther than they were followed, before they encamped. A party went out after them the next day, but did not overtake them. On the first of June, John Van Cleve, the man who escaped when Cutter was taken, was at work, with two other men, upon the same out-lot. They were fired upon by some Indians, and immediately ran for the town. After running several hundred yards, Van Cleve had become considerably in advance of the others, when a naked Indian, who it was supposed had concealed himself in a tree-top for the purpose of intercepting their retreat, sprung upon him, and a short struggle ensued, in which he succeeded in throwing the Indian upon the ground, but at the same instant received a mortal wound from his knife. The Indian stabbed him several times, and having taken his scalp, ran off, before the other two men came up, by which time he was already dead.

In May, general Scott, of Kentucky, conducted an expedition of volunteers against the Indians upon the Wabash, which on the 1st of June, arrived at their villages, several of which they destroyed, and thirty-two of the enemy were killed, and fifty-eight taken prisoners. The army returned to Kentucky, without having lost a man.

In the mean time the government had determined that an

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army should be raised and led against the Indians, consisting of a force that they would not dare to encounter, and commanded by an officer, whose qualifications for the station were thought to be such as would insure a successful issue to the campaign. The command was confided to general St. Clair, who, although he had been uniformly unfortunate in his previous military career, enjoyed the highest confidence of president Washington, and the general respect of the army. The force with which he commenced his campaign consisted of three regular regiments, principally new levies without discipline, with two companies of artillery and one of cavalry, and upwards of six hundred Kentucky militia. Fort Hamilton was built in their advance, during the month of September, and afterwards fort Jefferson, in the early part of October. The object of the expedition was the destruction of the towns on the Maumee, against which Harmar's campaign had been made. After placing a garrison in fort Jefferson, the army continued to advance slowly, having to open a road with much labor, until, on the 3d of November, it encamped on the ground afterwards occupied by fort Recovery. By the time it reached that place, in consequence of the failure of the contractor, the supply of provisions was not sufficient for the consumption of the troops, and they were put upon short allowance. From this reason, or from some other cause of dissatisfaction, sixty of the Kentucky militia had deserted upon the last day of October, and turned homeward, and one of the regular regiments had been despatched to bring them back, and also to escort some provisions, which were supposed to be upon the road. The absence of this regiment, and the detachments which had been left behind in the garrisons, had reduced the army, by the time it reached its encampment on the 3d of November, to about fourteen or fifteen hundred men. At this time the general supposed that he was within about fifteen miles of the enemy's town, but the real distance was about forty-five; and the creek before the camp, which he supposed to be the St. Marys river, was a branch of the Wabash. The ground being favorable, he had determined upon erecting a slight work for the protection of the baggage, the principal part of which he intended to leave there, and to move onward to the attack of the enemy, as soon as the detached regiment should arrive. The main body of the army encamped in two lines, about seventy yards apart, with the creek in front, and the militia were posted on the opposite side of the stream, about a quarter of a mile in advance. Still in advance of the militia, captain Slough was posted with a company of regulars, with orders to intercept any small parties of the enemy that

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might approach with a design to molest the camp, and to communicate information of any important circumstance that he might observe. Colonel Oldham, who commanded the Kentucky militia, received orders to be vigilant during the night, and to send out patrols of twenty-five or thirty men, in different directions before daylight, for the purpose of scouring the woods. The front line of the main body was composed of three battalions, commanded by major-general Butler; and the second line consisted of two battalions commanded by major Bedinger and major Gaither, and a regiment commanded by colonel Darke. The right flank was secured by the creek and a steep bank, and some of the cavalry with their pickets covered the left.

A few Indians had been observed in the evening, who fled with precipitation when the militia advanced across the creek to encamp. Captain Slough, who had been posted in advance, was alarmed during the night by the enemy approaching him in front and on the flanks in considerable numbers; and some time before daylight so many of them appeared, that he fell back upon the militia, and reported the fact to general Butler, who paid no attention to the circumstance, and gave no notice of it to general St. Clair. Colonel Oldham also neglected the commands that had been given to him to scour the woods before daylight; and the consequence was, that neither the army nor its commander knew of the vicinity of the enemy. It had been a constant practice to beat the reveille and parade the troops under arms before daylight. On the morning of the 4th, this had been done, and the troops, after remaining on parade until about half an hour before sunrise, had just been dismissed, when the enemy suddenly attacked the militia in front. The drums immediately beat to arms as soon as the firing was heard, and the troops were formed as expeditiously as possible; but the militia were soon broken, and came running into the camp in disorder, followed by the Indians, and rushing through the front line, threw it into confusion, which it was afterwards impossible entirely to remedy. The enemy, now vigorously attacked the first line, but were considerably checked by a pretty well-directed fire in return. It was only for an instant, however; and in a few minutes the second line was attacked also. The weight of the fire was directed against the centre, where the artillery was placed. The camp extended about three hundred and fifty yards, and it was soon wholly surrounded, and attacked from all quarters. The artillery-men were soon shot down, and the guns silenced. The enemy concealed and sheltered themselves behind logs, trees and banks, and continued a most deadly fire

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upon the exposed troops, while they themselves suffered but inconsiderable loss. The carnage was tremendous. General St. Clair was so ill with the gout, that he was unable to mount a horse without assistance; and general Butler, the second in command, was shot down and tomahawked early in the action. The officers suffered more than usual, in consequence of being exposed, while endeavoring to restore order among the men. After the artillerists had been driven from their guns or killed, their places were supplied with infantry; but it was impossible for them to withstand the deadly fire of the enemy, and the guns were again silenced. General St. Clair directed his litter to the quarter where the attack was hottest, and ordered lieutenant-colonel Darke to charge the enemy with the bayonet. The order was executed with great spirit and with apparent effect; the Indians were driven back three or four hundred yards, but colonel Darke was unable to maintain his ground, and was in turn driven back by the enemy. At the same time the Indians had broken into the camp upon the opposite side, and a charge was ordered in that quarter, with the same effect. The Indians were routed and driven back; but immediately forced the charging party to retire, and pursued them back to the camp as before. Several charges were made in this manner, and all with the same result. In each of them many men were lost, and the officers were almost all cut off. This circumstance, in consequence of the rawness and inexperience of the troops, had a very material effect upon the fortune of the day. One regiment lost all its officers except three, of whom one was wounded by a shot through the body. The artillery officers were all killed except one, and he was severely wounded. At length it was manifest, that nothing but a retreat could save the remainder of the army. Nearly half the men and four-fifths of the officers had fallen; and the fire of the enemy was as destructive and incessant as ever. The general therefore, ordered colonel Darke to form the remnants of the battalions, and to charge the enemy, as if with a design to turn their right flank, but in reality to gain the road. The charge was made, and the Indians opened to the right and left, and two or three hundred troops had got through their lines, before they discovered that a retreat was intended. The camp and artillery were abandoned, the horses being nearly all killed; the general himself being mounted upon an old packhorse, that could not be forced out of a walk. No order could be preserved in the retreat, which soon became a flight. The men threw away their arms and accoutrements. Some endeavored to assist others forward, and some abandoned their friends to their fate, without

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an effort to save them. The enemy hung upon the rear, where stragglers were continually falling behind, to be massacred by the tomahawk, and no attempt was made to repel their pursuers, who continued to annoy them for about four miles. The same disorder reigned even after the pursuit had ceased, and the road was strewed with arms for many miles further. The fugitives at length reached fort Jefferson, which was twenty-nine miles from the battle-ground, about sunset.

The killed in St. Clair's defeat amounted to six hundred and thirty, and the wounded to two hundred and forty-four, in addition to wagoners, drovers, packhorsemen, and women! It was supposed that there were near two hundred women with the army, only three of whom escaped. Of the officers thirty-seven were killed and thirty wounded. Among the former were major-general Butler, colonel Oldham of the Kentucky militia, two majors, twelve captains, and seven lieutenants.

When the army reached fort Jefferson, they found there the regiment which had been sent after the militia deserters, whom they had been unable to overtake. They had returned without meeting the convoys of provisions, that had been expected, and there were none in the fort. A council having been called, it was unanimously agreed, that the strength of the army, even with the addition of the regiment that had not been in the action, was not equal to what it was in the morning, and it was not advisable to advance again. It was therefore determined, to return to winter quarters in fort Washington, leaving a garrison, with the wounded men, in fort Jefferson. The march was accordingly resumed about 10 o'clock the same evening; and after marching all night, and part of the following day, they met a convoy of provisions, some of which were appropriated to the supply of their wants, and the rest sent to fort Jefferson. On the 8th of November, the remains of the army arrived at fort Washington.

The Indian force, which defeated St. Clair, has been variously estimated, at from fifteen hundred to four thousand men. The smallest number has, however, generally been considered nearest the truth. It was commanded by a chief who had accompanied Burgoyne's army, in his campaign during the war of the revolution, and it was supposed that he alone had devised the plan of attack, in opposition to the opinions of the other chiefs.

Soon after the return of the army to fort Washington, general Scott, of Kentucky, conducted a body of mounted volunteers, which had been raised as soon as intelligence of the disaster was received, to the battle ground. They approached

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it with caution and secrecy, and a party sent to reconnoitre, found several hundred of the enemy occupying the ground, still enjoying themselves over the plunder of the camp. All were in fine humor—some drunk, some playing and sporting in different ways, among whom were some diverting themselves with riding the bullocks with their faces towards their tails. General Scott immediately disposed his forces so as to fall upon them suddenly, and completely routed them, killing upwards of two hundred, with a very inconsiderable loss on his own part. The artillery, and some of the baggage yet remaining upon the field, were recovered, and about six hundred muskets were picked up in the camp and on the road, where they had been thrown away by the fugitives. Thus closed the eventful year of 1791.

J.

ORDER OF KNIGHTHOOD IN VIRGINIA.

The following account of an order of distinction established in America more than one hundred years ago, may be interesting to our readers. It is extracted from a book entitled 'The Present State of Virginia, by Hugh Jones, A. M. chaplain to the honorable assembly, and minister of Jamestown, &c.' in Virginia, printed in 1724.

'Governor Spotswood, when he undertook the great discovery of the passage over the mountains, attended with sufficient guard and pioneers and gentlemen, with sufficient stock of provisions, with abundant fatigue passed these mountains, and cut his majesty's name in a rock upon the highest of them, naming it *Mount George;* and in complaisance, the gentlemen, from the governor's name, called the mountain next in height, *Mount Alexander.*

'For this expedition they were obliged to provide a great quantity of horse shoes (things seldom used in the lower parts of the country, where there are few stones:) upon which account the governor, upon their return, presented each of his companions with a golden horse shoe, (some of which I have seen studded with valuable stones, resembling heads of nails) with this inscription on the one side: *sic juvat transcendere montes:* and on the other is written, *the tramontane order.*

'This he instituted to encourage gentlemen to venture back and make discoveries and new settlements; any gentleman being entitled to wear this golden shoe who can prove his having drunk his majesty's health upon Mount George.' p. 14.

These facts, the accuracy of which we have no reason to doubt, are very curious. One hundred years ago, the region that we inhabit was unknown, and inaccessible to the inhabitants of Virginia. Governor Spotswood 'undertook the great discovery of the passage of the mountains,' in a spirit of enterprise similar to that which prompted the ardent genius of Columbus. We can imagine the parade, the preparation, the pomp and circumstance, which must have preceded and attended this novel enterprise. The colonial governor was no doubt arrayed in all

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the imposing insignia of vice-royalty. A body of pioneers preceded his march, guards surrounded his person, and a long train of packhorses carried tents and provisions. The chivalry of Virginia pressed forward with a noble emulation, to share in the dangerous adventure. They had long looked towards the blue summits of the distant mountains with intense curiosity, and had perhaps ventured singly, or in small parties to the bases of these rocky acclivities, which seemed to present an impassable barrier against the advance of civilized man. Now they came prepared to scale the ramparts of the mountains, to discover new lands, and to extend the empire of their king into unknown regions. 'With abundant fatigue,' they reached the summit of one of these ridges, until then deemed inaccessible, and looked back in admiration upon the broad plains and wooded valleys of the *ancient dominion.* But we do not learn that they obtained a glimpse of the fertile west. They little dreamed of the breadth, the length, and the resources, of the great valley whose verge they had almost reached, nor imagined that a region lay beyond them, which in extent, beauty, and magnificence far exceeded the territories which had previously been subdued at such vast expenditure of life and wealth, by our ancestors. They were perhaps not even aware that the French were even then building forts and villages, cultivating the grape, and playing the fiddle upon the borders of the Mississippi. Still less could they foresee the changes which a century would produce: that great states would grow up beyond these mountains, upon which with so much triumph they drank his majesty's health—that stages and pleasure carriages would be rapidly whirled over those Alpine deserts—and that fashionable parties would resort in crowds to watering places in the romantic valleys of the Allegheny chain.

We should be glad to know whether any memorials of this event, have been preserved in the archives of the ancient families of Virginia, whether any of the gentry of that land claim to be descended from knights of the Golden Horse Shoe, and whether any of those honorable testimonials of early adventure—for honorable they certainly were—are still in existence.

While on this subject we will record a tradition which was related to us some years ago, by a very intelligent Kentuckian. It is said, that shortly after the discovery of Kentucky, a large and wealthy company was formed in England, for the purpose of purchasing a very considerable extent of territory, and settling a colony, in that country. Among those who proposed to invest funds in this scheme, was the celebrated Horace Walpole, to whom was committed the task of drawing up the plan

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of the colony, and the charter or constitution by which it was to be governed. It is said that such a document was actually prepared by him, and that the original is in the hands of an individual in Kentucky. The chief town of the settlement was to have been called *Vandalia:* a curious coincidence, and one which goes far to justify the taste of those who, without any knowledge of this fact, have since given that name to the capital of Illinois.

If there is any truth in this statement—and from the source that we derived it, we cannot doubt the correctness of the leading particulars—we should be highly gratified if some friend in Kentucky would undertake to throw further light on it, and especially to procure for us a copy of the document to which we have alluded.

LETTERS FROM CUBA.

NO. III.

Havana, ——.

My Dear Friend,—You have seen by my last, that I do not intend observing any thing like order or method in my unlearned remarks on what has passed before my eyes. And though, to so orderly and methodical a personage as your worship, such a course may not be very pleasing, yet you must be indulgent, and let me have my own way. Just remember that you were once a youth like myself; and do not expect from me that trained arrangement of ideas, and sobered discipline of feeling, which are the product only of years. Allow me, therefore, to take my own devious course, and follow or not, as your pleasure be, wherever the spirit of observation, arm in arm with fancy, may please to lead me.

I was invited the other evening to go to the *plaza de armas*, to listen to the band of a regiment which performs here an hour in the evening, once a week. This is a large public square, in front of the governor's palace. The middle of the space is occupied with a kind of shrubbery or garden, divided into parterres, each railed in and separated by marble walks; and the whole enclosed with a handsome iron fence. Here we walked back and forth awhile, expecting the appearance of the band. Presently the sound of a drum from the barracks, which lie on one side of the square, announced to us that something was stirring, and immediately the great gate opened, and the band issued, attended by a small company of guards, and took

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their station in front of the intendant's palace, which stands on the left of the governor's, and at right angles with it. The guards were posted around the musicians to keep off the populace, and all was still in expectation. The music struck up; I was both surprised and delighted. It was not a common martial air, but a delicate and difficult piece of Mozart, or some one of the great amateurs. The instruments were many and various, and harmonized skilfully and with great effect. All the performances were of the same technical character, so to speak, and were executed with equal accuracy and grace. The notes were lighted by a huge lantern in the shape of a globe, which was suspended over them from a pole. The exhibition lasted for an hour, at the expiration of which, in the midst of an air, the lantern began to move towards the barracks—the musicians followed, playing as they went—the guards closed around them—and the whole procession retired through the gate, pouring out their last strain as it closed behind them.

I have since learned that this band has been pronounced by connoisseurs in music, one of the best in America, second only, indeed, to that of the military institution at West Point, which stood so preeminent while the great Willis inspired its strains.

Among the Spaniards there seems to be a national taste for music. The cavalier of Spain, like the knight of the chivalrous ages, seems to consider his qualifications as a gentleman imperfect, till he has taught his noble fingers to sweep the strings of a guitar. This seems to be his favorite instrument. With this, under the soft skies of Grenada, he soothes the twilight hour; and when the full moon pours down her rich light among the Moorish mosques and palaces, into the silent streets of the capital of 'Spain's paradise,' he wakes his lady-love with the soft notes of the guitar. Oftentimes, when I have been riding on a moonlight evening, in the country, I would stop my horse and sit fixed in silent enchantment, listening to the sweet strains which proceeded from some cottage-door. It is thus, I believe, in almost all countries in the old world, that music is a national art, and every peasant a musician.

Would that it were so in our own country! I believe that many a crime would have been left undone, many a vice checked, and many a virtue cherished, if music had held this universal sway. Many a sorrow too, would have been solaced by its magic power. If the nations of Europe, groaning under the weight of despotism, have more griefs to bear than free and happy Americans, they have also a comforter which has not yet come to us. Behold the German, or the Italian, or the Span-

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iard, after a hard day spent in almost unrequited toil, reposing under the 'sunset tree,' with his little family collected about him; and at the sound of his guitar, forgetting all his toils and troubles, he sings; and all raise their little voices in concert:

'Sweet is the hour of rest,
Pleasant the wood's low sigh;
And the gleaming of the west,
And the turf whereon we lie:
When the burthen and the heat
Of labor's task are o'er;
And kindly voices greet
The tired one at his door.

'Oh! tuneful is the sound
That dwells in whispering boughs;
Welcome the freshness round,
And the gale that fans our brows.
But rest more sweet and still
Than ever nightfall gave,
Our yearning hearts shall fill,
In the world beyond the grave.'

Thus passes an hour of pure and unalloyed happiness. But the effects of that hour do not pass away with it: the vibrations of the heart's inmost chords, which that strain has awakened, do not cease with the sound; the pure and holy feelings thus aroused do not at once sleep again. His soul has been touched with the fire of heaven—and he is a better man.

Look now at the American! He comes home from his work tired and hungry, and calls for his supper. As soon as his ample meal is ended, and he finds himself somewhat rested, he takes his hat, and leaving his wife to employ herself in washing the dishes, mending the children's clothes, &c. and enjoy her own company, as she best may, sets off for the village tavern. There finding enough more like himself, he enters into a debate on the subject of religion or politics, discusses the merits of his various political servants, Adams, Jackson, or Clay, (for each American is lord and sovereign, you know); every now and then by the way, very undignifiedly drinking to their health and good service. Then words grow high, and oaths are brought in to strengthen the cause, and drams taken to rouse the spirit. Thus hour passes after hour, till the company are reminded it is time to break up; then the wretches stagger home to wring with anguish the hearts of their miserable wives.

Such are the different pictures which, drawn from reading and observation together, present themselves to my mind: whether or not they are just portraits, I am ready to leave it to yourself, or any other judicious and candid observer of manners, to decide. And to what is this great difference owing? It may be,

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I doubt not that it is, to be ascribed in some measure to the difference of climate. The American (by this term, here, I mean, of course, the citizen of the United States) is for the most part, debarred by the rigor of the climate, from those outdoor pleasures which are so much enjoyed by the inhabitant of milder latitudes; and is compelled to seek a compensation for them in more artificial recreations within: a circumstance which, I believe, is an important agent in cherishing the great evil of our country, intemperance. But if the people generally were possessed of a knowledge and love of music, and were skilled in performance on some musical instrument, many an hour which now hangs heavy on their hands, and is passed in petulant listlessness, or dissipated in riot and debauch, would be spent in not only innocent, but elevating enjoyment.

Intemperance is an evil unknown in Cuba. It would be a curiosity to see a Spaniard in a state of intoxication.

They have, indeed, vices enough: but this, the lowest, the most degrading—nay the source of all other vices, is a curse they are free from. Of gaming, debauchery, crime, there is enough; these do but lower the man; intemperance tears off humanity, and degrades the image of God to the semblance of a beast.

They, who, in a succession of ages, built up the curious and stupendous fabric of the Catholic church, displayed their skill and knowledge of human nature, in so dexterously interweaving throughout its texture the delicate material of music; they knew that it would not only adorn, but give strength and durability to the edifice. Of all the fine arts, it seems to me, that music alone is appreciated and felt equally by all classes. Poetry, painting, sculpture, present few charms to the vulgar eye, interest little the uncultivated taste; but music is nature's voice, and is heard alike by all her children—the learned and the ignorant—the civilized and the savage—the old and the young; and indeed its influence ceases only with the animate creation: nay, if poetry speak truth, the very rocks and stones are subject to its magic power. The cause evidently is, that while the other arts address themselves chiefly to the understanding, music alone touches the chords of feeling; and feeling, thank God, is no less the possession of the lowly than the high; belongs alike to the wise and the simple.

It was by this magic wand, especially, I believe, that the priests swayed with such absolute power the minds of men in the dark ages. And even in this enlightened day, when reason holds such acknowledged supremacy over feeling (ay, and has exercised its power so rigorously as almost to extinguish the

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pure flame of sentiment, losing at the same time the bright light that radiates from it,) even now, it is impossible to witness the imposing ceremonies of the Catholic church in their fulness, without emotion. This effect, however, is hardly produced, unless they are accompanied by music, which softens the soul for the impression.

The funeral ceremonies are, as they should be, especially touching. I was much affected at witnessing a funeral which I attended here a short time since, in the country. I think you will be interested with a particular description of it, as it will serve to display, in some degree, the manners of the people, as well as the forms of the church.

I had been spending a few weeks with an American gentleman who owns a plantation about forty miles from the Havana, when one day my host informed me, that a neighboring planter had lost a son, and asked me to accompany him to the funeral. I readily acceded to the proposal. On reaching the house, we found several gentlemen assembled, and awaiting the arrival of the priest from the neighboring village. In the mean time we visited the apartment where lay the deceased. He was a boy of about fifteen years—a noble boy; and his death a loss not to be supplied, and hardly to be borne. The body lay in an open coffin, dressed in full, and seemingly with studious care. With that feeling attention, which we love to pay even the senseless relics of a departed friend, his choicest apparel had been selected, and fitted about him with the nicest care, as if he were arraying for the brilliancy of the ball-room, rather than to go down to the cold, dark, viewless grave. I know not why, but I confess the idea did not strike me pleasantly; it did not appear to me in elevated taste. The fingers were clasped over the breast, and holding a bunch of flowers, as emblematic of the simple purity of youth: a delicate thought. Tapers were burning around the coffin; and an attendant fanned away from those lifeless features, the insects that could not harm them. And why all this? asks the utilitarian—that sordid creation of the present day, whose purse is his only measure of utility. (This utilitarianism, by the way, will be the ruin of the age.)

As soon as the priest arrived, he directed the coffin to be closed, though not fastened, as the lid was to be removed again; and preparations were made to bear the corpse away. Then was it touching to witness the tears of the black domestics, as they hung around the coffin, and took their last look at their young master, as the body was borne to the carriage. On arriving at the village church, the coffin was deposited upon a kind of altar, in the middle of the church, covered with mourn-

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ing cloth, and supported upon cushions. The lid was then removed so far as to expose the face. The tall wax tapers were then lighted around it, and it was left to rest in the solemnity of the holy place.

Presently the bells began to toll forth their solemn peal, and the curate appeared, attended by two subordinate priests, clothed in the robes of their sacred office. Then arose that wild, melancholy chanting, which the Catholic priests pour forth with a kind of technical power, and which, of all the music I ever heard, is the most touchingly plaintive. For nearly an hour the pensive strain sunk and swelled, fell and rose again, till my heart melted within me. I durst not trust my eyes towards the coffin; once I did so, and the sight of that placid face reposing still and motionless, while those sad strains played around and floated over it, was enough to break open the bursting fountain, and I felt the tears stealing into my eyes. At length, the priest advancing moved slowly round the altar, on which the coffin rested, singing the while; then stopped, and taking from an attendant boy a vessel of holy water, sprinkled the pile; then moved again once round—then stopped, and receiving a censer, swung the reeking vessel thrice towards the altar, muttering Latin all the while. Thus ended the ceremony.

The body was then borne to the burial-ground. As soon as it was lowered into the grave, each of the company dropped a clod upon the coffin—the earth was shuffled in, and trodden down; and all departed leaving clay with clay—dust with dust. The party returned gaily to the house, and the remainder of the day, according to custom, was spent in feasting and merriment; and memory was drowned in the wine cup. I alone could not, wished not, to forget. I left the gay crowd, and went away to muse. O.

TO A DARK-HAIRED LADY.

The morning ne'er, in light arrayed,
Was half so fair, as that fair maid,
Whose tresses shroud her form of snow,
Like some dark cloud on morning's brow.

A coronet they, rich raven tresses,
For love's display of lovelinesses;
An ivory neck, a form of snow,
And smiles to deck fair morning's brow. B.

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LA SALLE'S LAST EXPEDITION.

In father Hennepin's 'Continuation of the New Discovery of a Vast Country in America,' is a detailed account of *M. de la Salle's* last expedition of discovery into the valley of the Mississippi. This expedition does not appear to have been connected with any permanent settlement of the country, but with the delusive objects which at that day occupied so large a share of public attention.

An outline of that enterprise must, at this day, be interesting to the inhabitants of a country which has been so recently reclaimed from the wildness in which the French adventurers found it; and nowhere with more propriety can it be presented than in the pages of a work, one of whose objects is the preservation of the early history and adventure of the west.

Father Hennepin's work, is, in the main, considered good authority, though the love of the marvellous and a desire to magnify, are sometimes perceptible. There is, however, a vein of good intention throughout the book, which induces us to believe, that a careful separation of the romantic and the probable, the supposititious and the real, will leave a pretty faithful account of the scenes and events of the expedition. The author's judgment appears to have been good when not swayed by wonder, which, without injustice to him, we may suppose was not seldom.

The grand object of this undertaking, is expressed by Hennepin in the following paragraph; though from frequent passages in the book, we are led to believe that La Salle had a view to the mines of Mexico.

'Our design was to endeavor to find out, if possible, a passage from the Northern to the South sea, without crossing the Line, which a great many have hitherto sought in vain. The river *Meschasipi* does not indeed run that way; but, however, *M. de la Salle* was in hopes to discover, by means of the *Meschasipi* some other river running into the south; and knowing his courage and ability, I don't question but he would have succeeded, had God been pleased to preserve his life. As that unfortunate gentleman was about it, he was murther'd; and if the divine providence has spared me, 'tis it seems, that I may acquaint the world with a short way to go to *China* and *Japan*, which I hope may be done by means of my discoveries.'

For the accomplishment of this object, to us so visionary, La Salle designed to discover the mouth of the Mississippi by sea, and after erecting a fort at that spot as a magazine and a place of retreat in the event of misfortune, to proceed up the river

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on the voyage of discovery. His proposition was laid before the French king's council, was approved, and he was invested with all necessary authority, and supplied with ships, men, and money. Having obtained seven Catholic priests as missionaries, and been joined by as many young gentlemen as volunteers, besides other friends, a small fleet of two ships, a fly boat, and a ketch was fitted out in the harbor of Rochelle. He was then joined by ten families for the settlement of a colony. His preparations finished, the fleet sailed from Rochelle on the 24th of July, 1684, and after being once obliged to put back, suffering much from bad weather during the voyage, and being separated, they all arrived safely at different ports in the island of St. Domingo. Here the ketch, in attempting to gain the rendezvous of the fleet, was captured by a Spanish cruiser.

At this island, the adventurers were visited by a distemper of a malignant character; many died, and many were disabled for life. At length, however, he left the island on the 25th of November, 1684, his squadron well stocked for the settlement of the intended colony.

New difficulties, resulting from incorrect information, and from ignorance of the gulf of Mexico, were presented; and it was not until the 18th of February, 1685, that the fleet was collected in a bay named St. Louis, which was supposed to be the eastern estuary of the Mississippi.

After erecting a fort, and taking the first steps towards the permanent settlement of the colony, notwithstanding the encroachments of the neighboring savages, La Salle found, that the bay in which he first anchored was not the mouth of the Mississippi, and he started with a few men with the object of discovering it. On the 13th of February, 1686, about a year after the landing at the bay of St. Louis, he came to what he thought the mouth of the Mississippi, and having fortified a post on its bank, returned to his fort, 'charmed with his discovery.' Here he heard of the total loss of one of his ships, with all her stores and nearly all her men. Our historian here remarks, '*M. de la Salle* was a man of extraordinary courage and unparalleled constancy; yet 'tis likely he would have sunk underneath this misfortune had not God assisted him in an extraordinary manner.'

This untoward event so disheartened La Salle that he determined to return to Europe, and having now no means of accomplishing his object by sea, he set out on the 22d of April, 1686, for Canada, with about twenty men, directing his course to the northeast, with the hopes of striking the Mississippi. 'After three days march,' says Hennepin, 'they discov-

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ered the finest champaign country in the world, and were met by a great many men on horseback, with boots, spurs, and saddles. This nation invited them to come to their habitations, but M. *de la Salle* having taken some information from them concerning his way, thanked them for their kindness, and would not accept of their offers. The reader may judge, that all this was transacted by signs, for they did not understand one another. Their equipage showeth they had commerce with the Spaniards.'

Having marched two days through vast meadows, they met with a river 'broader and deeper than the Seine before Paris, its banks being adorned with great trees, so well disposed by nature, that they seemed as many walks artificially planted. One side of the river is covered with woods, and the other is a continued meadow. The country between this river and another they met few days after, is full of trees bearing all sorts of fruit, especially of mulberry trees, but the vines are so common that the whole seems a vineyard, and the highest trees are covered with them.' A trifling occurrence gave a name to the last river. 'They called it *Hiens*, because one of them, a German by birth, stuck so fast in the mud that they had much ado to get him off!'

Several days after, they found a country which 'may be called the paradise of the world, inhabited by a numerous nation, who received them with all imaginable marks of friendship and kindness; their women embraced them cheerfully, and caused them to sit upon some fine mats, near their captains, who presented them their calumet of peace, adorned with feathers of several colors, and wherein they desired them to smoke. They presented them afterwards with a dish of *sagamittee*, which is a kind of pap made of the root of a shrub called *tique* or *toquo*, which looks like a briar without thorns: its root is very big, and having washed it and dried it by the sun, they pound it in a mortar. These honest savages presented them with some skins of wild oxen finely drest, and good for shoes. They continued some days among that nation, which time La Salle improved to give them some idea of the grandeur and power of the king his master, whom he represented higher and greater than the sun. These people understood something of it by his signs, and were struck with wonderful admiration.'

'That nation is called *Biskatronge*, but the Europeans called them the *Weeping*, and their river the river of *Tears*, because when they arrived there, those savages wept for about a quarter of an hour. They receive so all strangers, whom they think to come from remote countries, because this puts them in mind of their deceased relations, whom they think upon a long journey,

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and whose return they expect. That honest people gave La Salle some guides, and supplied his men with whatever they wanted, and crossed them over their rivers in their pyrogues.'

From the absence of sufficient description, and from the name Hennepin has given these people, we are at a loss to conjecture who they are and where they were met with. Their conduct, however, furnishes additional evidence that the savages of North America were, at first, amicably disposed towards the whites, and that all their hostility is the result of injury and aggression. We cannot, in looking back on the unsophisticated state of the Indian tribes, at their first meeting with Europeans; their amiable and inoffensive deportment; their anxiety to render their rude, but native and genuine hospitality; and see them now, degraded and fallen; fierce and revengeful against their destroyers; driven from the graves of their sires, before the self-styled *civilized* conquerors of the soil—without heaving a sigh for the degenerateness of a people, who with the impress of true 'nature's noblemen,' have sunk to the degree of nature's vagrants. As every thing bearing on this point must be more or less interesting at this time, we need not apologize for the introduction of the following paragraph.

'They were met by another band of savages, who had ears of Indian corn in their hands; they embraced La Salle according to their way, and invited him by signs to go to their village, which he consented to. They made him understand, that there was a nation to the westward who destroyed all other men; and by the description they made, he judged they meant the Spaniards of New Mexico, with whom this nation was at war. The people of the village having noticed the arrival of La Salle, all flocked about him, expressing their joy, by signs and other gestures, and making him understand that he would oblige them if he would remain with them, to assist them against their enemies. This La Salle would not agree to, and when he left the place, the savages carried him and all his men over their river in their pyrogues. This nation is called *Kirononas*.'

Proceeding onward, in an easterly direction, they, several days afterwards, came to a broad and rapid river, which by means of rafts, they crossed in safety. It is possible this was the Mississippi, as one of the rafts was constructed of cane, which is very luxuriant on its banks. After crossing the river, 'having refreshed themselves, they continued their march eastward, travelling through a most delicious country, where they found savages who had nothing barbarous but their name. They met one of them who came from shooting, with his wife and family; he presented La Salle with a horse and some flesh, de-

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siring him by signs to go along with him to his habitation, and lest he should have any suspicion, he left his wife and family with him, and went to his village, where he was accompanied by two men of the party. They returned two days after, with two horses loaded with provisions, and acquainted their master with the civility of that people, who sent their chief commanders and young warriors to compliment them. They were handsomely covered with dressed skins, adorned with feathers of different colors. La Salle thought fit to advance, and within three leagues of the village he met the savages, who presented them their calumet of peace in great ceremony. They conducted them in great triumph to the cabin of their general, where a great number of people came to see them. La Salle observed that the young warriors mounted guard, and were relieved by turns. The great civility of that people obliged La Salle to leave the village, and encamp about two miles off, for having observed the women were exceeding kind to them, and pretty handsome, he was afraid his men would be debauched, which might have been of a fatal consequence.'

Our worthy author's love of the marvellous is quite evident, when he remarks of this village, that it 'is about twenty leagues long, not in a continued street, but because the hamlets are so near one another, that the whole looks as if it were but one.' We can more readily credit him in what follows, as something of the same kind is now in existence among the Mandans of the upper Missouri.

'Their cabins are extraordinary fine, of about fifty feet long, and built as bee-hives. They plant trees roundabout, whose branches join over their cabins, and which they tie together. Their beds are placed roundabout their cabins, four foot higher than the floor; and they make their fire in the middle. Each cabin is for two families. They found among them several things which they must have had from the Spaniards, as some pieces of eight, silver spoons, lace, clothes, and horses. They had, also, a bull of the pope, exempting the Spaniards of New Mexico from fasting in summer-time. How they came by it, La Salle could never understand.'

'There were at that time, some ambassadors of the *Choumans* at the village of the *Cenis*, who paid a visit to La Salle, and at their coming in, made the sign of the cross, and kneeling down, kissed father *Anastase's* gown, lifting up their hands to heaven, and giving them to understand, that men clothed with like habits taught their neighbors. They made such signs, as convinced the French that they had been at mass; and one of them, drew with a coal, a tall woman weeping at the foot of the cross,

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for the death of her son who was nailed to it. This he must have seen over an altar in the Spanish churches.'

Soon after this, four of La Salle's men deserted; he and another fell sick of a violent fever, and others becoming irresolute, he determined to return to fort Lewis, where they arrived on the 17th of October, 1686.

On the 7th of January, 1687, accompanied by twenty men, he again set out for the Illinois country. It was in this expedition, that La Salle, with three or four more of the party, was murdered. On the 17th of March, his nephew was slain by a blow on the head with a hatchet, and on the 19th, La Salle was shot.

'Thus fell,' says Hennepin, 'the sieur *Robert Cavalier de la Salle*, a man of considerable merit, constant in adversities, fearless, generous, courteous, ingenious, learned, and capable of every thing. He labored for twenty years together, to civilize the savage humors and manners of a great number of barbarous people, among whom he travelled; and had the ill hap to be massacred by his own servants, whom he had enriched. He died in the vigor of his age—in the middle of his course—before he could execute the designs he had formed upon New Mexico!'

The character of La Salle and his services, have not, until recently, been properly estimated by the American people. He was undoubtedly all that the partial affection of father Hennepin described him—a bold, enterprising, intelligent discoverer. Recently, his name has been brought prominently before the public, and his memory will hereafter be cherished with honor, among those of the illustrious founders of our nation. The state of Illinois has commemorated these early voyages, by calling a county lying upon the Illinois river, of which La Salle was the discoverer, by the name of that intrepid traveller; and a town by the name of Hennepin.*

It was at the latter place, that the Illinois militia assembled, previous to the last campaign against the Saukies, for the organization of the army. Little did the philanthropic Hennepin imagine of the changes that this country was so soon destined to undergo; that his own countrymen would lose all the benefits of their arduous voyages of discovery, and be entirely dispossessed of the land; and that the Indians themselves would be driven away by a people not then in existence. D.

* The work by Hennepin, referred to, was published in 1699.

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THE SONG BIRD.

Mother! the bird in yonder bush,
  That fills with songs the happy grove—
Tell him those joyful songs to hush!
  For ah! my nymph has ceased to love.

Tell him to sympathize—for this
  Is music's triumph—music's care;
Persuade him that another's bliss
  Makes bitter misery bitterer.

Then bid him leave the emerald bough,
  Seek *her* abode and warble there;
And—if young love have taught him how,
  Be love's sweet-tongued interpreter.

He thinks his notes are notes of joy,
  That gladness tunes his eager breath;
Oh tell him, mother mine! that I
  Hear in his songs the tones of death.

If spite of all those prayers of thine,
  He still will sing, I'll pray that he
May one day feel these pangs of mine,
  And I—his thoughtless ecstacy.

Then mother mine! persuade the bird
  To charm no more the verdant grove:
Bid him his sweetest music hush,
  For ah! my nymph has ceased to love.

AIO.

REVIEW.

MEN AND MANNERS IN AMERICA. By the author of Cyril Thornton, &c. Philadelphia; Carey, Lea & Blanchard, 1833.

TRANSATLANTIC SKETCHES, &c. By Captain J. E. ALEXANDER, Forty-second Royal Highlanders, F. R. G. S. M. R. A. S., &c. author of Travels in Ava, Persia, &c. Philadelphia; Key & Biddle, 1833.

WHENEVER a volume of British impertinence, more than ordinarily abusive of our country, makes its appearance, the English reviewers fail not to remark how very sensitive we are, and to preach us a lecture upon the folly of being so extremely thin-skinned and easily offended. We are told, that all nations have their peculiarities, and are alike exposed to the misrepresentations of ignorant and insolent travellers. We are admonished, too, that we are particularly given to the sin of national vanity, and unnecessarily touchy and resentful under reproof. These opinions are faithfully copied by some of our own ingenious countrymen, who have so long been in the habit of supposing a piece of linen or of logic, imported from the blessed island, to be, as a matter of course, infinitely superior to any similar home production, as to have lost the faculty of estimating the value of one or the other, by any other means than by the mark which shows its foreign extraction. Enough for them, if it shall have crossed the ocean: 'a saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn.' With the impudence of the British journalist there is a mixture of absurdity, like that of the captious buffoon, who having made you the laughing-stock of a whole company, quarrels with you for not joining in the mirth; but it is perfectly natural that a nest of pirates, who have oppressed and robbed the whole world time out of mind, should fancy they have a right to ridicule and abuse it. The American writer, who censures his countrymen for being *sensitive* on the score of national character, betrays a want of sound moral feeling.

A delicate and jealous regard for reputation, is one of the most certain evidences of moral worth. No man of sterling integrity or genuine feeling is without it. He who

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places no value on his character, is either callous or depraved. He has no incentive to virtuous action, and is restrained from the practice of vice only by fear or self-interest. A nation is made up of a number of individuals, and the peculiar characteristics of the latter become impressed upon the aggregated mass which composes the former. That which is love of reputation in an individual, *is* patriotism in a people; and the one is as laudable as the other. If ridicule mortifies, or slander provokes a man, why should not a community of men experience the same feelings? It will surely not be contended, that the love of country is a less honorable feeling than the love of self. May the day never arrive, when the American people shall cease to be jealous of the honor of their country; when they shall become deaf to the voice of reproach, and shall suffer the slanderer to pass undetected in the perpetration of his mercenary office.

There is a peculiarity, too, in our situation, which renders it necessary that we should expose the misrepresentations of English travellers. Our own literature is in its infancy, and most of our books come from that country. We are repeatedly told by the same class of writers who are preaching to us the virtue of patient submission, that we have *no literature*, and are indebted to British intellect for *all* our thoughts and *all* our knowledge. Surely then it is important to us that the public mind of that nation should be correctly informed—that the fountain head of our knowledge should be pure. If it be true, that our opinions are silently moulded by English books, that our literature is growing out of theirs, and our national peculiarities becoming known to the world through their presses, it is a duty that we owe to them, and to ourselves, to see that they propagate only the truth; or at least, as nearly the truth as the national mendacity of that imaginative people will justify us in expecting.

Why should the American critic be debarred from the exposure of falsehood? Is he to become the wholesale eulogist of the prolific outpourings of the press? Must he be silent when he cannot praise, and voluble only in the reiteration of imported fallacies, or sickly home-made common-places? Such is not the office of the critic. If there be any reality in criticism—if its duties are to be performed with honest ability and zeal—it must exert a restraining, an invigorating, and a salutary influence on literature, by holding up to public ridicule and contempt every species of falsehood and imposture. It matters not in what shape, nor under whose auspicies, a lie is thrown into circulation; nor is it important whether it be the result of ignorance, stupidity, carelessness, or malice; the duty of the reviewer is the same under all circumstances. The fact, that the author of a pernicious book is a foreigner, or that he is a near neighbor, should neither disarm the critic, nor provoke his hostility. The truth should be told without respect to persons.

Nor are we aware that we have ever shown, in relation to the misrepresentations of foreign writers, any degree of sensitiveness more than was natural and proper, or greater than any other people would have evinced under similar circumstances. We deny that the American people, or American writers, have been captious, or impatient under reproof. We submitted for years to reproach, sarcasm, and falsehood, in their writers, just as our government bore their impressment of our seamen, and their instigation of the savages to ravage our borders—with a meekness which gained for us the derision of the civilized world, while it conciliated no favor from the mercenary oppressor. We *fought* for the honor of our flag, and national rights; and never was war crowned with a more triumphant issue. The proud enemy conceded to arms that which she had denied to persuasion, to argument, to embassies and negotiations. In plain English, she was forced to do right. So must we *fight* for our national character. We have learned that the British cannot be coaxed, but may be flogged into civility; that they heap insult upon insult, and add one injury to another, so long as the injured party chooses to submit; but that they are most philosophically open to that kind of conviction, which is proclaimed at the cannon's mouth. Physically we have met them, repelled their attempted aggressions, and placed ourselves upon an equality with them, which they neither deny, nor dare attempt to subvert. Why not assert, and achieve the same moral equality? Why not hold them responsible at the bar of public opinion, for their breaches of confidence, their violations of the rights of hospitality, their falsehoods, and their ingratitude for kindness extended to them? Why not expose and lash them, until the contempt and derision of the reading world should force them to respect the ordinary rules of truth, courtesy, and decorum? And this can easily be done. If American writers, instead of twaddling about kindred blood, and mutual

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forbearance, would systematically expose every British impostor who attempts to misrepresent our country to his own—if we would cease to court, invite and entertain the renegado foreigners who feast at our tables and then abuse us—if we would encourage a vigorous literature of our own—the British tourist would soon be rendered so contemptible, that few would covet the name.

But we are told that we are sensitive. Is it not natural that we should be so? Laying aside the injuries that preceded the revolution and the late war, there are existing causes of jealousy, which render the American and British nations watchful of each other. It will always be so. Britain and America, standing first as commercial nations and naval powers, speaking the same language, rivals in almost every thing, will ever stand in jealous emulation of each other. We cannot be indifferent as to what is said of us by them; nor are they—proudly and contemptuously as they assert themselves to be so—callous in regard to the opinions we may entertain of them. The nobles and dandies who have very vague notions as to the part of the world in which we live, and the poor who have enough to do to get something to eat, may know nor care nothing about us; but the reading part of the nation are curious about our opinions. It cannot be otherwise; a proper sentiment of self-respect, must lead patriots and men of letters on either side of the water, to desire to be correctly understood and estimated. Moore, after having been seduced by a paltry ministerial bribe, into the meanness of lampooning a people, who had received him with an enthusiasm of admiration due to his poetic genius, and entertained him with a hospitality as lavish as it was sincere, discovered that his melodies were sung over all this continent, and that there were millions of hearts and minds here, capable of feeling all that he felt and wrote. Mr. Moore saw that it would conduce to his fame and interest to be popular in America, and he accordingly took pains to have it understood, that he retracted all he had said about us. Lord Byron wrote respectfully of America for the same reasons; and Scott, who was a gentleman and a christian in his feelings and opinions, was gratified to know that his works were read from the Atlantic to the Mississippi.

We could give many reasons why *we ought* to cherish the sensitiveness with which we are charged. And not the least important is, that there seems to be *a system* in the detraction of English tourists. They repeat the oft-repeated slanders of each other with an indomitable perseverance of impudent assurance, which can only be the result of an arranged plan of detraction. They lie by rule. Whether it be that the government is most ready to give pensions for particular falsehoods, that the English people swallow certain lies with more avidity than others, or that the most of these books, being written in garrets in London by persons who have never travelled except from one spunging-house to another, are mere compilations—the fact is as we have stated. Notwithstanding all the changes which have taken place in our country during the last fifty years, the same stale inventions are still stuffed into all their books of travels. An instance occurs to us at this moment, in relation to the word 'help.' An English traveller, some two or three generations past, asserted that we called our servants 'helps,' and every successive traveller repeats the statement, although we venture to assert that no traveller, nor any other person, ever heard the word so used, until perhaps very recently in some parts of New England. We have never heard this phraseology anywhere; and we doubt whether it ever was used, unless indeed very lately, and since it has been caught from English writers. Yet captain Alexander, who entered the United States by the Mississippi, and had seen no other than the states of Mississippi and Louisiana, while ascending that river, uses the expression 'servants, or helps, as they are here called'—an epithet which he certainly never heard in a slaveholding state, and which therefore, as far as respects his own experience, is untrue. This is an example, an unimportant, but a striking one, of lying according to precedent. Mr. Hamilton publishes another. Twenty years ago the London Quarterly said, 'a dirk is the constant companion of every gentleman in Illinois.' Mr. Hamilton, in copying this statement, has thought proper to enlarge it thus: 'the whole population of the southern and western states are uniformly armed with daggers.'

Heretofore we have been told that we ought not to show any sensitiveness on this subject, because English travellers were a pack of knaves and blockheads, too incorrigibly ignorant, and wretchedly vulgar, to deserve the notice of a critic or a country. But this remark will not hold good now, since we have had the hon. Frederick Fitzgerald Roos, captain Hall, Mr. Stuart, Mr. Hamilton (we beg pardon for not giving

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him his military title, not knowing exactly what it is) and captain Alexander. All these purport to be gentlemen and men of education; all but one are officers in the army or navy—one of them is the author of Cyril Thornton, &c. another is an F. R. G. S. and an M. R. A. S. and author of travels in Ava, Persia, &c. and a third has written voyages to Loo Choo, South America, &c. They are men whose opinions deserve respect at home and animadversion abroad. Yet their remarks are not a whit more true, nor, with the exception of Mr. Stuart, more gentlemanly, than those of the disappointed radicals, the Birmingham clerks, or the travelling milliners who preceded them. Hall, Hamilton and Alexander brought letters of introduction, which afforded them access into good company, and experienced kindness and hospitality, which they have repaid with rudeness, sarcasm and misrepresentation.

Passing all these things in review, it seems to us, marvellous—it is a phenomenon in literature, that out of a long list of travellers from the same country, of different conditions, sexes, and attainments, nearly all should adopt the same tone and language, repeat the same opinions, and adopt the same untruths—that with the works of their predecessors before them, so few of them should have attempted to correct the misstatements of which we complain—that they should arrogantly persist in the hopeless endeavor to describe a wide territory, a scattered population, and a set of institutions perfectly novel to them, from personal observation merely, without seeking aid from the mass of statistics, documents and books, to be found in our public offices and libraries—and that Great Britain should remain to this day totally ignorant of the actual state of a country so interesting to her as the United States. Are they so incorrigibly stupid as to be incapable of distinguishing between truth and falsehood, or does an Englishman naturally prefer a lie?

Another suggestion is worthy of some consideration. We derive nearly all our knowledge of modern Africa and Asia, from the books of British travellers. We know little of Russia, of Persia, of the Ottoman empire, of Palestine, of the interior of Africa, except from the writers of that nation. Their attempts to discover the northwest passage have produced many volumes; they have penetrated every part of South America, and visited the countless islands of the ocean. The statements of these writers have been worked up by industrious bookmakers into an endless variety of compilations; they have been manufactured into geographies and histories; they have been introduced into school-books; they have furnished the plots of novels, and in short, they pervade the literature of the language. But what assurance have we that any of these travellers have told the truth; or from what evidence can we decide as to the proportion of them that may be trusted? Judging by the ignorance, stupidity, and want of honor, displayed by English travellers in America, what confidence shall we place in their accuracy when describing other lands? Let us imagine for a moment, that an English bookmaker, with access to no other books than those of their own travellers, should sit down to write an account of America: what a book it would be! Now a vast proportion of what is known of every nation in Europe, Asia, and Africa, not blessed with a literature of its own, comes to us through a source thus liable to suspicion. It is gathered by the enterprise of British travellers, and thrown into circulation by British presses. We know of a truth that not the slightest confidence is to be placed in the statements of colonel Hamilton, (we suppose he must be a colonel from his being a little more insolent than any major or captain that has visited us,) captain Hall or Mr. Stuart; and if we cannot trust the colonels, captains and esquires who explore our own land, why should we believe the esquires, captains and colonels who are sailing over all the rest of the world?

The truth is, that the British government exercises a controlling influence over the literature of that country, and has impressed upon it the same profligate disregard of principle which distinguishes the policy of their cabinet. If it does not, like some of the absolute governments, exert a direct censorship, it wields a more tremendous power, in silently corrupting by base bribes, the whole corps of authors. In Great Britain, money will purchase any thing; they have few writers whose consciences stand above the temptation of a bribe. Almost all the travels which are published in England, have been written with direct reference to some policy of the government. Her intrigues are now extended into every quarter of the world; and the ministry are very careful that every country in regard to which they have any point to carry, shall be visited by some myrmidon of their own—by some toad-eating captain of the army or

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navy, who has been trained to the art of eaves-dropping and tattling, and whose conscience, like his time, is at the command of his superiors—some sensitive philanthropist, who can be perfectly horrified at the idea of eating at the same table with his own European servant, while he can rant in good set terms against those who debar him from the exquisite enjoyment of dining with a negro, or pressing the soft hand of a sable belle.

There can be no doubt that most of the British travellers in America, have been hired agents of the government—depraved men, whom a long career of subserviency had rendered callous to every principle of honor, and every feeling of gentlemanly pride. The emigration from Great Britain to America has recently increased, and is now bringing over a large number of the middle class—the only class whose removal would be a loss to one country, or a gain to the other. This is the class that feeds the poor and supports the idle; whose labors furnish pay for sinecurists, pensions for younger sons, tythes for the clergy, revenues for the gentry and nobility, and support for all who are prevented by laziness or gentle blood from supporting themselves. It is to prevent the removal of this valuable portion of their population, that this new effort has been made by the ministry. While therefore we might smile with contempt at the flippant ribaldry of Basil Hall, and the 'author of Cyril Thornton,' or the drunken reveries of Mrs. Trollope, taken singly, they become of more importance when regarded as parts of a stupendous plan of national detraction, in which the authors are the poor tools of a craven ministry who slander by proxy, and endeavor to strike through others the blow which they dare not avow as coming from themselves.

The two books before us are written by British officers, and are made up of wilful and deliberate falsehoods—of misrepresentations such as could not result from mistake or inadvertence. They are intentional and wicked fabrications, and corrupt perversions of the truth, written in an abusive spirit of calumny, which must stamp a character of no enviable notoriety upon their authors. Upon Mr. Hamilton's book especially, we look more in sorrow than in anger. Cyril Thornton had been read with delight throughout the United States, and had acquired for its author a permanent reputation. His name was connected in our minds with many agreeable associations. There was about that work a tone of scholarship, and gentlemanly spirit, with a vein of amiable feeling, which combined to win the regard and confidence of the reader. Mr. Hamilton was as well known as a writer in this country as in Great Britain, and was everywhere received with a marked attention, with public honors and social kindnesses, the voluntary homage of a people to acknowledged genius and literary celebrity, which his appearance would not have elicited in a tour through his own country. A gentleman whose principles were sound, and whose heart was in the right place, would have felt himself flattered by this spontaneous tribute of approbation, and would have considered himself, at least bound in honor, to render justice to the character of those who had rendered such ample justice to him; he would have been disposed to reciprocate kindness, and not repay hospitality with reproach and sarcasm. Yet a more atrocious libel upon a people, a viler fabrication of improbable falsehood, a more malicious tissue of rancorous hatred, has never been written than the production of this mercenary British soldier. We shall quote a few passages in proof of this assertion.

'The aspect and bearing of the citizens of New York, are certainly very distinguishable from any thing ever seen in Great Britain. They are generally slender in person, somewhat slouching in gait, and without that openness of countenance and erectness of deportment to which an English eye has been accustomed. Their utterance, too, is marked by a peculiar modulation, partaking of a snivel and a drawl, which, I confess, to my ear, is by no means laudable on the score of euphony.' p. 15.

The colonel was fortunate enough to find out the origin of the phrase 'go the whole hog,' and certainly deserves a medal for the discovery.

'The expression, I am told, is of Virginian origin. In that state, when a butcher kills a pig, it is usual to demand of each customer whether he will 'go the whole hog,' &c. p. 18.

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The following scrap is worthy of special notice.

'One nasty custom however I must notice. Eggs, instead of being eatfrom the shell, are poured into a wineglass, and after being duly and disgustingly churned up with butter and condiment, the mixture, according to its degree of fluidity, is forthwith either spooned into the mouth, or drunk off like a liquid. The advantage gained by this unpleasant process, I do not profess to be qualified to appreciate, but I can speak from experience, to its sedative effect on the appetite of an unpractised beholder.' p. 21.

As there is, doubtless, reason in the eating as well as in the roasting of eggs, we should be glad to learn *why* it is more nasty to eat an egg from a glass, than from the shell: whether the external surface of an eggshell is sweeter to the lip of an Englishman than polished crystal; and how they manage at a British battalion mess, to convey this delicate article to the mouth, without its being 'either spooned into the mouth, or drunk off like a liquid?'

At pages 28 and 29, there is an interesting disquisition on wigs, in which the author of Cyril Thornton very sagely infers, that 'the decencies of life are habitually violated in the very seat of justice,' by our judges, who have not the good manners to cover their skulls with a huge mass of horse hair plastered with pomatum and powder. This is certainly very indecent.

As a specimen of the good breeding of colonel Hamilton, and of his delicate choice of language, we select the following. The colonel intends to say, that the people in America eat faster than in England.

'Around me I beheld the same scene of *gulping* and *swallowing*, as if for a wager, which my observations at breakfast had prepared me to expect. In my own neighborhood there was no conversation. Each individual seemed to *pitchfork his food down his gullet*, without the smallest attention to the wants of his neighbor.'—p. 30.

We take a few passages at random.

'When you enter an American house, either in quality of casual visitor or invited guest, the servant never thinks of ushering you to the company; on the contrary, he immediately disappears, leaving you to explore your way, in a navigation of which you know nothing, or to amuse yourself in the passage by counting the hat-pegs and umbrellas. In a strange house, one cannot take the liberty of bawling for assistance, and the choice only remains of opening the door on speculation, with the imminent risk of intruding on the bed-room of some young lady, or of cutting the gordian knot by escaping through the only one you know any thing about.' p. 64.

'I admit that there is a plainness and even bluntness in American manners, somewhat startling at first to a sophisticated European. Questions are asked with regard to one's habits, family, pursuits, connexions and opinions, which are never put in England, except in a witness-box, after the ceremony of swearing on the four evangelists.' p. 71.

'On the road, and in the hotels, they are assuredly any thing but freemen. Their hours of rest and refection are those dictated by Boniface, the most rigorous and iron-hearted of despots. And surely never was monarch blessed with more patient and obedient subjects! He feeds them in droves like cattle. He rings a bell, and they come like dogs at their master's whistle. He places before them what he thinks proper, and they swallow it without grumbling.' p. 89.

'In America there are no bells, and no chambermaids.' p. 139.

——'toast, not made in the English fashion, but *boiled* in melted butter.' p. 138.

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At Worcester, in Massachusetts, the author arrived during the sitting of a court: the inn was crowded with lawyers and suitors.

'I attempted to discriminate between lawyer and client, but the task was not easy. There was in both the same keen and callous expression of worldly anxiety; the same cold selfishness of look and manner. The scene was altogether not agreeable; many of the company were without shoes, others without cravats, and compared with the same class of people in England they were dirty both in habit and person.' p. 139.

The only comment on the above passage, which is necessary is, that the colonel visited Worcester in the dead of winter, and had travelled, according to his own account, in a violent snow-storm during all the same day, in the evening of which he found the lawyers and their clients without shoes and cravats!!

'Every year must increase the perils of this federal constitution. Like other bubbles, it is at any time liable to burst, and the world will then discover that its external glitter covered nothing but wind.' p. 167.

There are whole pages of such flippant nonsense about our constitution; and yet the author has the impudence to assert, at page 165, that his opinions on this subject were corroborated by 'many of the most eminent Americans in the union.'

The most amusingly characteristic passage in the work, is that relating to the water-works at Philadelphia.

'A dozen times a day I was asked whether I had seen the water-works, and on my answering in the negative, I was told that I positively must visit them; that they were unrivalled in the world; that no people but the Americans could have executed such works, and by implication, that no one but an Englishman, meanly jealous of American superiority, would omit an opportunity of admiring their unrivalled mechanism.'

Now what would a gentleman, travelling to see our country, and actually engaged in writing a book on 'Men and Manners in America,' naturally do on hearing of a great public work, of such *unrivalled mechanism?* Let him speak for himself.

'I had not heard these circumstances repeated above fifty times, ere I began to run restive, and determined not to visit the water-works at all. To this resolution I adhered, in spite of all annoyance, with a pertinacity worthy of a better cause.' p. 181.

'There is at this time nothing in the United States worthy of the name of a library.'

'Not only is there an entire absence of learning, in the higher sense of the term, but an absolute want of the material from which alone learning can be extracted. At present an American might study every book within the limits of the Union, and still be regarded in many parts of Europe—especially in Germany—as a man comparatively ignorant.' p. 196.

How this world is given to lying! In the library of Harvard alone, there are 35,000 volumes, to read all which, would take more than 90 years, supposing the student to gallop through at the rate of one volume a day, which no man could do; but if the student should take a week to each volume, he might get through in the moderate space of about 650 years, if he should live so long!

'Young ladies chant hyms, instead of Irish melodies; and the profane chorus gives place to rythmical doxologies. Grog parties commence with prayer and terminate with benediction. Devout smokers say grace over a segar, and chewers of the Nicotian weed insert a fresh quid with an expression of pious gratitude.' p. 406.

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'One circumstance may be mentioned which is tolerably illustrative of the general habits of the people. In every steam boat there is a *public* comb and hair-brush suspended by a string from the ceiling of the cabin. These utensils are used by the whole body of the passengers, and their description the pen of a Swift could alone adequately describe. There is no tooth-brush, simply, I believe, because the article is entirely unknown to the American toilet.' p. 296.

As the author of Cyril Thornton is a particular man, and does not specially except himself, we suppose he was one of the *whole body* who used the common comb.

Of the passengers in the steam boat in which the author descended the Ohio, he says:

'Truth compels me to say, that any thing so disgusting in human shape, I had never seen. Their morals and their manners were alike detestable.' p. 296.

One of our editors has suggested, that the colonel must have taken a deck passage; and we must say, that if a gentleman chooses to select low company he may certainly find it among a certain class of persons in a steam boat. Mrs. Trollope gave a decided preference to the company of negroes, and declares that she never heard any good singing in the United States, except among the colored folks—at some black tea parties to which she had the happiness of being invited. The colonel has a similar taste, and very carefully records the numerous instances in which he shook hands with negroes. The only good tavern he met with in the United States, was kept by a negro, at Charleston—and there he had—what think you reader mine?—clean table cloths and silver forks! The luxury of silver forks, of which we have heard so much, was found only in the domicil of a negro in a slave state!

Major Hamilton—for upon second thought, or rather, upon a *third* thought, we conclude that this must be his rank, inasmuch as he resembles the *major* part of British travellers, sets himself up not only as a particularly refined gentleman, but as a wit—neither of which characters he was suspected of while among us, for he was not only a remarkably awkward, but a very dull man. He shows his refinement by his propensity for silver forks—by his criticisms on chambermaids and *tavern belles*—by eating as he would have marched at a military funeral, to the time of a dead march—by taking a deck passage in a steam boat, and using a *common comb*—and by preferring the company of negroes to that of white people; while his wit is displayed in repeating the stale sarcasms which have garnished the travels of his predecessors time out of mind. Stuart, poor man, with all his silliness, was honest; but the major's stupid plagiarisms are not enlivened by a single ray of integrity, or warmed by one beam of honorable feeling.

Two facts are worthy of notice with regard to this fastidious gentleman, who writes of men and manners, talks so much of refinement, and finds so much to condemn in American society. We are credibly informed, that during his stay at New York, he was so filthy in his person, and so gross in his manners, as to attract the attention of the gentlemen who boarded at the same hotel with him; and that they actually met and consulted upon the propriety of inviting this *distinguished stranger* to reform his toilet and address, or to refrain from coming to the table. We are also advised, that while at Philadelphia, when dining with the American Philosophical Society, on the occasion mentioned by himself, his health was drank. The British literary major was astounded at this unexpected compliment, and having probably not often witnessed the ceremony of drinking wine in public, was quite at a loss what to do—whether he must make a speech, sing a song, tell a story, or drink a bumper. In this dilemma he betook himself to his military tactics, and practised that evolution which he probably understands best—*a retreat*. Suddenly covering his face with his handkerchief he bawled out that his 'tooth *hacked orribly*,' and rushed out of the room, to the great astonishment of the grave and erudite fellows of the said society, who had thought they had catched a great *lion* for their anniversary, but found to their mortification that a military English author might be a mere jackass.

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A SKETCH.

From the blank-book of a Sexagenarian.

'Come what may, you will never find the happiness you ask; you exact too much from the ideal.'

The prophetess spoke truth; but I had worshipped the ideal too long to heed the admonition; and I turned again to the ever-smiling countenance of Hope, who still urged me onward.

Oh, Hope! fair is thy form to the vision of youth and inexperience. Softly dost thou linger with us in the spring-time of existence. Beautiful are thy pictures of happiness, and sweet are the tones of promise with which thou dost betray us. Lovely, fair, but ever in the dim distance, is the goal of contentment and joy which thou dost point out to us: and we struggle forward, amid strife, and toil, and sorrow—still by thee deceived, and still seduced—until we totter to the brink of the grave, to hear the only truth which thou dost ever utter. It tells of peace—in heaven.

* * * * *

I stood at morning upon the peninsula of Apsheron, and the restless waters of the Caspian were sparkling before me in the sunlight. Noon came and passed; but the promised boon came not. It never came.

'Well, well,' I exclaimed, 'I can die here. The cold waves shall sing my requiem, and their mourning shall outlive my name and the record of my fate.'

'Follow! follow! follow!' said my mysterious guide. 'Follow—to the sunny clime of Italy, or die, a baffled wanderer, here.'

'Have I not followed thee, faithfully and far? Have I not journeyed with thee through many a strange land! The banks of the Euphrates are imprinted with our footsteps, and in the groves of Damascus, and beneath the cedars of Mount Lebanon have we reposed. We have stood in sorrow by the entombed grandeur of Laksor, and in the ever-green valley of Quito, we have loitered in vain. Through climes of eternal snow—through deserts of burning sands—through ocean's calms and storms, with thee have I toiled—with thee I have journeyed—and thou—*thou* hast ever mocked me.———On! deceiver, I will follow thee still!'

* * * * *

Gloriously the moonbeams glittered upon the towering spires of St. Peter's. Softly they shone upon the buildings of the Vatican. Silence reposed upon the bosom of night, and sweet flowers mingled their perfume with the breath of zephyrs.

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Who could have told that, on such a night, the dark angel of destruction was unfurling his banner?

A piercing cry broke the stillness of the hour, and shrieks of 'fire!' resounded wildly through the air. I started from the column against which I had been leaning, and flew towards the part of the city from which the alarum proceeded. Dashing onward, through hurrying men, and terrified women and shrieking children, the broad, bright blaze of the destroying element soon broke upon my sight. It arose from the dwelling of the Signor di Valendi.

'Save her! save her! for the sake of the holy virgin, save my child,' cried a gray-haired man, as I reached the spot. His eyes and hands were raised in agony towards the upper part of the building, as he spoke. Casting a single glance in the direction indicated, I beheld his daughter, leaning, pale, and apparently paralyzed, against the side of one of the windows, at a fearful height from the ground. The fire originated in a back apartment below, and the building was almost entirely enveloped in flame. Below—above—around—all was smoking, blazing and crackling.

A few, urged by feelings of humanity, or the cries of the aged father, made attempts to enter the blazing pile and rescue his daughter; but they were driven back by the flames that began to curl in red wreaths along the flight of stairs that arose from the hall.

My coat and cap were upon the ground in an instant. My eye caught the prostrate form of Carlo, who was crouching and whining before me.

'If I perish, God bless thee, Carlo!' I forgot, in that moment that he was a dog.

I flew into the smoking hall, and bounded up the fiery stairs with the speed and strength of a tiger. I reached the third story, and found myself in a back apartment, without ceiling or roof, amid flame and smoke, and falling brands; while the red rafters threatened destruction from above. I saw a smoking door before me which seemed to lead into an apartment fronting the street. I did not stop to reflect, but rushing forward, the iron bolt gave way at my touch, and in another instant the object of my search was in my arms. Flying again to the door at which I had entered, I saw a sight that chilled my heart to the very core. Large pieces of timber had fallen upon the staircase, and were blazing, and crackling, and sending up, and around, hot flames—hot as the flames of hell.

'God of heaven! do not forsake me, now,' I exclaimed, as I pressed my unconscious burden closer to my heart. At that

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instant I saw a flight of stairs that led to an upper apartment, from the room in which I then stood. I remember that I passed up those stairs, forced my way through a skylight, and found myself upon that part of the roof which looked upon the street. The flames were curling over the cone. Large flakes of fire were falling around me. I saw the roof of an adjoining building which the destructive element had not reached. I rushed towards it along the very verge of the eaves, and found that a chasm several feet wide separated the two houses. Ah! it was no time to despair—no time to doubt. I made the leap. I reached the roof, and fell, and rolled with my senseless burden to the very verge—over—but I grasped with one hand an iron rod that passed along the eaves—and I knew that I had saved the old man's child. Ay—I saw that I grasped her wrist with my right hand. I saw that my fingers were buried in the flesh. And I knew she was safe!

I looked down upon the silent crowd. The light of the flames shone full upon them. They spoke not—they moved not—but with pale cheeks and parted lips, they stood, statue-like, gazing up at me, as I hung suspended from the roof.

'A ladder!' I exclaimed, in a voice which I did not recognize as my own. The words had an electric effect. The whole mass below appeared to be in agitation. Another moment, and a ladder was raised against the wall. I felt my feet upon one of the rounds. Releasing my hold of the rod, I began to descend. My frame seemed to be of iron. Not a muscle shook, not a nerve trembled. I reached the ground in safety. I saw the old man clasp his child to his heart. I saw no more—I remember no more of what passed that night. The roaring of a thousand cataracts sounded in my ears, and I staggered, and reeled, and fell.

* * * * *

How long I remained insensible I know not. I awoke as from a dream, and found myself reclining upon a sofa in a gorgeous apartment, which was lighted by a lamp that burned feebly upon a small table near me. I was just awakening from the fever of delirium, and it was some time ere I could collect my wandering senses. The events of the night of the fire, however, soon recurred to my mind; and I remembered all. But I knew not where I was. Looking around the dimly lighted apartment, I saw a female form. She seemed to be gazing on me with a look of the sweetest tenderness. Those features could not be mistaken. I should have known them in eternity. It was the daughter of the Signor di Valendi. A sudden light burst upon my soul. Was my pilgrimage at last ended? Was

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the boon at last found? Would *she* love me? Why would she not? My heart again felt the thrill of the spring-time of youth. My blood ran wildly through my veins. I arose from the couch. I knelt before her. I spoke long and incoherently. I told her all my sorrows, and all my hopes. I was bewildered with the intensity of my own feelings. She did not turn from me. Her face was not averted, and I thought I saw by the flickering light, a deep blush suffusing her cheeks. I thought I saw her white bosom heave with emotion, while a tear seemed to be stealing to her soft blue eyes. I believed she would love me. How could I doubt it. Maddened with ecstacy, I arose from my kneeling posture, and rushing forward, clasped to my heart—PICTURED CANVASS—lifeless—soulless—cold.

Slowly did I unclasp that embrace. Steadily did I gaze for one moment on the portrait before me. I did not faint, nor fall—nor falter. But I laughed—ay, laughed—long—loudly—bitterly.

HOME.

I CANNOT forget thee, for every bright scene
Reminds me of joys and of hopes that have been;
Not a breeze murmurs soft, not a bird in the grove
Warbles fondly and gaily his wild note of love,
Not a beam lights my path as I joylessly roam,
That does not remind me of home—dearest home.

That home! 'twas so beauteous, so pure, and so blest,
And the spirit that ruled it was dearest and best!
There are trees that we planted, that grew with our love,
There are spots that we haunted in each shady grove.
New friends may surround me, new pleasures may come,
But the heart that loves fondly can have but one home.

Ah, now all is joyless and desolate there,
The hearth-stone is cold, and the rose tree is bare,
The jasmine has perished, she trained o'er the door,
And the mock-bird she cherished, sings sweetly no more,
And strange are the hearts and the footsteps that roam,
O'r the Eden deserted, that once was my home. C.

TERRESTRIAL MAGNETISM.

A NEW THEORY OF TERRESTRIAL MAGNETISM. BY SAMUEL L. METCALF, M. D. New York; Carvill; 1833, pp. 175.

THE annunciation of a new theory of terrestrial magnetism cannot fail to attract the particular attention of men of science. This subject has long been an object of peculiar interest with

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philosophers. Many theories have been offered in explanation of the origin, phenomena, and laws of terrestrial magnetism; but all attempts of this kind, have hitherto resulted in little else than vague hypothesis and gratuitous assumption. It is therefore with much pleasure that we notice this 'new theory;' for we do not hesitate to say, that in our humble judgment, the author has gone far beyond all preceding inquirers in elucidating this interesting department of physical science. We would not be understood as intimating that there is entire originality in the author's leading sentiments on this subject: or that his views and arguments, on many of the topics embraced in the discussion, are not decidedly objectionable. On the contrary, some of the most important points in the author's theory, had been previously suggested as detached or insulated observations; and his views and reasoning in relation to the identity of caloric and electricity, are, we think, in the main, unsatisfactory and fallacious. The facts recently brought to light by thermo-magnetism, furnished the author with the cardinal point of his doctrine—namely, that the magnetic polarities of the earth, are the result 'of an unequal distribution of caloric in the lower and higher latitudes.' These remarks are not made with the design of lessening the importance of the author's labors. So far from it, we are inclined to believe that the views and doctrines presented in this work, will be deemed by those most competent to judge, as forming an important epoch in the science of terrestrial magnetism.

The work is divided into two parts. The first part is occupied with a discussion on the identity of caloric, electricity, and magnetism. The author endeavors to show, that these powers are mere modifications of the same agent, and that many of the phenomena, usually ascribed to electricity, depend, in reality, on the agency of caloric. The notion, that these physical agents are radically the same—that they are nothing more than peculiar modes of one and the same pervading fluid, has been frequently expressed. No distinct facts and observations, however, have as yet been adduced, which can be regarded as raising this view above the vagueness and uncertainty of hypothesis; and we do not think that the author has added anything particularly calculated to strengthen our confidence in the correctness of this doctrine. He commences this part of his subject, 'by tracing some of the most striking *analogies* of caloric and electricity—to show that they are radically the same subtle, imponderable, and all-pervading element.' We may remark, however, that a rigid philosophy does not admit of *analogy*, however close and constant, as certain evidence of identity.

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That there exists a most intimate relation between electricity and caloric, is very manifest; but we apprehend, that no analogy that may be traced between them, can be justly regarded as leading to any more definite conclusions. One of the analogies adduced by our author in evidence of the identity of these physical agents is, that caloric, like magnetism and electricity, causes bodies to attract each other. 'Two bodies,' he says, 'charged with caloric, one plus and the other minus, (one hot, the other cold,) attract each other, with a force proportioned to the different quantities of caloric they contain.' In proof of this statement, he observes, that, on a very cold morning, he 'applied his tongue to a plate of cold iron, while the mercury was 15° below zero, and that it adhered with such force that the skin was removed on separating it.' As to the correctness of this declaration—namely, that bodies charged with different degrees of caloric attract each other, unless rendered magnetic or electric by rapid heating or cooling, which is often the case, we beg leave to demur. We know of no facts or experiments confirmative of this position. We have, ourselves, made many experiments on this very subject; and we venture to assert, that when two cork balls, one heated and the other cold, are laid on a quiescent surface of water, they will manifest no greater tendency to approach each other, than balls of similar size and shape, and of equal temperatures. As to the fact mentioned by the author—the adhesion of the tongue when applied to an intensely cold plate of iron, we presume, that it can hardly be regarded as an unequivocal instance of attraction. If he had applied a substance perfectly dry, however hot it might have been, he would not have noticed any attraction. That a *moist* tongue, when applied to a piece of iron, at 15° below zero, should adhere, may be rationally accounted for without referring it to attraction. The instant the tongue comes in contact with the cold iron, the moisture is congealed, and the cuticle disorganized, both of which, of course, adhere firmly to the cold body.

Caloric, according to our author, is the cause of cohesive and capillary attractions. 'A certain amount of caloric between the particles of matter is requisite to maintain their cohesion. It is the attraction of caloric for water, that holds them together—that gives its drops their globular form. But when the amount of caloric is increased beyond a certain extent, it separates the particles, and thus diminishes or overcomes the power of cohesion.' Thus, then, the cause of attraction between the particles of matter when increased beyond a certain amount, produces a directly opposite effect, namely, separation and dis-

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persion. This is certainly a very incomprehensible doctrine; nor has the author adduced a single fact which can be regarded as affording any satisfactory evidence of its correctness. We are, indeed told, that 'when the temperature of metals is greatly reduced, they become brittle, so that a slight blow will fracture them;' yet this can hardly be taken as a proof that the attraction of the particles for each other, is diminished by the cold; since bodies, as is well known, shrink on having their caloric abstracted, and it does not seem reasonable to suppose, that the shrinking of a piece of metal, that is, the nearer approach of its particles to each other, could be the result of diminished attraction. On the subject of solution, the author makes some judicious observations. We cannot however agree with him, 'that solution is merely the diffusion of caloric among the particles of bodies in search of an equilibrium.' Some substances are wholly insoluble in alcohol, however hot it may be, though readily dissolved by cold water; whilst others are insoluble in even hot water, though speedily dissolved by alcohol. These facts are decidedly adverse to the opinion expressed by the author. If solution were 'merely the diffusion of caloric, in search of an equilibrium,' how is the fact to be explained that a piece of camphor remains undissolved in *hot* water, yet is completely dissolved in *cold* alcohol? Can it be conceived that camphor will acquire less caloric from hot water, than from cold alcohol? and yet this must be the case, if the author's sentiments, on this point, be correct.

Thunder and lightning, and other meteorological phenomena, usually ascribed to the agency of electricity, are, according to Dr. Metcalf's views, wholly the effects of caloric. Clouds, or masses of vapor, he says, are differently charged with caloric. When the difference is very great, the caloric passes rapidly from the heated to the cold mass of ærial vapor, and gives rise to the phenomena of lightning. 'Water is expanded by heat into a transparent vapor, raised into the atmosphere, where it remains suspended, until it approaches the vicinity of a mountain, or a mass of vapor at a lower temperature, when the attraction of caloric for those bodies which contain less of it, causes it to leave the transparent vapor, and it coalesces into mist, clouds, rain, snow or hail. If the difference of temperature be great between the masses of meeting vapor, the equilibrium is restored *suddenly* by a violent explosion in the form of the electric spark or lightning. We often see the heavens filled with sheets of flame, produced by the sudden evolution of caloric from atmospheric vapor.' In confirmation of this doctrine, the author observes, that 'during winter, the difference of temperature between different masses of vapor is usually

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small in the middle latitudes, so that the equilibrium is restored in a gradual manner,' and hence the infrequency of lightning during the cold seasons. For the same reason, 'there is no thunder and lightning in the polar regions.' Agreeably to these views, therefore, electricity is nothing more than caloric in rapid motion. The author's observations on this subject are ingenious and plausible; but we apprehend that his mode of accounting for the phenomena of lightning, will hardly be deemed satisfactory. We know of no facts or observations which countenance the idea, that caloric is ever accumulated in such a way as to acquire what is called *tension* in electricity; and without such a mode of concentration, we conceive it impossible, that it should burst forth in the manner implied in the author's observations. Whatever difference of temperature there may exist between bodies, the caloric, so far as we know, never passes from the hot to the cold, except by radiation and conduction—neither of which modes of diffusion can, we think, give rise to the phenomena in question. One should think, that if lightning resulted, as is maintained by the author, from the sudden passage of caloric from masses of heated, to cold vapor, something of a similar kind ought to occur, in discharging steam from a boiler, during intensely cold weather. We apprehend that the passage of caloric from steam discharged into an intensely cold atmosphere, must be quite as sudden and rapid, as can ever occur between 'two masses of ærial vapor;' for there can be no very cold vapor, nor is it probable that any body of atmospheric vapor, can be charged with a greater amount of caloric than is contained in steam issuing from a boiler.

The author expresses some very singular, and, we believe, wholly untenable views in relation to the affinity of caloric with the principle of vitality. Caloric, he says, is 'the primordial principle of life. Innumerable forms of life spring from caloric; while its absence is always attended by the entire extinction of life. Hence it would appear unphilosophical to call in the aid of some other unknown imponderable aura, as a vital principle, when the agency of caloric explains the phenomena quite as well.' This is, indeed, a summary mode of solving one of the most mysterious problems in nature! Because there can be no life without caloric, therefore caloric is the vital principle. Now, we may with equal justice maintain, that water is the 'primordial principle of life;' for, as Cuvier observes, without humidity, there can be no vital phenomenon, humidity is just as essential to the manifestation of vitality in matter, as caloric.

Light, according to the author, is composed of ponderable matter, in a state of ultimate diffusion. 'There is no matter

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which does not become luminous when greatly expanded by caloric. The light of a candle is produced by the expansion of its combustible materials by caloric.' He thinks that solar light 'is composed of the matter of the sun so exceedingly expanded by caloric, as to become phosphorescent and imponderable.' These notions, certainly possess the merit of novelty, though we doubt greatly whether they will bear the test of a rigid scrutiny. The only fact mentioned in support of this opinion is, that according to the experiments of Fusinieri, 'the electric spark drawn from metallic conductors, carries off with it a portion of the metal in a state of fusion, or of incandescence.' Besides this wholly inadequate testimony, we have no other arguments on this interesting point, more satisfactory than such as this: 'in the case of a burning candle what is it, (the light) but the diffusion of its combustible matter?' How does this doctrine accord with the well-known fact, that by suddenly and forcibly compressing atmospheric air, we produce both heat and light?

But we must leave these topics, and proceed to the author's main subject, as expressed in the title of the work—terrestrial magnetism.

The general outline of the author's theory of terrestrial magnetism, may be thus, briefly, stated. Caloric, electricity, and magnetism, are essentially the same agent. When caloric is *unequally* distributed in bodies susceptible of magnetism, they acquire magnetic polarities. The earth *is* unequally heated by the sun, the equatorial zone being constantly under its calefactive influence, while the polar regions receive little or no caloric directly from this source: hence the magnetic polarities of the earth. The magnetic poles of the earth are always 'at the centres of the greatest cold; and the force of the polar attraction is proportional to the intensity of cold.' The *dip* of the needle is caused by an attraction tending to the centre of the earth; and would everywhere be the same, if the horizontal attraction of the magnetic poles did not divert its centripetal tendency. The attractive force of the magnetic poles is exerted in a horizontal direction, *and decreases as we approach the poles or regions of lowest temperature;* and, finally, the progressive variation in the direction of the magnetic needle, arises from a corresponding change in the position of the centres of maximum cold.

The principal point in this doctrine, is the position, that the magnetic polarities of the earth, are caused by the unequal distribution of caloric in the tropical and polar latitudes. That an unequal distribution of caloric, developes magnetic polarity, has been satisfactorily demonstrated by Dr. Seebeck, of Berlin,

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in his interesting thermo-magnetic experiments; and we are surprized that the author did not avail himself of the strong evidence of these experiments, in favor of his views on this subject. Thus, let a piece of thin copper wire, about twelve inches long, be connected with a bar of antimony about eight inches in length, and half an inch thick, by twisting the ends of the wire several times round the extremities of the bar. Now if this bar is suspended by hanging the wire on a hook, and one of its extremities heated with a small spirit lamp, it will immediately become magnetic—the heated end manifesting negative and the other end positive magnetic polarity.

Dr. d'Yelin asserts that he obtained similar effects with a single piece of metal. Dr. Green, in his interesting work on electro-magnetism, states, that, 'if a band of any single metal be formed into a circuit of any figure, by riveting one of its ends near the other, and the projecting end be heated by a flame, whilst the circuit is plunged in cold water, this band will become magnetic, and its properties may be easily ascertained.' Dr. d'Yelin observes, that all metallic bodies 'acquire electro-magnetic properties when their various parts are unequally heated, and that the action is stronger as the difference of temperature is greater.

From these facts it seems reasonable to infer, that the magnetic poles of the earth are developed by the unequal distribution of caloric over its surface; for the equatorial zone is constantly under the heating influence of the sun, whilst the polar regions receive but very little caloric from this source, and are consequently intensely cold. If this be correct, then we ought to find the magnetic poles at the centres of greatest cold; and the author has brought together a number of authentic observations, which prove incontestibly that this is actually the case. It has been fully ascertained that there are two magnetic poles of unequal attractive powers, in each hemisphere. The strongest pole is situated near the northern extremity of the American continent, about latitude 72° north, and 102° west longitude; the weaker pole is on the north of Asia; in latitude 85° 12′ north, and longitude 140° 6′ east from Greenwich. Now it appears from the observations of captains Franklin, Parry and Ross, that these portions of the arctic region 'are the coldest parts in the known world'—the temperature of the American centre of magnetic attraction being, however, several degrees lower, than that of the Asiatic. Many facts are mentioned by those who have visited the polar seas, from which it appears evident, that the mean temperature at the geographical

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or true pole of the globe, is considerably higher than at the magnetic poles.

The connection of the earth's magnetic polarities with the un equal destro-distribution of temperature in the tropical and polar regions, is further illustrated by the fact, ascertained by Hausteen, that the magnetic force always manifests greater intensity during winter, than in summer. 'This is readily understood, when we reflect, that the mean temperature is always nearly the same at the equator, while it is from sixty to eighty-five degrees lower at the American north pole during the long winter night, than during the long summer day.'

We have already stated, that the author considers the *dip* of the needle, as being caused by the attraction of the earth, and that it would in every part of the globe assume a vertical direction, pointing to the centre of the earth, if it were not deflected from this position by the horizontal attraction of the magnetic pole. That this is the true cause of the dip, is evident, says the author, 'from the fact that when the needle is placed at right angles with the magnetic meridian, it always assumes a vertical position;' but when turned in the direction of the meridian, so as to enable the horizontal force of the magnetic pole to influence its direction, it is of course, drawn upwards. Now if the dip of the needle, as observed in different places, be the result of two forces, one acting in the vertical and the other in the horizontal direction, it is manifest, that as the dip progressively increases in passing from the equator to the pole, the *intensity* of the horizontal force—that is, of the attractive power of the magnetic pole, must *decrease*, in a corresponding ratio. This, we believe, is a new doctrine in relation to the causation of these magnetic phenomena; and it must be admitted that the author has fortified it with many very forcible arguments. There are, nevertheless, several considerations, which appear to throw no inconsiderable degree of doubt on the correctness of this view. It seems contrary to common sense and experience, to suppose, that a power which emanates from a focus, and extends its agency to remote parts, should *decrease* in force, in proportion as we approach its source. That which causes the polar direction of the needle, is also the cause of its declination or dip. We would explain this phenomenon, by ascribing it to the preponderance of the attractive power of the north magnetic pole, over the south in the northern hemisphere, and vice versa for the south. Thus, if the needle is at the magnetic equator, the attractive force of the north and south poles balance each other, and of course, keep the needle in a horizontal direction. As we depart from the equator to-

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wards the north, the northern magnetic force predominates more and more over the southern, and declines the north end of the needle towards the earth. It must be observed that the magnetism of the earth is not confined to the polar regions. The globe is to be regarded as one vast magnet—the magnetic power gradually increasing as we depart from the magnetic equator, until it arrives at its maximum intensity, at the poles. Hence a magnetic needle, not balanced to counteract the dip, will be attracted towards the earth by its magnetic power. This force would, in all situations north of the equator, give the needle a vertical direction, were it not counteracted by the opposite tendency of the southern magnetism. As we approach the north, the countervailing power of the southern magnetic force progressively decreases, while the magnetic attraction of the earth increases; and hence the dip increases, in an increasing ratio, until we arrive at the poles, where it is at its maximum. The author has given a table of nearly two hundred observations made at different places of the earth, intended to show the correctness of his opinion, that the intensity of the magnetic poles *decreases*, as we approach the polar regions. These observations, undoubtedly, appear to justify the author's inferences on this point. An attention, however, to the isodynamic curves of magnetic intensity, as traced by capt. Sabine, will show, that although the intensity of polar attraction as observed on *different* meridians, would seem to confirm the author's opinion, yet when observations made on the *same* meridian are compared with each other, they afford unequivocal proof, that the intensity increases, progressively, as we proceed towards the magnetic pole.*

If the magnetic poles are determined by the unequal distribution of caloric, and located at the centres of greatest cold, then the progressive change in the variation of the needle, must depend on a corresponding shifting of the centres of maximum cold. That such a change in the position of the centres of cold does actually take place, is rendered highly probable by the author; and this fact, in connection with those previously stated on the subject, presents, undoubtedly, the most satisfactory explanation of the phenomena of magnetic variation, that has ever been offered. It appears from many well-attested observations, that 'the Greenland sea was closed with ice from the fourteenth to the seventeenth century. The northern ice, must thus have been prevented from floating southward, causing it to

* See captain Sabine's letter on this subject, addressed to professor Fenwick, Silliman's Journal, vol. xvii, p. 145.

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accumulate, and cover the arctic sea, and lower its temperature. During a long continued accumulation of ice around the northern coasts, the rivers would be perpetually frozen up in their beds, or accumulated in icy ramparts at their mouths. The valleys would be filled with snow and ice-bergs, and the whole surface of the northern interior would become a theatre of perpetual congelation, from Hudson's bay, to Melville island. During such a state of things, the centre of greatest cold would be found near the longitude of Melville island, which is near the northern centre of the continent. Accordingly we find, from observations made at the university of Cambridge, that the magnetic pole was several degrees farther west one hundred and fifty years ago than at present; as the western variation was then 11° 15′, at Boston, and is now only about 6° west.' Capt. Parry states, that the icy barrier was one hundred and fifty miles broader, in Baffin's bay, in the year 1824 than in 1819.

The most inexplicable circumstance in relation to magnetic variation, is the fact, that there are many localities where the needle never deviates from the true geographical meridian. At cape Hatteras, and some other parts of this country, there is no variation. This phenomenon has never yet been explained. The author thinks it probable, that 'between the points where there is no variation, and the true poles, there must be minor centres of attraction, which influence the needle more strongly than do the magnetic poles, which are farther off.'

The latter part of the work is occupied with a series of facts and arguments illustrative of the connection between variations of temperature and magnetic phenomena, and of the solar origin of the earth's magnetism. The author has introduced many highly interesting observations on these topics; but as we have already transgressed the limits which we had prescribed to ourselves, for this article, we must close our remarks.

We may observe, in conclusion, that in the general management and arrangement of the materials of this work, there is a looseness, and want of logical precision, which lessens, considerably, we think, the perspicuity and force of the author's arguments. It is nevertheless a work of great merit; and those who take an interest in its subject, cannot fail to derive both instruction and amusement from an attentive perusal of its contents.

J. R.

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LITERARY NOTICES.

STATUTES OF OHIO AND OF THE NORTHWESTERN TERRITORY. Edited by SALMON P. CHASE. Cincinnati; Corey and Fairbank. pp. 740. 1833.

THE first volume of this valuable work has just made its appearance, and we cannot but express the high gratification which it affords us to notice such a publication. It is one of the most important and expensive enterprises ever undertaken in the western country, and it has been executed with great fidelity by all the parties concerned. The publishers deserve the highest credit for their public spirit in undertaking such a work, as well as for the handsome style in which it has been got up. The paper, printing, and mechanical execution altogether, may be pronounced fully equal to the best specimens of such work produced in any of our eastern cities, and present the most honorable testimony in favor of the workmanship of our country. It is no small recommendation of this work, that all of it is of western manufacture. The paper was made by E. T. Coxe & co. of Zanesville, and the printing and binding done in this city.

This volume contains a Preliminary Sketch of the History of Ohio—Articles of Confederation and Constitution of the United States—Deeds of Cession from Virginia and Connecticut—Ordinance of 1787—Acts of Congress relative to this territory—Constitution of Ohio—United States laws respecting fugitives from justice, naturalization, records, &c.—Laws of the Northwestern Territory—Laws of the state of Ohio, down to 1810, inclusive. The repealed statutes are all retained, but carefully pointed out, so that the whole of the legislation of the state may be traced from the beginning, and a given subject investigated throughout all the changes of legislative action. The volume is furnished with ample side-notes, referring to the contents of the sections; with marginal references to the decisions of the supreme court of this state; and extracts from English statutes on several subjects, such as frauds and perjuries, wills, &c. which throw a strong light upon the construction of our own statutes. There is also a very perspicuous index.

We cannot be expected to give a more particular account of so large a volume, and one which at last must depend for its character, upon its practical utility to professional men. The fidelity with which such a work may have been compiled, and the convenience of its arrangement, cannot be ascertained by a hasty perusal, and can only be tested by the experience of practical men, who will value it in proportion to the accuracy and fulness of its details, and the ease with which a subject may be traced through its pages. But we will venture to remark that this volume seems to us to contain all that is necessary in such a book, and a vast deal more than is usual; that the arrangement appears to be judicious, and that it certainly contains a body of useful legal information which is indispensable to the lawyer, and is nowhere else collected.

Had this work been only a reprint of the early laws of the state and territory, without note or comment, it would have been an important acquisition to every law library, for those statutes are now out of print, and a complete set of them cannot be procured. The collection of them, therefore, in a single work, together with the most important acts of congress, and the documents containing the fundamental law of the

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land, was in itself a *desideratum*. But the references to every successive alteration or repeal of a statute, and to the reported decisions, must stamp the work with a high value; and we have great reason to believe that this part of Mr. Chase's task has been performed with unwearied diligence, and eminent success.

The Preliminary Sketch of the History of Ohio, will be found convenient to the lawyer, in directing the attention to the leading points in our legislative history, and furnishing a ready reference to important facts and dates. It is somewhat singular that such a state as Ohio should have remained so long without a historian. Notice has been given of an undertaking by Mr. James, which we anxiously desire to see accomplished; and we have heard of another gentleman, of high standing, who is said to contemplate the writing of such a work. We have published some sketches in this Magazine, which are valuable as far as they go; but we are not aware of the extent of the writer's plan. But at this moment we know of no authentic account which covers the ground occupied by this Preliminary Sketch, which is compiled with great care, and written in a classical, pure and easy style.

This work therefore will be an invaluable acquisition, not only to every lawyer and public officer, but to every enlightened citizen of the state, as it concentrates the rays of a vast deal of knowledge, heretofore floating and inaccessible. Should the work even stop here, with the first volume,—which we are assured it will not—this volume alone will be worth the cost of the whole three, to which the work is expected to extend, simply because the profession could not do without it. Some such work, undertaken either by the state, or by private enterprise, had become a matter of absolute necessity.

We understand that the editor and publishers intend to proceed immediately with the publication of the two additional volumes, which will contain all the laws to the present time. It is earnestly to be hoped that the members of the bar, the politicians, the men of wealth, and of literary taste—all who are interested in the history and in the public institutions, will promptly extend their patronage to a work of such extensive usefulness, and decided merit, as the one to which we have endeavored to invite the notice of the public—a work which does credit to the state, and reflects high honor upon its able and spirited editor.

Mr. Catlin's Exhibition of Indian Portraits.

There is now in this city a collection of paintings, which we consider the most extraordinary and interesting that we have ever witnessed; and one which constitutes a most valuable addition to the history of our continent, as well as to the arts of our country. Mr. Catlin, engaged some time since in the very arduous and novel enterprise, of visiting the distant tribes of our western frontiers, for the purpose of painting from nature a series of portraits and landscapes illustrative of the country and its inhabitants, and has succeeded thus far beyond his most sanguine hopes. He ascended the Missouri river, to a point about six hundred miles beyond the Mandan villages, and was so fortunate as to procure specimens of Indian life and manners throughout the vast expanse of territory which he visited. His gallery now contains about *one hundred and forty* pictures; and we are informed that he has in his possession an equal number in an unfinished state, which have not yet been submitted to public in-

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spection. Those that we have seen include portraits of individuals of twenty-seven different tribes. Of each tribe there are several specimens, male and female; usually the chiefs, orators, or distinguished warriors, and their wives or daughters—all clad in the full-dress costume of the nation. Among them we recognized Black Hawk—by far the best likeness that we have ever seen of that distinguished warrior—Neopope, the Prophet, and the two sons of Black Hawk. There we saw the ferocious Blackfeet, the warlike Arickaree, the mild subdued Menomenee, and the bold Sioux, tricked out in all his savage finery. There is an aged Shawnee chief—a noble fine looking old man—with a countenance that indicates the warrior, the sage, and the patriarch of his tribe; and near him a very handsome female, his daughter, with an European complexion and contour of feature, which might entitle her to be considered as a beauty among the fair daughters of our own land.

These are not the portraits of the depraved savages who linger upon the skirts of our advanced settlements, debased and emasculated by an intercourse with the whites. They are those of the manly Indian, as he exists in his own wide plains, joint-tenant with the buffalo, the elk, and the grisly bear; and they exhibit in a striking manner the distinctive features of the tribes to which they belong. There is a vividness of portraiture, and a degree of life, and truth, and nature, about them, which attests their genuineness; and we have no hesitation in assigning to the ingenious artist who has collected them with a great expenditure of money, and hazard of life, the merit of originality in the conception of his enterprise, and of talent and fidelity in its execution.

The curious in dress, as well as the connoisseur in physiognomy will find a rich treat in surveying this assemblage of savage warriors, orators, and beauties. They will not see the wide sleeves or the distended skirts of our own fair belles; and the Indian beau will be seen in a far different costume from that of our more civilized dandy. Instead of ostrich feathers, diamond ear-rings, and tortoise-shell combs, the Indian lady adorns her head with the plumage of the eagle, and suspends a huge metallic ornament from the delicate cartilage of her interesting nose. Her bloom is heightened with red and black paint, and her shoulders covered with the fleece of the mountain goat, or the skin of the buffalo. The gentlemen ornament their heads with horns, wolf tails, and terrapin shells, and suspend scalps, and bear's claws from their necks instead of silk guard-chains. Some of them have picturesque robes of dressed buffalo skin, fancifully painted and decorated with feathers and porcupine's quills. On the whole, the display is fine, and the effect decidedly picturesque, fanciful and elegant. Many of the females are handsome—and we all know that a pretty woman always is an attractive object, either living or on canvass; either arrayed in the dignified graces of the drawing room, or waving her dark tresses in the wind that sweeps over the romantic prairies of the west.

Mr. Catlin has taken the likeness of the buffalo, in a variety of different attitudes; and his sketches of this noble animal, quietly grazing on the plain, plunging madly at the hunter, or convulsively struggling in the agonies of death, are not the least interesting in the collection; for these also are drawn from personal observation.

Our notice was forcibly attracted to a series of four pictures, exhibiting the successive scenes of a grand religious ceremony of the Mandans, in which the young men who are candidates for the rank of warrior are made to undergo a variety of ingenious and excruciating torture. Mr. Catlin was particularly fortunate in being permitted to

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be present at a solemnity from which strangers are usually excluded; and we have no doubt that he has sketched with fidelity those ferocious rites which are known to attend the *graduation* of a warrior, but of which we have not before had so authentic and minute a description.

There is also a series of landscapes, embracing views of the scenery of the Missouri river. To us, who have traversed the prairie in its length and breadth, who have gazed with delight over its gracefully swelling surface, its verdant carpet, and its millions of gaudy flowers—and have seen the sun rising upon the dewy plain where the deer fed and the prairie-fowl strutted—these graphic delineations served to awaken agreeable images of past pleasure. To others they will communicate valuable information—to all who have never had the good fortune to see a prairie, they will convey some idea of the appearance of those vast meadows, so boundless, so beautiful, so rich in scenic attraction. The shores of the Missouri have a peculiar and strongly marked character. They are like nothing else in nature but themselves; and as many years must elapse before the tourist can traverse those vast regions in comfort and safety—we mean the annual tourist, who travels for fresh air and pleasure—the public must, in the meanwhile be indebted, for its knowledge of them, to the pencil of the artist. We are glad that we have a native artist, who instead of carrying his talents to a foreign land, and blunting his sensibilities by the study of artificial models, has had the good sense to train his taste in the school of nature, and the patriotism to employ his genius on subjects connected with his own country. We are proud of such men as Audubon and Catlin—of native artists who are diffusing accurate knowledge of natural objects, in the land of their birth, by means of the elegant creations of the pencil.

We lingered in this gallery of portraits with a melancholy pleasure. The day will come when the pictured sketches of painted warriors and dark maidens, will be gazed at with intense curiosity. The race is melting away as the winter snow before the vernal breeze. In a few years more we shall know them only in tradition and song, in painting and history. Then will every vestige of this unhappy race be valued, as we now prize a relic which bears the classic impress of a Roman or Grecian hand. Could even the fairest dream of the philanthropist be realized in the civilization of the Indian, the effect of such memorials as those to which we allude, will be the same; for the savage will have ceased to exist as such, and only upon the canvass will he be seen clad in the barbarian pomp of aboriginal finery, armed with the relentless tomahawk, and decorated with scalps and skins, the bloody trophies of war and the chace. Few individuals belonging to any civilized community, will ever see the Indian warrior in battle panoply, guiding the fiery war-horse; or the Indian wife in her own wild wigwam; or the dark maiden in the pathless forest. For they recede as we approach. We shall occupy their hunting grounds, and tread upon their graves; but we shall never mingle with them in council or sit by their firesides. There is a curse in our touch that withers them. Wherever we come in contact they perish, or are contaminated—they are swept from the face of the earth, or live in degradation.

We are happy to learn that Mr. Catlin's interesting labors are not to end with this collection. His enthusiasm is equal to his genius; and he has determined to persevere in his original and noble enterprise so long as the field shall continue to afford materials for his pencil, or until he shall have completed a gallery illustrative of the actual condition and physical character of our tribes. He will proceed again to the western

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frontiers next spring—will visit the tribes on this side of the Rocky mountains from whom he has not yet obtained specimens,—will then proceed to the Columbia river and to California—and perhaps visit some of the islands in the Pacific.

Besides the products of his own pencil, Mr. Catlin has a valuable museum (not now in order for exhibition,) consisting of Indian dresses, weapons, curiosities, &c.; and will be able to test the accuracy of his pictures by displaying the originals of the articles of dress in which the characters are drawn.

Poems. By Miss H. F. Gould. Second edition, with additions. Boston; Hilliard, Gray & Co. 1833.

We have been very shy of poetry books since we were inadvertently betrayed into reading some of the productions of a certain American poet, who is regularly reviewed, and re-reviewed, and lauded to the skies, by every new editor of a new periodical—one who may be, and doubtless is, a most amiable, inoffensive, and sentimental gentleman, and whose thoughts are very pretty poetic thoughts, only that they happen to be so much alike as to be rather tiresome to any body but the owner. We turned over leaf after leaf, on that eventful occasion, surprised to find what a *leafy* affair we had stumbled upon; for as we passed from page to page, the same verdant foliage everywhere saluted the eye. We marvelled to behold such a goodly progeny, all so much alike—such a profusion of gurgling streams and waterfalls—such a parterre of flowers, 'the fair young flowers,' 'a beauteous sisterhood,' 'the gentle race of flowers,' 'the lovely ones,' 'the wind flower and the violet'—and many more which probably would smell as sweet by any other name. We liked the perfume well enough, only there was a little too much of it, and having no disposition to 'die of a rose in aromatic pain,' we were compelled to lay aside this highly gifted gentleman's very gurgling, and sentimental, and nosegay-like poetry.

Catch us reading another volume of poetry! Mrs. Hemans was bad enough. A bookseller very politely sent the volumes, and pretty things they were,—neatly bound, gilt, and lettered, all in very lady-like style. And they were very genteel poems, full of beautiful words, and sweet lines; but there were too many words and lines, and too much finery for our taste. We were in fault, doubtless; and we have felt humbled ever since, at the reflection that we possessed such obtuse sensibilities as to be untouched by the pearly gems that fall in such profusion from the prolific pen of Mrs. Hemans. There is no accounting for tastes. We quarrel not with those that can weep over the wordy wonders of these and other great geniuses of the sentimental school; Moore is good enough for us, if he will quit travelling in search of a religion.

We confess however, that Miss Gould has arrested the growth of a prejudice in our mind, against our poetic contemporaries, which was rapidly gaining strength. We had begun to fear that the prettiness, and the wordiness, and the sparkling *gemmy* nonsensicality of the American Lake School, as it has been very aptly denominated, would pervade the whole of our versification, and effectually banish the grace and spirit of nature and genius. Miss Gould has had the good sense to follow the bent of her own mind and feelings, and has written with that simplicity, ease, and vigor, which can only be reached by genuine poetic talent. Her lines are always spirited and graceful. Her images are drawn from the most familiar scenes of life and na-

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ture. There is kindness, and love, and feeling in all she says. Totally destitute of that dreamy childishness which magnifies a silly thought into a fine affair, or overloads a common idea with meretricious finery, she is content to express her conceptions in the simple language of feeling. How spirited is her Song of the Bees, beginning with

'We watch for the light of the morn to break,
And color the eastern sky,
With its blended hues of saffron and lake,
Then say to each other, "Awake! awake!
For our winter's honey is all to make,
And our bread for a long supply."'

How tender and truly feminine are the lines entitled 'The Little Foot!'

'Its print will be in childhood's hours,
Traced in the garden, round the flowers;
But youth will bid it leap the rills,
Bathe in the dew on distant hills,
Roam o'er the vales and venture out,
When riper years would pause and doubt,
Nor brave the pass, nor try the brink
Where youth's unguarded foot may sink.'

The feelings and affections of childhood are often touched upon by this lady, with a skill and delicacy, which evince an intimate knowledge of the workings of the infant heart, and a keen perception of the beauties of the young mind. Few there are who understand the heart of childhood—who are acquainted with the susceptibility, the ardor, the simplicity, the hopes, the fears, of the young bosom. Yet many undertake to portray childhood. It is a favorite theme; but the heart of a child, like that of woman,

..... 'was made
For poet's hand alone;
By other fingers played,
It yields not half the tone.'

We like Miss Gould's lively creations the best. The fashion of poetry-writing just now, is to be very fine, stiff, and sentimental, and to clothe our ideas as the ladies do their precious little graceful persons, in dresses that would stand alone, and which conceal the beauty of a good form as effectually as the deformity of a bad one. Miss Gould clothes her gay thoughts in simple attire, and charms by the graceful playfulness fo her fancy and the unaffected beauty of her language. How pleasantly, for instance, does she describe the doings of *the Frost;* and which of us have not realized the admirable truth of these lines:

'He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane, like a fairy, crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped
By the light of the morn was seen
Most beautiful things; there were flowers and trees;
There were bevies of birds and swarms of bees;
There were cities and temples and towers; and these
All pictured in silver sheen.'

But we shall never have done, if we continue to select the passages that please us. The volume is full of poetic beauty. It is the production of an elegant and cheerful

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mind, and is full of tender thought, and unaffected feeling. The writer delights by her amiability and benevolence, but most of all by her artlessness. Some of our poets, in aiming at vast intensity of feeling, become awfully profound and unintelligible, and sicken us with their continual excursions to the stars, and their graminiverous propensities while in the green fields. The lady whose volume has offered us so great a treat, is entitled to the praise of writing well without any apparent effort. Pure in thought and language, she never violates propriety by far-fetched allusions, or exaggerated diction. We hold this to be the greatest beauty of good writing. A thought that is worth expressing, will generally appear to most advantage in the simplest attire. A grand idea will bear to be ornamented—a mean one may require it—but natural and just thoughts neither need the drapery of inflated words, to recommend them, nor recieve, when thus disguised, the admiration which they would otherwise deserve.

Domestic Portraiture; or the successful application of religious principle in the education of a family, exemplified in the memoirs of three of the deceased children of the Rev. Legh Richmond. New York; Jonathan Leavitt. 1833.

Few writers have been so extensively read as Legh Richmond. If he had written solely to obtain celebrity, his highest ambition must have been sated, and his most sanguine hopes more than realized. We question whether the works of Scott have been more extensively circulated, or more eagerly read than those of this highly venerated philanthropist. The popularity of Mr. Richmond's tracts, affords another proof of the power—the gigantic, unlimited, and almost mysterious power, of an original master mind. There is a magic influence in the productions of such a mind, which we feel powerfully acting upon us whenever we come within its sphere; but which we can hardly understand or account for. There is scarcely a man who can take up one of Scott's novels, without becoming absorbed in it. No matter how great his prejudices against novel-reading may have been, he feels that his mind is under the influence of a master spirit—that he is drinking at a rich fountain—that the treasures of a mind greater and higher than his own are poured out before him. A spell comes over him—he reads, condemns, and admires—alternately deplores his own infatuation, and marvels at the wonder-working genius of the great enchanter. The mortal who can thus overmaster and sway the intellect of another, is as much superior to the great mass of mankind as if he belonged to another race.

We may search in vain, by the ordinary rules of criticism, for the secret of the popularity of Legh Richmond's tracts. They are simple tales of real life, strictly true, and unembellished with the graces of style, or the arts of authorship. They make no display of learning or accomplishment, nor exhibit any attempt at eloquence or pathos. The scenes are laid in the abodes of poverty; the actors are humble cottagers, miserably poor and wretchedly ignorant. Yet we read their little history with intense interest, their concerns fasten about our hearts, and our affections become insensibly linked with theirs. Such is the power of genius. Whatever it touches it turns to pure gold. These simple legends of cottage life—the details of sickness, sorrow and privation—the conversations of a good man at the bedside of the sick—the simple history of the worship where 'two or three' knelt together—uninteresting as these may seem, they have gone through multiplied editions, and have been read by tens of thousands of readers. Legh Richmond therefore, is one of the very few successful writers

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whose name stands without a rival in his own department, and whose fame and influence have been extended into every country where the language in which he wrote is spoken.

We naturally feel curious to know all that can be known of such a man. We expect to gain instruction from all that he did and said; and we are seldom disappointed; for such men have original minds—or rather they are *the men* who *have minds*, while the rest of us are only blessed with memories; they think for the rest of the world, and originate ideas for the use of their species.

The volume before us, is a collection of Mr. Richmond's familiar letters to his children, and is useful in showing the topics to which he thought fit to turn their young minds. He is said to have been eminently successful in the education of his children, and his example is on this account valuable. We need not recommend a volume bearing the name of this popular writer, and conceive that we do all that is necessary in placing the title before our readers.

ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE ALUMNI SOCIETY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NASHVILLE, at its annual meeting on the 2d of October, 1833. By WASHINGTON BARROW, Esq.

EVERY day brings us new and cheering suffrages in favor of the great cause of education. Gentlemen of the highest intelligence and talent, are everywhere throughout our country, the enlightened advocates of the universal diffusion of knowledge. Mr. Barrow's address is a classical and elegant plea for education, and especially for the higher institutions of learning. He ably vindicates our colleges from the vulgar prejudices so commonly indulged with regard to them, and enforces the great truth, that 'the poor should be among the foremost to support and cherish them.' The views embraced in this excellent production are sound, and are expressed with the perspicuity and elegance of the scholar.

UNIVERSITY OF NASHVILLE.

THE eighth annual commencement of this institution took place on Wednesday the 2d of October last, when the degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on *sixteen* gentlemen, and the degree of Master of Arts on *forty-four* of the Alumni of the University, of three years standing and upwards. Orations were delivered by *eleven* of the graduating class. We look with interest for the baccalaureate address of the president, a zealous and able champion of literature and education, who usually improves an occasion of this kind to great advantage.

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INTERESTING ITEMS.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC STATISTICS.

TABLE I. Catalogue of Men, who have had a remarkable influence upon the affairs of mankind.

Nation	Name, Profession, and Performances.	Birth	Death	Age
Jew.	*Abraham*, the great progenitor of the Jewish nation, *through* whom the world has been influenced from that day to this. B. C.	1995	1821	174
Barb.	*Alaric*, king of the Visigoths, who more than any one person, contributed to the destruction of the Roman empire.		411	
Barb.	*Alexander the great*, founded the Macedonian empire, and overturned many kingdoms.	356	323	33
Eng.	*Alfred*, the great, who reclaimed Great Britain from the power of the Danes, and founded a system of wise laws. A. D.	849	900	51
Eng.	*Arkwright*, inventor of the *spinning jenny*, who has contributed more than any other to the introduction of the cotton manufacture, and the consequent cultivation of cotton.	1732	1792	60
Eng.	*Bacon, Francis*, who made a total change in the received philosophy, and in the improvement, and diffusion of science.	1561	1626	65
France	*Charlemagne*, emperor of the west, who founded the system of modern Europe, and consolidated the French empire.	742	814	72
Italy.	*Columbus*, the discoverer of America.	1441	1506	65
Ger.	*Faust, John*, one of the inventors of *printing*, which is revolutionizing the whole world.		1466	
U. S.	*Fulton, Robert*, the introducer of steam boats.	1767	1815	48
Italy.	*Galileo*, who discovered the *telescope*, and furnished the means of observing and calculating the motions of the heavenly bodies.	1564	1642	78
Por.	*Gama, Vasco de* navigator, who first doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and thus introduced the commerce with the Indies.		1524	
Greece.	*Homer*, 'the greatest of poets,' who has influenced the poetry and literature of all subsequent ages. B. C.	907		
Ger.	*Luther, Martin*, great chief of the reformation. A.D.	1484	1546	62
Tur.	*Mahommed*, the founder of the Mahometan religion, which has prevailed for several centuries, through a large portion of the earth.	569	632	63
Eng.	*Newton*, the greatest of philosophers.			
Rome.	*Romulus*, founder and first king of Rome.	1642	1727	85
U. S.	*Washington, George*, the father of his country; the chief of the American revolution, which was the foundation of a new order of things in the world.	1732	1799	67
Ger.	*Schwartz*, inventor of gunpowder.		1330	

The reason why the above table is apparently so meagre, is, that the inventors and discoverers of many things which have greatly influenced the world, as for example, the mariner's compass, are not known. Another is that, of all the conquerors, as Cæsar and Bonaparte; and all the philosophers and literati, who, from time to time, have attracted the admiration of men, but here and there one have changed the relations, or influenced the concerns of mankind. The above list comprehends nearly all, who are known as great *founders* or *reformers*.

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TABLE II. A catalogue of those arts, inventions, or discoveries, which have had great influence in *changing* the habits and relations of men, or in *controlling* the affairs of the world.

Arithmetic—By the Arabian figures, or the science of *numbers*, was introduced into Europe by the Saracens of Spain, in the ninth and tenth centuries of the christian era. It is supposed, with others of the exact sciences, to have been chiefly cultivated by the Arabs, at Bagdad, the seat of their empire.

Astronomy.—Astronomical observations were traced as far back as 2000 years before Christ. *Lunar eclipses* were accurately observed at Babylon, 720 B. C. *Dionysius* was the first who found the true length of the *solar year*, 289 B. C. The *procession* of the *equinoxes*, and the places and distances of the planets, were discovered by Ptolemy, after Christ 130. This science was introduced into Europe by the Moors, in 1200. Copernicus revived the true doctrine of the planetary motions, 1530. *Galileo* invented *telescopes* 1610. *Kepler* defined the true laws of planetary motions, 1626. *Newton* published his system, as now firmly established, in 1687.

Banks.—Banks began about the beginning of the ninth century. The bank of Venice was established in 1157; that of Geneva, 1345; of England, 1640; Hamburgh, 1710. *Saving banks* were first established in England, 1816. Banks produced a total change in the mode of doing business, and in the currency of the world.

Canals.—The first regular chain of canal navigation of which we have any record, is that between the Nile and the Red Sea. The authors of this work are now unknown. A canal was made on the Rhine, by Corbulo, the Roman general, about the commencement of the Christian era. The system of modern canal improvement is said to have commenced at Milan, in Italy, by Leonardo da Vinci, in the introduction of large sluices. Canals have made, and in connection with rail-roads, are now making vast changes in the commercial affairs of the civilized world. In Holland alone 1,400,000,000 of dollars are said to have been expended within three centuries upon canals.

Cotton manufacture.—Cotton was very little used till within a half century. The invention and perfection of the cotton machinery by Arkwright, immediately introduced the manufacture of it in great quantities. The cotton spinning apparatus was invented in 1769; till then the quantity of cotton consumed in manufacturing was very small; now it amounts to more than 300,000,000 lbs. annually, and is rapidly increasing. The change thus wrought in the *clothing* and in the *agriculture* of large portions of the world is very great.

Coffee and tea.—The introduction of these articles made a revolution in *the diet*, and it might also be said, in the *diseases* of a large portion of mankind. *Tea* was introduced into Europe by the Dutch East India company in 1591. *Coffee* was first brought into England by Nathaniel Conopius, a Cretan, who used it at Baliol college, Oxford, in 1641.

Colleges—As places of academic instruction, and the conferment of degrees, were first known at Paris in 1215. As seats of education for those who are destined for high stations, they have had vast influence upon society.

The compass—Is one of the greatest, and as to its author, most uncertain of human improvements. It was used in Europe, as early as 1180; its variation was observed by Columbus in 1492; the dip in 1576.

The kine poc—Was introduced into England by Dr. Jenner, in 1800. This has nearly excluded one of the oldest and most inveterate diseases to which the human frame is liable.

Gunpowder—Was invented in 1330; first used in Spain 1344; first made in England 1418. Gunpowder has made a *radical* change in the *art* of *war*, and a great improvement in civilization. It diminished the ferocity and the slaughter of warfare.

Juries—Were first instituted by Ethelred in 979. The trial by jury is now introduced into the codes of all constitutional governments, and regarded as the greatest safeguard of the people.

Newspapers and Gazettes.—Papers called Gazettes were first published in Venice; they were introduced into England in 1588—into the United States in 1704.

Printing—Was first made use of by the Chinese in tables, in 930. It was first used with types by Coster, at Haerlem, in 1430, and by Faust in 1444; it was introduced into England in 1450.

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Geometry—Like astronomy, was cultivated in very ancient times; the first known author was Thales, a Greek philosopher; Euclid, however did more than any of the ancients towards the improvement of the science.

Rail-roads.—These were first used near Newcastle upon Tyne, about 1650. A locomotive engine was first employed upon a rail-road in Wales, in 1804.

Steam Engine—Was first invented by Savary in 1618, for raising water. It received, however, its greatest improvements from Watt, at the close of last century.

Steam boats—Were invented by Fitch, in 1794, and first successfully put in operation by Fulton in 1807.

Sunday schools—First established in Yorkshire by Robert Raikes, 1784; became general in England and Scotland in 1789. These have made, and are now bringing about a great moral revolution in the education of children.

Wine—Sold as a cordial in 1300. Since then it has constantly increased.

Augusta, Ga. has been visited by a fire, which destroyed 30,000 dollars worth of property.

A letter from *Cuba* states, that the island experienced several severe shocks of an earthquake, on the 17th and 20th ult.

At a colonization meeting held in New York on the 10th inst. 3,406 dollars were contributed.

At the late commencement of Columbia college, in New York city, 24 young gentlemen received their A. B. Bishop Doan, of New Jersey, Bishop Otey, of Tennessee, Rev. J. H. Pindar, of Barbadoes, and Rev. C. H. Burroughs, of Portsmouth, were made D. D's.

Nine young gentlemen graduated at the Centre college, Ky., at the late commencement.

Six officers of the first rank in the British army have lately testified that the common received report, that '*beauty and booty*,' were watchwords given before the battle of New Orleans, is a falsehood without the least foundation.

Charles Brown, broker, lately absconded from Boston, after having committed forgeries to the amount of $100,000. He carried off this amount in cash, politely sending back a note stating the facts, and saying he would not be taken.

At a recent temperance meeting in Boston, $5,000 were raised to promote the cause of temperance.

Sixty-three persons were prosecuted in Boston during the last three months, for selling ardent spirits without a license.

Fertility of Western New York.—In an article commenting upon the abundance of the harvest, the Onondaga Standard asks—'What will the farmers down east say, when we inform them that we can name individuals in this country, who have harvested the present season 1,500, 1,800, and in one instance, 3,000 bushels of wheat?'

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Longacre Sc

R. H. BISHOP, D.D.

PRESIDENT OF MIAMI UNIVERSITY

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THE

WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1833.

LITERATURE AND RELIGION.

The influence of literature upon good morals, is so obvious, that it seems strange that any should indulge the idea of advancing the one without encouraging the other. It is the most powerful lever that can be used for the direction of public opinion. A taste for literature is, in itself, a pure and elevated taste, and is an evidence of a high degree of refinement. Literature softens the manners while it extends the views of a people, and gives elegance of thought, and benevolence of feeling, at the same time that it communicates knowledge.

In our times, more than at any previous period, must the influence of literature be manifest, because the number of those who read is greater, and books are more abundant, better, and cheaper. And this is an influence which must increase with time. Public opinion cannot now be affected by a rumor, a song, or even an oration; but the press affords a source of information as abundant as the intellectual wants of man, as extensive as the thirst for knowledge, and as unfailing as the mountain stream; always flowing and always full. People may now, as heretofore, be excited by a public speech, but their knowledge is gained by reading; their thoughts are formed, and their actions directed by the potent agency of the press.

How little do those who aim at reforming the hearts of men, seem to understand these obvious principles. The great object of reflecting and virtuous men in all countries, is to support religion and morality, and nothing is more easy than to sustain

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that which has the talent of a country on its side. Mind is directed by mind; and that great portion of the public intellect which lies idle and inactive, receives its impulse from the smaller portion which is in motion. It is important, that all who operate upon public sentiment should combine, and be brought to act simultaneously, and in perfect harmony, in favor of the few great leading principles of religion, which we hold in common.

No priesthood has ever yet sustained itself, for any long period, without the kind of aid to which we allude. A priesthood which does not engraft itself upon the sympathies of the people, and become identified with their interests—their temporal as well as their ultimate interests—must dwindle into insignificance. In every country, and under every form of religion, where the clergy have maintained a commanding influence, they have invariably been *the teachers*, controlled the literature, or held the keys of the treasuries of knowledge.

The Roman Catholic clergy understood this principle, and ruled whole nations for a long series of years, by means of their superior knowledge. They educated youth, and directed the matured judgment of man. They interwove their influence throughout the whole of the complicated web of human affairs, and contrived to be distinctly seen and felt in every department of human action. Their influence, however, was chiefly owing to their being the depositories of learning, the sole agents in the distribution of knowledge, and the artificers of public sentiment. But they attempted too much for themselves and too little for mankind. Instead of faithful stewards, they became misers. They locked up the treasure, which they should have impartially distributed, and circulated counterfeit coin instead of pure gold.

The master-minds that gave impulse to the reformation were highly cultivated. Luther, Calvin, Knox, and others, were men of extensive learning, and brought to the support of the great cause in which they were engaged, rich stores of acquired knowledge. They were great by nature. God gave them minds of gigantic capacity, and they filled them full of the treasures of wisdom. These men did not bring about that extraordinary revolution which changed the whole face of society, and even affected the forms of all the governments in christendom, by appealing to vulgar prejudices, but by the force of argument. They had nothing to conceal, nothing which needed to be glossed over, or perverted; truth, in its native sublimity, was the object of their search, and that which they taught to others. But though truth is mighty and will prevail, its cause cannot be advanced by ignorance. The men to whom we have

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alluded, were opposed by the ripest scholars, and the greatest geniuses of their age, and they met them upon their own field, clad in the panoply of knowledge, armed with the weapons of piety and reason, and animated by patriotism and benevolence.

We might, if we could do so without invidiousness, refer by name, to some of the sects of our own country, and show, that while one has gained influence by its attention to polite literature, and another by its patronage of collegiate education, a third has lost ground by despising these human acquisitions. We content ourselves with making this suggestion.

There are few sectarians in this country who repudiate learning altogether—yet there are some. They do not reflect, that for one man that thinks, there are a hundred, perhaps a thousand, who borrow their thoughts from others; that for one man whose morals are formed by his own perceptions of right and wrong, there are a thousand whose minds are imperceptibly moulded by public opinion. Public opinion is formed by the press. Books and periodicals are read, and have influence, where the preacher has none. Take away the influence of religion from literature, and leave the latter to form itself without reference to any good effect upon the morals of society, and it will most probably become licentious and anti-religious. Let this be the case, and the result will be, that while the preacher converts one individual to the truth, the press will seduce a hundred into error.

It was quite natural, that immediately after the reformation, there should have been a popular disgust against that learning which the priests had hoarded, and perverted. There was a powerful reaction going on in the public mind, the obvious effect of which, was to desecrate all that had been revered, except the naked gospel itself. It was the interest, too, of those who had no learning, to decry that which they could not possess.

The influence of the popish system continued to paralyze the usefulness of all institutions of learning, long after the system itself had been overthrown. All professional and scientific literature continued to be enveloped in the dead languages, and the colleges remained the gloomy depositories of learning, which shed little radiance beyond their own walls. This has continued to be the character of colleges until lately; and we are not certain whether it is not too much their character now. Until lately, therefore, the difficulty of obtaining a liberal education, has afforded to some sects, a good reason for dispensing with it; the foppery, the superstition, and the illiberality of the learned, have disgusted others.

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These objections to learning operate no longer. There is now no privileged class in this country, who can shut out others from the fountains of knowledge. Education is becoming cheap and accessible; and those sects who deride or neglect the acquisition, will soon fall, if they have not already fallen, behind the times, and sink into contempt.

But our business now, is not with the ignorant; we wish to make some suggestions to a class of the well-informed, who do not live up to the spirit of their belief. We would call the attention of the educated clergy of our country to the subject of polite literature.

What is called polite literature, embraces a vast proportion of all that is read in our country—it includes the whole circle of poetry, of fiction, and of imaginative composition. Most of our periodicals, and of our popular literature come within its scope. It exercises, therefore, a controlling and pervading influence; a greater influence, perhaps, than the more serious and elaborate productions in the several departments of science. There is no prospect that the quantity of this kind of writing will decrease, or the taste for it become diminished; because human nature is always the same, and that which has employed the highest powers of genius from the days of Homer to this time, will probably engage the same faculties throughout future periods. Indeed, we may reasonably expect, that the taste for this species of literature will increase; for knowledge and refinement are increasing, and as the faculties of man become enlarged and polished, the mental appetite grows fastidious, and requires to be fed with the more elegant creations of genius. Mankind is growing more and more intellectual, and becoming more and more addicted to mental pursuits and amusements.

In almost all civilized countries, except our own, the clergy have endeavored to conciliate the affections of the people, or to use a more American form of expression, *to be popular*, by mingling in their innocent amusements. We are not about to inquire into the expediency of that seclusion from social society which is practised by the clergy of this country. There is perhaps more gained than lost by it. But there ought to be some common ground on which they could meet, and interchange thought with other gentlemen. There should be some spot where they could meet other professional men as equals, where their minds could come into collision with the minds of those who are experienced in the ways of the world, and where the man who has been investigating abstract truth in his closet, could compare notes with him who has gathered practical truth in the haunts of business. Literature and literary intercourse,

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offer a field for this kind of mingling of mind, and friendly conflict of opinion.

We doubt whether, in any other country, the clergy have abstracted themselves so much from literary pursuits, as in this; or whether they have ever done so in this country, at any former period, to the same extent as at the present time. In some of the most numerous denominations, they study little else than theology, and though deeply versed in this branch of knowledge, are ignorant of all others. The consequence is, that their sermons are deficient in that freedom of thought, that vigor and originality, which characterize the compositions of those who can illustrate one science by figures drawn from another, or explain its principles by those of a kindred department of knowledge. It follows too, that the clergy acquire a peculiar phraseology, which they use in the pulpit and in conversation, by which they render both unpalatable to ears accustomed to elegant language. This is the natural course of things; any man who addicts himself to one art or science, to the exclusion of all others, will acquire its *cant* phrases, and use a language which is convenient to himself, but vulgar to others. In our best pulpits and most elegant churches, we hear a vast deal of such language from gentlemen of learning and talents, who read on one subject, to the exclusion of general literature.

There is one reason for this, which has been unavoidable. The rapid increase of our population, and the still more rapid extension of inhabited territory, has created a demand for ministers of the gospel, greater than the ordinary natural supply. The want was one of great interest and importance, and it was happy for the country that there was benevolence and public spirit to meet it. A hot-bed process was resorted to, which produced the desired result to a considerable extent. In several denominations, the wealthy contributed generously to educate indigent young men for the ministry. Many gentlemen have thus been placed in stations of eminent usefulness, who might otherwise have been left to toil in the ranks of manual labor, and in the gloom of ignorance. We applaud and honor every effort, by which one mind has been elevated by education into a higher sphere of action than that in which nature placed it, or a single laborer added to the cause of benevolence or religion. But that which is done by a public charity is generally badly done. It was necessary, and it was thought right in conscience, that the money thus applied, should be expended with rigid economy, and the young men thus educated, were well instructed in the few attainments which were thought actually necessary, but left in total ignorance of all others. They were

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made sound theologians, but not general scholars. Many excellent ministers have thus been brought into the field, fully competent to discharge the sacred office; and we cannot condemn that which was thus necessary, and has been thus successful. But we should hope, that the practice may not extend beyond the emergency which has produced it. Nor would we invidiously apply this remark to the ministry alone; all professional education has become superficial, and general scholarship is in none of them required as an indispensable prerequisite to professional study.

It is also true, that ministerial labors are greater now than formerly; and that the multiplication of benevolent societies, and the various methods of moral action, invented in late years, for the dissemination of religious truth, leave the minister but little time for other employments than those strictly clerical.

Still we cannot yield the point, that they form, legitimately, a component part of the literati of the nation, and are bound to contribute their part to sustain the vigor and purity of the national literature. Generally speaking, and adhering of course to the exception just made, they are the best educated class of our citizens. Other men of liberal education throw aside their books, when they plunge into the eager career of professional ambition; the clergyman alone leads, or ought to lead, a life of study, of thought, of calm and benevolent reflection. He lives to do good to others; others live to do good to themselves.

Education has always been, and always will be, conducted chiefly by the clergy, because they are the most capable—because the tuition of the young is a pursuit congenial with their calling—because they are more benevolent than other men—and because, not having the same sphere of ambition open to them, they are more willing to make sacrifices, and to do good in a humble station. It is a fortunate thing that it is so; for if they do not implant virtue together with knowledge, they will at least not vitiate the young mind by bad principles or dangerous speculations.

For similar reasons they should be the chief supporters of the national literature. Reading constitutes the prominent amusement of the vast population scattered over our wide union. The reading and the writing portions of this mass, act and react on each other; each exerts a powerful influence on the other. The writer wields a direct power upon public sentiment; but the readers constitute an immense majority, and support the writer, whose obvious interest it is to please them, and who is therefore under great temptation to bend to public opinion. Writers, therefore, should be men of principle, independ-

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ent thinkers, and men, if possible, who have no ulterior views to seduce them into an abject flattery of popular error, or fashionable vice. Who would be better fitted to discharge this duty, than a high-minded and highly-principled clergyman, accustomed to learned research, and to the habit of drawing boldly and rigidly the line between virtue and vice? Who would be so apt to rebuke, by calm exposition, the fallacies of the fashionable essayist, or the profane rhapsodies of the half-fledged poet?

On the other hand, it would be advantageous to the clergyman to enlist his sympathies with those of the world; to cultivate his own affections, and win the love of those around him, by contributing to their amusement and instruction. It would materially promote his usefulness, by rubbing off the rough edges of his hard sacerdotal style of composition, and giving him an elegant and graceful manner. It would exercise his thinking powers and give them new fecundity and vigor; and it would invest him with the faculty of clothing his ideas in that pure and classical diction which is the universal language of common sense and good taste. Instead of an abstruse technical phraseology, rather uncouth, and not remarkably perspicuous, which is liable to be misunderstood by the uninitiated, would be substituted the language of the scholar and the gentleman. Above all, it would extend almost infinitely, his field of usefulness. He could mingle wholesome admonition, and elevated thought, with poetic feeling and classical ornament. He could reach the tasteful, the sentimental, and the idle reader, who would shrink from a lecture, and fall asleep under a sermon. He would place himself on terms of community with the scholar and the man of science, and his profession would lose in their eyes its repulsive severity, and its supposed illiberality. There is no incongruity of character between the christian, the gentleman, and the scholar; the most attractive qualities of all, blend harmoniously together, and it is desirable that they should be always united. The clergy should set the example. They should take the lead in elegant acquirement, and show themselves the patrons of polite learning. Beauty of composition, and the graces of eloquence, have always been among the legitimate adornments of the pulpit; why should they not be universally cultivated, carried into private intercourse, and extended to the pages of the periodical? But no clergyman ever attained a fine style, who was not a good *belles lettres* scholar, and a general reader; few clergymen have ever been extensively popular who were not literary men. Robert Hall was an able writer and an acute critic; so are Chalmers and Channing. They

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have earned more reputation by their pens, than in their pulpits.

We would press our remarks especially in reference to polite literature. Somebody once said, in proposing the improvement of church-music, that we ought not to let the devil have all the good tunes. Neither should he have the good writers. There must be, and always will be, a popular literature. There will always be a vast amount of industry and intellect employed in furnishing to society amusement and employment of an intellectual character. Books, periodicals, pamphlets, newspapers, will continue to be made to the full amount, as regards mere quantity, of the demand; and this species of writing will continue to furnish employment for the leisure hours of a large majority of the people of this country. It is perfectly idle for the preacher or the critic to inveigh against light reading; it is as necessary to have light reading as to have light food. The keenest appetite, and the best digestion, will tire, if fed upon gross, strong diet, and will be gratified by an occasional change. Every mind requires relaxation; every mind will have it. The human mind can no more exist in a healthy state without amusement, than a vegetable without sunshine; the latter will lose its color if doomed to perpetual shade, and the former its elasticity, if the kindly beams of fancy, feeling, and sentiment, be withdrawn. There must be a popular literature. It cannot be smothered; it is not desirable that it should be. Intellectual amusements are the most innocent, and the most instructive; no other form of relaxation is so laudable, and liable to so little objection. Let us keep it pure. If men will read, and if they must have something light, elegant, and amusing, let them have it; but let us take care that it shall also be innocent, pure, instructive, and elevating. To condemn polite literature, is folly; the course of wisdom is to improve it.

REVIEW.

SKETCHES OF TURKEY IN 1831 AND 1832. BY AN AMERICAN. New York; J. & J. Harper; 1833.

WHILE we condemn the ignorance, the arrogance, and the faithlessness of English travellers, it is a source of high gratification and pride, that we can refer to those of our own nation with confidence, as affording evidence of superior attainment and fidelity. Mr. Slidell's Year in Spain is infinitely superior to any similar English work; the voyages of Fanning, and of Mo-

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rell, have the merit of strict veracity, the faithful narratives of Stewart and of Dwight are full of interest, and we had occasion lately to remark upon the chaste and gentlemanly volume of Mr. Rush. The interior of our own continent has been described with a degree of modesty and strict adherence to truth, which have no parallel in the mendacious volumes of that country whose writers have systematically libelled the whole world, and poisoned all the great fountains of knowledge; in the accounts of the expeditions of Pike, Lewis and Clark, and Long, and in the writings of Stoddart, Breckenridge, Schoolcraft, and McKenny, we find a mass of materials which may be relied upon with perfect safety. And we may add, that of some of the oriental nations, the truth never was told with simplicity and fairness, until these countries were visited and described by the undaunted and intelligent missionaries of our country.

The volume before us, is the production of a highly-gifted American, who has thought proper to withhold his name; from the New York papers, however, we learn, that the writer is Dr. De Kay, of that city. He is evidently a man of talents, a ripe, and thorough scholar; a man who has read much, travelled extensively in this country, and in Europe, and reflected maturely. His style is easy, vigorous, and polished. His views are cheerful and benevolent; such as show the author to be equally above the narrow prejudices of national vanity, and the petty irritations of the captious traveller. In a word, it is a sensible, judicious work, written in an agreeable, classical style, and full of interest.

Who is there that has not read the Arabian Nights? Who that has ever read these enchanting tales, has not felt his heart burn with intense curiosity, as he pours over the page fraught with simple and engaging descriptions of manners and sentiments so opposite from our own. Yet we find mingled with much that startles or surprises us, a great deal of feeling congenial with our own, among those singular orientals. With much that is actually barbarous, they are far from being savages. Though not christians, they worship the true God. They pursue commerce, agriculture, and the mechanic arts; they enjoy domestic comfort; and they have written languages. We read of their rapacity, their cruelty, their despotism, and especially of their wanton disregard of human life, and we see no trace of what we esteem just in government, or social intercourse; but in their beautiful fictions, we find tenderness, fidelity, conjugal affection, and other noble virtues. We have often felt embarrassed by these contradictory appearances, and have been una-

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ble to reconcile the statements of travellers with the light thrown upon oriental character by the few but valuable fragments of their literature which have reached us. This remark applies especially to the Turks. Their proximity to the nations of Europe, has rendered them particularly interesting to the christian public. They are the masters of Greece, and the inhabitants of one of the fairest portions of the globe. European nations have waged war against them, have negotiated treaties with them, and eagerly sought the privileges of commercial intercourse with their country; yet after all, we know but little about them.

It is strange how travellers have perverted the truth, with regard to a people who have been so often visited by the ships of civilized nations. One of the most intelligent of the Europeans who have written of Turkey, says: 'as soon as ever you perceive in the streets of Constantinople, any persons making towards you in a waistcoat and drawers, bare-legged, with only pumps on, and a poinard in their hand, you must unsheath your sword. Some indeed take the precaution to carry it naked under their coat.' Dr. De Kay visited that city under the impressions instilled by reading such writers, and resided there nearly a year before he learned to estimate properly the character of the Turks; but he finally records his coincidence of opinion with a reverend traveller, who asserts, that 'there is no people without the pale of christianity who are better disposed towards its most essential precepts.'

In the account of his outward voyage, the author introduces an anecdote, which is so characteristic, that we cannot refrain from quoting it. He boarded a vessel, with which they fell in at sea, on board which, he found an English army officer and his family. 'In the course of conversation,' says our author, 'I happened to incidentally mention, that I had been in England.' 'Oh, I understand now,' exclaimed my military acquaintance, with the air of a man who fancies he has made a brilliant discovery, 'why you speak English so well.'

The following extract explains the origin of a word which has been much used in our country.

'At eight in the morning we were abreast of Tarifa, an old Moorish town lying near the shore. It is at present only remarkable for having originated that unhappy word Tariff, which occasions so much angry and fierce contention among our countrymen. It was at Tarifa, that the first list of articles subject to duty was drawn up, and hence the word tariff became applied to all subsequent lists of a similar nature.'

The following extract contains several interesting facts. Few

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of our readers are perfectly aware of the origin of the design upon the Spanish dollar, as explained by this author.

'The exact distance from Gibraltar to Cape Leona, the nearest point on the African shore, is eleven and a half miles, but the height of Gibraltar (1439 feet,) and of Ape's Hill, which is still higher, causes the passage between them to appear much narrower than it actually is. These two remarkable eminences were the Mons Calpe, Mons Abila of the ancients, and were formerly designated as Pillars of Hercules. They were said to have been once united, until Hercules undertook to separate them, and thus made a communication between the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. This, like all the other improbable fictions invented by the most lettered nation of antiquity, to torture and disguise historical facts, was most probably founded on some tradition of a sudden disruption of the straits. It is, moreover, in accordance with the speculations of many geologists, who suppose the Mediterranean to have been at some former period an inland sea. These Pillars of Hercules are attempted to be portrayed on that interesting specimen of silver coin, so universally known and respected, the Spanish dollar. Poor Spain, is, however, deprived of one of these pillars, but still parades them ostentatiously on her arms, and keeps possession of Ceuta with a tenacity which is truly absurd, when we take into view her limited resources, and the utter worthlessness of the property.' p. 6.

The following anecdote is interesting, as it shows that the facilities for travelling through some parts of Asia, are much greater than we had any idea of.

'I formed an acquaintance this morning with a young Englishman, who has just arrived from India, by a rather unusual route. He left Calcutta five months ago, and from thence proceeded to Bombay, and in a steamer from that place up the Persian Gulf to Bushire. He traversed Persia by the way of Tabriz, Ispahan or Teheran, Ararat, and Erzeroom. From Trebizond he coasted along the southern shore of the Black Sea to this place—Constantinople. A part of this journey was made in company with caravans, but the greatest portion was accomplished without any companion. He spoke no language but his own, had no servant or guide, and yet performed this long journey without danger or impediment. He describes the panic occasioned by the cholera to be so great throughout Persia, that many towns refused to permit him to enter, and he was consequently compelled to *bivouac* frequently in the open fields. Bands of robbers were roaming about the country, and taking advantage of the general consternation, would knock at the door of a house, at midnight, and in answer to the demand of who they were, would reply "I am cholera." The affrighted inmates would immediately take to their heels, and leave their houses to be pillaged by these ingenious miscreants.' p. 134.'

The author gives a very favorable picture of the honesty of the Turks. Persons are often seen at a late hour in the night, asleep on mats, in the open air, before their respective shops, which are lighted up to receive customers. During the day, if a shopman wishes to step out, or to take a nap, he ties a string across the door, or throws a cloth over a few articles nearest the street, and this signifies that the shop is shut; a hint that is universally understood and respected. He declares, that the Turkish dealer shows much more conscience in the ordinary transactions of business, than his Jewish or christian neighbor. When a piece of money is put into his hands to change, he returns the whole amount, and leaves it to the purchaser to deduct the price of the article. The honesty of this procedure is the more

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remarkable, inasmuch as the money of this empire is counterfeited to a great extent, and the dealer, in this instance, not only confides in the good faith of his customer, but exhibits his own in no small degree. Great quantities of this money are manufactured at Birmingham, in England, which, according to Southey, furnishes counterfeit coin for the whole world. There are branch-banks for the issue of this base coin, at Lyra and Hydra, and the agents carry on their business openly and above-board. They defend their proceeding upon the ground of its being 'a fair business transaction.' They aver, that it is meritorious to injure 'a natural enemy,' in any and every possible way, and although they are no longer at war with the Turk, yet the latter is an infidel, and of course every body's enemy. Such arguments might be expected from the Greeks, who, in their best days, were never celebrated for purity of morals or good faith, but it is a little queer, that it should be '*a fair business transaction*' in England, to make counterfeit money. The Turks are said to be very bad judges of money, and that the business of passing counterfeit coin upon them has been a thriving branch of industry since the year 1656, when it was commenced by the French.

Dr. De Kay visited one of their colleges, the principal of which, exhibited a work in four octavo volumes, written by himself, and just issued from the press at Constantinople. It was a clever compilation from the French, embracing elementary introductions to the sciences; a sort of Turkish Encyclopedia, which served as a text book for the students. This school had a library of from eight hundred to one thousand volumes, chiefly in the French language, and a number of manuscripts, with a few printed works in Persian, Arabic, and Turkish. The author remarks:

'We were informed by our young companion, that the number of students in this institution was 200; that most of them were destined for the army; and that the term of study was three years. I inquired what text-books were used by the students, and he exhibited the four volumes of the principal, assuring us, with much simplicity, that when they had faithfully gone through these volumes, they would have acquired all the knowledge in the world. I have been much struck upon various occasions with the modest demeanor and simplicity of character of the young Turks, and their eagerness to acquire information. Their national shyness and reserve, are the only serious obstacles to their rapid acquisition of knowledge. French and Italian, are now commonly taught in their higher schools, and the knowledge of a foreign language, so far from being, as in former times, a reproach, is now quite a distinction in Turkey. The library contained a pair of large globes, various models of useful machines, and several philosophical instruments. p. 141.'

'Each of the sixteen royal mosques, (in Constantinople,) has a maydresay or college, attached to it, and the number of students in each, varies from three to five hundred, besides free schools in the vicinity which are supported out of the funds of

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the mosque. I need hardly remark, that elementary schools may be found in every street of Stamboul; indeed their loud recitations compel your attention, and the see-saw motions and sing-song spelling of the little urchins remind one of our own village schools. Fifty years ago, the number of schools in Constantinople alone, exceeded five hundred, and it is asserted, that there are more than one thousand at the present day. The children of the nobility and wealthier classes are generally educated at home.' p. 142.

Printing was first introduced into Turkey, in 1727, by Achmet III. but with great caution. At this office, were published an Arabic and a Persian dictionary, nine historical works, one on the compass, and strange to say, one on the various forms of government throughout the world. The death of its learned projector, Basmahgi Ibrahim, put a stop to this establishment. It was then suffered to sleep twenty-seven years, when it was revived by Abdool Hamid I, and kept up by Selim, who established several printing presses about the capital; but the blind and bigoted opposition of the ulemah prevented them from becoming extensively useful. It is related of this learned body, that they objected to the printing of the Koran, because it was unlawful to squeeze the word of God, as must necessarily be done by the printer and bookbinder. The present monarch, however, has successfully restored and carried into execution, further than the warmest well-wisher to Turkey could have anticipated, all the improvements connected with printing, of the unfortunate Selim. Works now appear daily from the presses of the capital, which would do honor to any city of Europe. Thus it seems, that the printer, as well as the schoolmaster, is abroad in Turkey; and if there be any truth in a certain old adage, we apprehend that there will be no agency so potent in the great work which must soon be accomplished, of overthrowing the works of his Satanic majesty in this land of despotism and bigotry, as that of the printer's devil.

To recur to the topic of schools. The reigning sultan pays particular attention to this subject, and personally visits the schools of the metropolis. The author of the work before us, had the pleasure of being present at a great festivity, which took place on the occasion of the delivering over of the heir-presumptive to the throne to his instructers. Three days were occupied with the rejoicings which attended this ceremony. The ceremony itself was performed on a large plain, near the city, where a throne was erected for the sultan, under a splendid pavilion, which even exceeded our author's previous ideas of oriental magnificence. One hundred and fifty thousand persons were on the field, and as far as any opinion could be formed from the demonstrations of popular feeling, the sultan seemed to be beloved and respected. Among the persons present, were

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the children of the free schools, who had been summoned to witness the ceremony, and for whom seats were expressly provided. The number assembled on this occasion was about six thousand, which is probably the aggregate amount of the school population of Constantinople. The author also visited a Greek school in the neighborhood, in which sixty scholars 'went through their exercises with great spirit and commendable accuracy.' He was gratified to perceive, that to America, this, and almost every great school in Turkey and Greece, is indebted for its elementary books of instruction. These books are printed at the American printing press, at Malta, which has been unwearied in its efforts to do good. According to an official statement, it appears, that from the year 1822 to 1829, there were issued from the Malta printing press, two hundred and fifty thousand copies of various religious works, containing more than ten millions of pages in Greek, Italian, and Turkish. The author suggests, that many of the tracts which have been translated from our language, are totally unsuited to the condition of those for whom they are intended. Instead of such compositions, he says, 'let the missionaries be instructed to compose on the spot, short stories, filled with local allusions, and naturally arising out of the scenes and manners around them.' These, he thinks, will be read with avidity. Of this Malta printing press, he states the singular fact, that although the English government permits its operations, it is with the express condition, that no tracts shall circulate on the island. What liberal people these British are! We conclude our extracts on this very interesting subject, with the following anecdote:

'During our residence in Constantinople, some of the European Catholics had insinuated into the ears of the government, that the Americans were busy with a new plan of enlightening the Greeks, and that it would be advisable to watch their proceedings. The head of one of the schools was sent for by the seraiskier, and questioned as to his system. The teacher exhibited his works, and gave a detail of his mode of instruction. "I see nothing but what is good in this," said the old seraiskier; "but I know no reason why it should be confined to our Greek subjects. I must visit your school some day, and see how your system works. If it is good, our own people shall have the benefit of it. Leave your books with me, and I shall take care to show them to the grand mufti." Since that period, the number of schools has greatly increased in and about Constantinople.' p. 288.

From a long and very interesting chapter, on the condition of the Turkish women, we shall make a few extracts.

'If the uniform weight of evidence on any given subject is to be depended upon, we fear that the souls of the Turkish women are in a bad way. It is gravely stated, and repeated by every traveller in this country, that the Turks firmly believe their females to have no souls. We once asked a sly old Musselman, the opinion of his country men on this subject, and the only reply was, a contemptuous sneer at our gullibility; but when he was assured that such stories were printed all over Europe, he took the liberty

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of indulging in a most undignified fit of laughter. Nothing can be more explicit than the language used in their religious code, in reference to the souls of women. In the third chapter of the Koran, it is said, "the Lord sayeth, I will not suffer the work of him among you, that worketh good, to be lost, whether he be male or female; the one of you is from the other." In chapter 13, we have "the reward of these shall be paradise, whether he be male or female, we shall surely raise him to a happy life." In chapter 16, "whoso worketh good, whether male or female, and is a true believer, they shall enter paradise." In chapter 33, we have even a still more positive declaration: "verily the Moslems of either sex, and the devout women, and the women of veracity, and the patient and humble women, and the alms-givers of either sex, and the women who fast, and the chaste women, and those of either sex who remember God frequently, for them has God prepared forgiveness and a great reward." ' p. 264.

'Equally absurd with this general opinion as to the souls of the fair Moslems, is the idea entertained with respect to their bodies. But this is a more excusable error, inasmuch as various circumstances in the manners of the Turks, would lead one to infer that the women were kept in a constant state of rigid and jealous seclusion. In all oriental countries, women, in consequence of their deficient education, and the multiplicity of their household duties, form no part of general society; but that they are considered as important helpmates is manifest from the Turkish proverb—"a wife causes the ruin or prosperity of a house." ' p. 264.

'The general use of veils in the east, is also set down to the score of the husband's jealousy, although it would be quite as easy to attribute it to the modesty of the women themselves.' p. 264.

'The reluctance of the Turks to converse about women, has been alleged as a proof of their jealousy. The whole amount of all this is, that they consider it an improper topic, and that to introduce any conversation on this subject is an undoubted evidence of ill-breeding.' p. 265.

'Marriage is highly honored among the Osmanlis, and a widow almost invariably marries again. Indeed, so far is this opinion of the honorable estate of matrimony carried, that old maids are considered by the more orthodox, as living in perpetual transgression of the law.' p. 268.

'Although, by law, a man may have four wives, yet few are willing or able to avail themselves of this doubtful privilege; and so strong is the sentiment against it, that a minister of Abdool Hamid I., who had four wives, was openly satirized by the Turks as a luxurious voluptuary.' p. 268.

'The expense of the dowry, and of maintenance, domestic broils, and the scruples of parents to give a daughter to a man already married, operate as so many discouragements against a plurality of wives. It is indeed often the case, that when a man marries, he enters into a solemn contract with the parents, not to contract a second marriage during the lifetime of his first wife.' p. 268.

'Women in Turkey, actually enjoy more liberty than in the other countries of Europe, or in America.' p. 269.

'In Constantinople, and the same may be said of all Turkey, the women occupy the markets, fill the streets, and barricade the bazaars.' p. 269.

'The class of discreet and sensible husbands, maliciously termed henpecked, is as numerous in Turkey, as in any other part of the globe.' p. 269.

But we have already occupied as much space as we can spare to this subject; and we take leave of this admirable volume with the expression of a wish, that it may be generally circulated throughout our country, and its contents made known to our fellow-citizens. Those who read it, will find that they have

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entertained many erroneous opinions of Turkey; and that the government of that country is more mild, and the people more estimable and better civilized, than we have been accustomed to believe.

WINTER.

Old Time hath laid his mantle by,
His summer suit of gaudy green,
With all its rich embroidery,
Of sunlight poured on rustic scene.

No beast, or bird, in earth or sky,
Whose voice doth now with gladness thrill;
Since Time hath laid his mantle by,
That gayly clad each grove and hill,—
His summer suit of gaudy green,
With all its rich embroidery.

River and fountain, brook and rill,
Through leafless groves of sober grey,
O'er frozen rock, and icy hill,
Now hold their solitary way;
And e'en the winds in sadness sigh,
Since Time has laid his mantle by,
His summer suit of living green,
With all its rich embroidery.

The birds have ceased their notes of love,
And winged to sunnier climes their way;
There is no music in the grove,
No warmth nor beauty in the day.
All nature droops, all pleasures die,
Since Time hath laid his mantle by,
His summer suit of living green,
With all its rich embroidery.

AIO.

MIAMI UNIVERSITY.

We have embellished this number of the Magazine, with the portrait of a gentleman, whom we esteem as one of the most useful in our country, and who is therefore entitled to be honored as a public benefactor. Dr. Bishop is a native of Scotland, and a clergyman of the Presbyterian denomination. He has lived many years in this country, devoting his whole time and talents to its highest interests; and we know of no man who has

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been more eminently successful in his avocation, or who has won within the sphere of his influence a more unanimous suffrage of esteem and affection.

We propose to say a few words of Miami University. In the original sale of one million of acres of land, including the spot where Cincinnati now stands, to judge Symmes, one township of land was to have been reserved for the support of a college. It so happened, that the selection of this township was delayed until it became inconvenient to make a proper choice within the boundaries of the grant; and this township was eventually located on the west side of the Miami river, and without the limits of Symmes' purchase. It is called Oxford township, and is in Butler county, in the state of Ohio. The village of Oxford is situated nearly in the centre of the township, on an elevated and commanding spot, embracing an extensive view of the high and hilly region by which it is surrounded. The prospect from the top of the college is splendidly beautiful. The distance of Oxford from Cincinnati is thirty-seven miles.

The permanent revenue of the university arises from the rents of the college township, the lands in which are under lease for ninety-nine years, renewable forever. The annual amount of the income from the lands is now about four thousand five hundred dollars, and the receipts for tuition about two thousand dollars. The number of students at the last term, was one hundred and ninety. During the present term, the number has been considerably increased.

Miami University was opened for the first time in November, 1824, and the first commencement was held in September, 1826. The labor of rearing an infant institution, in a new country, and in a forming state of society, is very different from that required to build up a seminary of learning in the bosom of a regularly organized society. The first thing to be done is to arrange the outline of a liberal course of education, and to adapt it so to the state of things, that it may go into immediate execution, and admit of successive improvements, as future exigencies may demand; and then year after year great and varied exertions are necessary, to induce parents and their sons to submit to the course prescribed. The president remarks:

'There have always been, also, in the Miami University, a considerable number, who, during the greater part of the year, could not be attached to any regular class, and who, of course, have had to be attended to, in what have been called, extra classes. This kind of labor is not diminished, nor is it likely that it will soon be much diminished. There are, however, some important advantages, which may be considered as secured. A course of education has been adopted, not much inferior, it is believed, to the course in any college of the United States. All the means for carrying through

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the course, have been obtained. The whole course is now pretty well understood, and is soon understood by every young man, who has an opportunity of seeing it—its value is duly appreciated by a greater number, than when it was first proposed; and the regular classes in college are more respectable both as to number of members, and as to the attainments and promise of the majority of the members of each class. A larger amount of useful information, can now, therefore, be given to the college classes, in the course of the year, and a greater amount of intellectual and moral improvement be made by the members of each class, in the course of a year, than could have been done only two years ago.

The general principle of the whole course is, that every young man shall be fully and profitably employed while he may continue, let that time be either long or short, and that particular exercises shall be continued or changed, as the circumstances of any individual, or of any particular class may demand, and that no one shall be encouraged to continue in attendance, who does not afford promise of becoming in due time, a respectable scholar and a useful man.'

The following is an extract from one of the president's addresses:

'The government of the institution has been, and is conducted, upon a new principle for the government of colleges. We have no code of bye-laws—nor any official visiting, or locking up of rooms. We have a course of education, and a particular, specified object to be obtained; and every instructer is left to take his own way, in discharging the duties of his department. Every young man is, also, put entirely upon his good behavior. If he is capable of being instructed, he knows what is right, and what is wrong—what is proper, and what is improper—what is worthy of his character and prospects, and what is not worthy, and if he is not, in a very few months capable of governing himself, and of respecting all the rights and privileges of his associates, he is dismissed as hopeless. It is believed, that this is the only principle of government, which suits the sons of freemen, and which will render the youth of our land, capable of being useful members of our great, extended and extending republic. The experiment has also succeeded far beyond expectation. We have dismissed very few as hopeless. But of all the means to be used, for the government of youth, and for the forming of their characters and habits for future usefulness, there is nothing like the influence of bible instruction, and regular and full Sabbath-day employment.

It has also been a leading object, to give a full and thorough course of academic instruction; and to encourage no one to attempt to go through the course, who did not give considerable evidence, that he possessed the talents and the disposition, which, with ordinary exertion, would make him, in due time, a respectable scholar. Three things are supposed to be necessary, to make a body of respectable scholars:—

1. There must be a full and extended course of education, distinctly set before the proposed scholar; and the arrangements connected with the course, must be such, that oral instruction, to almost any amount, shall be communicated during every step. A narrow and limited course of education is like putting an iron shoe on the foot of an infant.

2. There must be in the school, a body of well-disposed, and active and enterprising young men. No teacher, whatever may be his talents or attainments, can create intellect; and very few teachers have even the power of rousing and bringing into action, confirmed indolence. Nor can there be a greater curse connected with any public or private institution, than one half-dozen of indolent young men, particularly if they have their pockets full of money, and have high notions of their personal and family dignity.

Upon this principle, a considerable number of boys and young men, from the grammar school, and from the lower class in college, have, in the course of the last four years, been, at different times, sent home privately. It is considered as an act of great injustice to parents, and to the community, to allow any young man to continue to spend his time and his money, after there is little, or no prospect of his fulfilling the just expectations of his friends. Besides, there are many young men, who are, on many accounts, not capable of becoming scholars, who might immediately be very profitably employed in some other kind of pursuits: but allow them to linger about a

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college some two, or five, or six years, and you render them unfit for every thing that is good. And,

3. To make any body of respectable scholars, there must be sufficient time allowed. The great object of all useful instruction is, to unfold the powers of the human mind. And you cannot force nature here. A young man who is to be a scholar, must be allowed *years* for the gradual, orderly, and full development of his powers. And, if he is to have the advantage of a college course, he must be well prepared before he enters college. It is something more than a mere deceit, it is a murdering of the powers of the youthful mind, to admit a young man to sophomore or junior standing, when he ought to be attending to the studies of the grammar school. *One* year's study, in a lower class, or in a lower school, will enable a young man, of ordinary talents, to double his acquisitions, in a higher class, or a higher school, next year; but push him, without that preparation, into a higher place, and one of two things must be the result:—Either, the studies of the higher place, are not more than what the studies of the lower place would have been; or, what is turned over and proposed to be studied, is not understood. And, in either case, you have something else than—a good scholar.'

The instructers are: a president and four professors, a master of the grammar school, a teacher of the modern languages, viz: French, German, and Spanish, and six tutors taken from the two higher classes of college.

THE FADED HEART'S-EASE.

Take back thine emblem of repose,
Thy crushed, and faded flower, again;
The only lesson that it shows,
Is hope too fondly nursed in vain.

Could but thy heart have inly known,
How true, how sad a type to me,
Of friends departed—pleasure flown,—
Too early flown—thy gift would be—

Thou ne'er hadst bade me wear the flower,
I ne'er had spoke of grief to thee;
Nor this pale heart's-ease of an hour,
Called back the thoughts that sadden me.

To clothe some flattering dream, awhile,
In visions fond, and bright, and rare,
Then waking, find how false the smile,
That gleamed prophetic of despair.

This is the present and the past,
That flowers like thine to me have read;
Miscalled, though blooming, while they last,
Unwept, though fragrant still, when dead.

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A WALK IN THE COUNTRY.

It is indeed a dreary day. The sky entirely enveloped in mist, and the thick, foggy atmosphere dimming the delightful prospect, which our elevated situation would otherwise afford us—while the drizzling, interminable shower, confines us closely to the house, and precludes the possibility of enjoying our contemplated ramble. But let us display more of a philosophic spirit, than to allow circumstances of such ordinary occurrence, to make us totally despair of amusement. Step here to my cabinet, and view for the hundredth time my little collection of birds, and let us see if we cannot point out some object of curiosity, which may have previously eluded your observation. Ah, here is something to amuse us. Observe, as I raise the feathers from the back of this duck, the little cylindrical substances, which are scattered about in different parts of them, and which you would suppose were detached portions of some of the feathers, were it not for their animated appearance. But observe them a little more closely, and you will perceive their motions to be occasioned by a little worm, of which you can plainly distinguish the head, and forepart of the body, the remainder being ensconced in what appears to be its little habitation. Observe, as I advance the point of my pencil towards this little fellow, who appears so voraciously occupied, how timidly he retires within his strong-hold, having first taken the precaution to retain it in its place, by a little cable of silk, which he has just spun, and which you may plainly perceive, from the reflection of the light, by placing your head where mine now is. We will take the liberty of removing this one, which has particularly attracted our notice, to the table, where we may observe him at our leisure. I see that his little dwelling has particularly attracted your attention, and that you are wondering how, and of what materials, it is composed; take this double-convex lens, and advancing it to its focal distance, observe those little, brilliant, varied protuberances, with which the exterior portion of his case is studded; you now perceive that they are small portions of the feathers, on which we found him feasting so luxuriously, united, by some means or other, together. You observe, that, though arranged in no regular order, they nevertheless afford him a very beautiful and commodious habitation. But see, the little fellow has overcome his terror, and is thrusting his head forth to reconnoitre; see how bewildered he appears—probably, experiencing the same sensations that we should, were we suddenly transported to a strange, uninhabited country. Observe, how actively he courses his way over the green cloth, with which the table is covered, extending his body about the

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eighth of an inch beyond his little portal, seizing firmly hold of some of the fibres, of which the cloth is composed, and dragging by main strength his body and his house after him. Yet, infer not, from the delicate appearance of our little friend's skin, that, dame Nature has acted unwisely, in the distribution of her gifts; that she has given him the powers to construct a habitation, without the ability to bear it about with him, in all his peregrinations. If you think that little fellow is weak, you are very much mistaken, for in proportion to his size, he is very considerably stronger than yourself, and is gifted with an ample sufficiency of muscle for all necessary purposes. That little, industrious, active insect, carries his house with him, wherever he goes, with infinitely more facility, than some of our dissipated acquaintances do their bloated and diseased carcases.

But I see that your curiosity, with regard to his case, is, in a degree satisfied, and that you have transferred your attention to the little architect, himself; he is in every respect worthy of it. Observe, his method of moving is very singular, differing from all other insects not belonging to his own genus; this is owing to his peculiar conformation; his body, as you may perceive, is composed of a series of rings, the intermediate spaces between which, he can contract and expand, at pleasure; stretching his body, therefore, to its utmost extent, and seizing firmly hold of some immovable object, he can, by contracting it, advance his load about half its length. But let us commence at the beginning, and give the history of our little friend, in order; it is a brief one, and soon told.

He is the offspring of the little moth, which we observe issuing from our cabinets and closets, during the summer months, and to which, we justly attribute the destruction of our clothes, and all other articles composed of animal substances, though the mischief is all done, while in the condition of the little caterpillar before us, previous to its final transformation into the perfect state. The moth deposites its eggs, where instinct teaches it that its offspring will find a sufficiency of food. This is the only maternal office which it performs, for its life, during the imago state, is a brief one. It dies within a few days, and leaves its young to the unassisted control of the extraordinary instinct, with which nature has endowed it. As soon as the life-diffusing heat of summer has excited the little creature before us into existence, he commences the construction of a habitation, similar to that of his parent, but displaying all the varieties, which natural diversity in taste, might suggest. He is a strict economist—for instead of casting aside, as useless, the garment which he had constructed in infancy, and which

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he, in a short time outgrows, he makes additions to it, correspondent to his increase in size. To lengthen it, we may conceive to be an easy matter, but to increase its width, calls for a greater exertion of ingenuity: for this purpose, with his sharp teeth he makes two incisions, one on each side of his garment; the parts are thus separated from each other, and he fills up the intervening spaces with a web, composed of silk, and portions of the article on which he is feeding. He then performs the same operation on the other extremity of his coat, and in this manner, renders the whole of it equal in width. He thus proceeds until the approach of cold weather. When, aware of his approaching change, and of his utter impotency during that period, he selects some secluded spot of security, carefully closes both ends of his habitation, which he secures with a ligature of silk, and patiently awaits his approaching change. This change occurs the succeeding summer, when it issues, a perfect insect, gives birth to a succeeding generation, and dies.

Let not your humanity be shocked with my proposal, but I am about to suggest that we should deprive him of the habitation which he has constructed with so much ingenuity and perseverance, and observe his operations in fabricating another; yet, if you have any conscientious scruples with regard to the legal or moral right, which we may have to eject him from his castle, in '*toto*,' I faithfully promise, that if he have not a sufficient supply of silk, or, that if he be too indolently disposed to form another, that I will return to him, the one of which I deprived him, and leave him in its unmolested possession. Ah, now we have him as naked, as when he came into the world—and as soon as he recovers from the feelings of astonishment and surprise, which the novelty of his situation must necessarily excite, he will recommence his labors in the construction of a new habitation.

You will find the same rule that 'necessity is the greatest incentive to exertion,' so strikingly applicable to the human family, equally true as regards himself; for the habitation which he will now construct, though displaying an equal degree of skill and labor, yet in consequence of additional perseverance, will be formed in considerable less time than was occupied in making the first. I doubt not, that in three or four days at farthest, if he exercise his wonted industry, that you will find him clothed with a green garment, fabricated from the cloth of the table, on which we will leave him.

We have now finished with our little friend, and I hope that you have spent your time more agreeably than you would have

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done, in railing at the dreary weather; if so, we will continue our occupation, on some equally favorable opportunity, and I hope that we may derive from our observations both amusement and instruction; for the gratification which is afforded by researches of this description, will not be confined to the momentary amusement which is derived from an observation of the remarkable skill, which the whole insect world displays; the mind will be insensibly led to the contemplation of higher objects—for the transition from created things, to their creator, is easy and inevitable. The grander objects of nature, we have been accustomed to regard since childhood, with awe and admiration.

The fact, which philosophy teaches, that every twinkling orb, with which the heavens are studded, is but the centre of a system like our own, governed by the same grand laws, and inhabited by intelligences equally wonderful, conveys to the mind the idea of infinity of power, and fills us with unmingled sensations of awe and wonder.

But when we descend to the consideration of the minuter creatures of our own globe, and observe the admirable provisions which have been made for their protection and gratification, during the brief hour of their existence, awe and wonder are not the only sensations which are excited, for we adore the great and good Being, who has so lavishly bestowed his blessings on all animated nature. L. M. N.

ABERCROMBIE'S PHILOSOPHY.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE MORAL FEELINGS; by JOHN ABERCROMBIE, author of 'Inquiries concerning the Intellectual Powers,' &c.; New York; J. & J. Harper, 1833.

THE author of the abovenamed unpretending volume, has laid the lovers of sound philosophy under lasting obligations. Nor are these obligations less, because the author is not, and claims not to be a man of superior intellect, or more than ordinarily profound research. When such a mind, with but little effort, succeeds in demonstrating, as our author has unquestionably done, the consistency of the christian religion with the soundest deductions of philosophy, we feel an increased confidence in the proof, from the very mediocrity of the author's talents. Nothing but truth is so easily defended, we rationally infer, and rest unhesitatingly in the conclusions of a logic, which is incapable of making 'the worse appear the better reason.' Thus,

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the feebleness of Prior and Boswell gives credibility to the great superiority of Burke and Johnson. These biographers must have drawn from the life. They never could have imagined such splendid characters. We know that the originals must have been before them.

But we do not intend to depreciate the talents of our author. On the contrary, we think he has shown, both in this and his previous work on the intellectual powers, a soundness, if not a depth of judgment, and a felicity of illustration, not frequently to be met with in these departments of science.

Doctor A. wisely confines himself to the practical part of the subjects which he discusses, and thus happily avoids those fruitless, or at least interminable controversies, which serve but to distract the ordinary reader. He does not profess to add much, if any thing, to the territory already discovered; but assumes the humbler, though more important task, of improving and beautifying that which is already in the possession of those for whom he labors. He takes the materials furnished to his hand, and constructs a more beautiful, because more simple, and therefore, more convenient edifice, than, perhaps, any that have preceded him in this department of science.

Under his hand, the rugged principles of metaphysics, and the moot points in morals, are made to harmonize in the general portraiture of human nature. He throws upon them the strong light of divine revelation, and thus shows their importance in a practical point of view, to the entire depreciation of their importance, as matters of theory and debate.

Nor ought any one to complain of this. It is better, far better, for the world, that scientific men have not confined their attention, and wasted their energies upon the questions, 'what is magnetism? gravitation? and electricity?' but have turned their knowledge on these subjects to good account, in navigation, astronomy, and the arts. True, there are questions in science, both physical and metaphysical, which are legitimate subjects of discussion; and which, when settled, may yield an incalculable revenue to the arts of life. But, until they are fairly solved, the discussion of them should be confined to the lecture-room, and the laboratory; or, at least, to works professedly devoted to scientific investigations. The discussion of such questions should never find its way into works of popular literature—nor education—nor even theology. Had this been the character of the work before us, the good sense, and correct taste of the publishers, give us assurance that it would never have been admitted into the number of their 'Family Library.' Nothing could be more preposterous, than to introduce the speculations of

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Coleridge, or Kaut, into the popular literature or theology of this, or indeed of any country, unless, forsooth, it be the attempt to render *phrenology* subservient to the cause of science and education!

But there is an extreme on the other hand; and to this, we think, our author is rather too much inclined. He has endeavored, (or perhaps it has happened without endeavor,) to render his work, on the philosophy of moral feeling, too popular. He ought, in our judgment, to have stated some of the fundamental principles of moral science, such, for example, as that of moral obligation, a little more distinctly; especially, as he seems to have intended his treatise as a manual for subordinate schools and female academies. It is a mistake, to suppose, that an entire absence of principle and analysis will render a book more easy of comprehension, or more interesting even to a juvenile mind.

So far as mere memory is concerned, it will, at least, be no fault; and for the multitude, who never think, (if they are to be permitted to remain so,) such a work may be best adapted. But for the active, though uninformed mind, we fearlessly assert, that a work exhibiting a good degree of philosophical precision, and somewhat refined analysis, will possess incomparably greater interest.

The modern method of printing music, may serve as an illustration. Few, if any, acquire a knowledge of that delightful science, or even a taste for it, until they have thrown aside their '*block-head notes*,' and commenced the study on scientific principles. The scheme of 'block-head' systems is, unhappily, not confined to music, though it may, for aught we know, have originated in that science. It has attained to equal perfection, in almost every branch of education. Hence, we have 'easy methods,' alias, 'block-head systems' of grammar, of geography, of arithmetic, and even of geometry! The same empiricism, too, has found its way into the pulpit, and through the press; and bids fair, by the mawkish character of too many of our Sunday-school books, and religious tracts, to defeat the patriotic designs of these benevolent associations. The effect of all such spiritless manuals, for the instruction of the old, or the young, must ever be mental imbecility, a reluctance to think, and a distaste for literary pursuits. Or, in cases of more than ordinary application, a distorted development of the faculty of memory, and an overweaning importance attached to its stores; though they can, at the best, render their possessor a mere gazetteer of other men's opinions.

But we are by no means disposed to class Dr. Abercrombie's

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system of moral philosophy, with such empirical effusions. We only say, that it leans too much to the popular fault—a want of precision in style, and analysis, in the statement and investigation of first principles.

Our author is singular, so far as we remember, in distinctly claiming divine revelation as a source of knowledge, on the subject of 'moral philosophy,' strictly so called. We well remember the air of pity, for our ignorance, with which a remark, to this effect, was received by a reverend professor, of even distinguished piety, when, in our boyish days, we hazarded this opinion. 'What then,' he replied, 'will become of the *philosophy* of the thing, if you explain it by the bible?' And even the distinguished Dr. Witherspoon, in his definition of ethics, tells us, that 'it is called *philosophy*, because it is an inquiry into the nature and grounds of moral obligation by *reason*, as distinct from *revelation*.'

But on this subject Dr. Abercrombie is triumphant. Why should the architect stop to make out the character and style of a ruined building, from the fragments that remain, when he may be furnished with a complete drawing of the whole edifice by the original architect? Can his art of '*restauration*,' make out, from a fallen column, or a fragment of the entablature, or a single stone from the cornice of the pediment, or from all these, and such as these taken together, a draft so complete, a description so accurate, and an analysis so perfect, as would probably be furnished by him who reared the fabric at first, and who has minutely noted its changes and decay? Would not the Egyptian priests, themselves, the *inventers*, be more competent to explain the hieroglyphical memorials, found on their marbles and porphyries, than even the ingenious Champollion himself? And can any one doubt that the author of man's nature is the most competent to describe that nature in all its principles and operations. But we must allow the author on this topic, to speak for himself.

'In making this statement,' namely, that the light of divine revelation, is an infallible guide in our ethical inquiries, 'I am aware that I tread on delicate ground,' and that some will consider an appeal to the sacred writings, as a departure from the strict course of philosophical inquiry. This opinion, I am satisfied is entirely at variance with truth; and in every moral investigation, if we take the inductions of sound philosophy, along with the dictates of conscience, and the light of revealed truth, we shall find them to constitute one uniform, and harmonious whole, the various parts of which tend, in a remarkable manner, to establish and illustrate each other. If indeed, in any inves-

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tigation in moral science, we disregard the light that is furnished by the sacred writings, we resemble an astronomer who should rely entirely on his unaided sight, and reject those optical inventions which extend so remarkably the field of his vision, as to be to him the revelation of things not seen. Could we suppose a person thus entertaining doubts respecting the knowledge supplied by the telescope, yet proceeding in a candid manner, to investigate its truth, he would perceive in the telescopic observations themselves, principles developed which are calculated to remove his suspicions. For, in the limited knowledge which is furnished by vision alone, he finds difficulties which he cannot explain, apparent inconsistencies which he cannot reconcile, and insulated facts which he cannot refer to any known principle. But, in the more extended knowledge which the telescope yields, these difficulties disappear; facts are brought together which seemed unconnected or discordant; and the universe appears one beautiful system of order and consistency. It is the same in the experience of the moral inquirer, when he extends his views beyond the inductions of reason, and corrects his conclusions by the testimony of God. Discordant principles are brought together; doubts and difficulties disappear; and beauty, order, and harmony are seen to pervade the government of Deity.'

There is something approaching to originality in the Doctor's application of the principle of first truths to moral phenomena. Buffier, and after him Beattie and others, have successfully employed these in opposition to scepticism in mental science; and there would seem to be no good reason why they should not find a place in our moral reasonings. First truths, in mental science, are those convictions of the mind which *necessarily* arise from its rational action. The mind, therefore, though it may exist, cannot act without developing to its own consciousness those truths which form the foundation of all our reasoning, and which must be taken for granted even by those who would disprove their existence. Now, as most of our conceptions are attended by corresponding emotions, it would seem to follow, that those thoughts, which must be developed in every rational mind, would, just as extensively, be accompanied by their specific emotions. Consequently, primary moral feelings will be coextensive with primary mental convictions, which would considerably extend their list beyond the catalogue furnished in the work before us.

We cannot, however, speak so favorably of the author's *analysis* of man, as a moral being. We think there is here a distinction without a difference. Desires, affections, self-love, and

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all the rest, may be well enough distinguished in relation to their respective objects; but in relation to the *will*, they are alike motives or principles of action, and ought therefore to be classed together. Desires, says the author, have reference to things to be obtained—affections to actions that are to be performed. This last we deny. Affections have specific reference to *persons*, for whose benefit we act—but the action itself is never the object of affection. In short, affections are desires, and desires are affections, under certain modifications—and so also is self-love both an affection and a desire. But we dislike to find fault, especially in a work where there is so much to commend. Still we must be permitted to say, that we think the sections on the desires and affections are the least valuable part of the essay. We would except, however, from this censure, the remarks on the influence of *habit* and *attention* upon the exercise of our moral feelings. It is sound philosophy that dictates the remark, that 'a close connexion exists between our *intellectual habits and our moral feelings* which leads to consequences of the utmost practical moment.'

On the subjects of the *will* and the moral principle, or *conscience*, our author we think, has been still less successful. On the former subject we much prefer Edwards and the introduction to his elaborate work by the author of the 'Natural History of Enthusiasm.' On the latter, Dr. Abercrombie has not improved upon Hutcheson, and has fallen far below the masterly analysis of Butler, in his sermons.

In the appendix to part third, the reader will find but little that is new or interesting. Indeed the Doctor is hardly just to the authors whose systems he reviews, especially Clark and Wallaston. But we can hardly speak in terms sufficiently commendatory of part fourth of this interesting volume. On the subject of man's moral relations to the Deity, the author seems to rise above himself. The theme is, indeed, an inspiring one. Our relations to the Deity involve the most important phenomena that are predicable of moral agents. Why should they not form a part, an important and conspicuous part, in every system of morals? Is it because it is difficult to treat of them without becoming religious in our strain, and giving expression to something like sentiments of piety and devotion? The Doctor is not writing for infidels. He does not seem to have imagined that any one, whose reading on such subjects, was not sufficiently extensive to take in at least some one of the almost innumerable systems of irrefutable evidence which have been given to the world, in defence of the christian religion, would ever find time to peruse his book on the philosophy of moral feeling.

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His views of religion are clear and evangelical. His analysis of the mental condition designated by the term faith, is complete and highly satisfactory. It is 'the substance of things hoped for,' says an inspired writer. It is such a conception of its object, says our author, as gives it a permanent and present existence in the view of the mind. It works by love and purifies the heart, says the sacred text. When we ascribe important results to faith, says the Doctor, we ascribe them not to the operation itself, but to this followed out to the consequences which it naturally produces, *according to the constitution of the human mind.* Faith, then, is not contrary to reason, being consistent with the constitution of our rational nature. Nor is it involuntary, and therefore irresponsible. Though no man can obviate conviction, when sufficient evidence is actually before the mind; yet every man may, if he will, refuse to attend to facts or to admit the evidence necessary to produce belief. He may even—the case is not an uncommon one—stultify himself by intemperance, or obliterate his moral faculty by debauch, expressly to prevent the conceptions and convictions which he knows facts must force upon him in a sound state of mind, and a healthy exercise of moral emotions. In this way, belief will be prevented, conviction avoided, and *unbelief*, in one sense, will become involuntary. The man could not now understand nor believe, if he would. But is he therefore guiltless? Is his unbelief irresponsible? Is the death of the suicide innocent, because, after he has swallowed the fatal dose or inflicted the incurable wound, he repents and dies involuntarily? And shall he be deemed innocent, the extinction of whose moral life results from the rash acts of his own voluntary hand? But we forget the space allowed us for this article, already far too long. We shall only add, that one of the author's happiest paragraphs, is that in which he shows the oneness, in origin, of enthusiasm and scepticism. 'It is singular,' he proceeds, 'to remark how these two modifications of character may be traced to a condition of the reasoning powers essentially the same. The enthusiast receives a fiction of the imagination, and rests upon it as truth. The sceptic, acting upon some prejudice or mental impression, which has probably no better foundation, puts away real and important truths, without any examination of the evidence on which they are founded. The misapplication of the reasoning powers is the same in both cases. It consists in proceeding upon a mere impression, without exercising the judgment on the question of its evidence, or on the facts and considerations which are opposed to it. Two characters of a very opposite description

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thus meet in that mental condition, which draws them equally, though in different directions, astray from the truth.'

With this extract, we take leave of our author. If what has been written shall induce others to peruse the book for themselves, they will not, we are sure, repent it, and we shall have our reward. H.

PRIZE ESSAY.

THEMES FOR WESTERN FICTION.

BY ISAAC APPLETON JEWETT.

The nineteenth century has thus far been eminently distinguished for the variety, the abundance, and the quality of its imaginative literature. In poetry, new and beautiful creations have arisen into being. To the rich stores of language, of imagery, and of kindling thought which previously existed, large and valuable accessions have been made. Amidst the noise and bustle of this practical age, the muse has not ceased to utter her inspired tones, and with the sublime harmonies which have come down to us through past ages, have been mingled other strains of surpassing strength and sweetness. In the department of poetic prose, there is much to excite wonder and admiration. We are astonished when we reflect upon the vast and variegated mass of romantic fiction, to which the last thirty years have given birth. It furnishes the most imposing proof of the fruitful intellectual energies of the times. Each year abundantly teems with fancy's offspring, animated by the peculiar spirit which their creator deemed worthy to impart. It is indeed a mournful truth, that many of these productions possess a character well calculated to startle the apprehensions, and to call down the rebuke of wise and good men. But while we grieve that God's best gifts should be so perverted as to administer to the gross elements of our nature, and while we most earnestly deprecate the prejudicial tendencies that may result from this perversion, we are consoled and cheered by the reflection, that transcendent genius has not disdained to ennoble and purify this elegant department of literature; breathing around it a celestial charm and purity; embodying within it the achievements of patriotism, and the holy martyrdom of virtue; making it the vehicle of kind-

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ling truths; through it defending and denouncing systems and institutions; quickening and exalting our noblest sympathies; opening the heart to a perception of moral beauty, and rendering it all feelingly alive to the fair and the good. True, it is a master-spirit that hath wrought thus mightily; but if we can read aright the signs of the times, a tone has been given to public taste and sentiment that will not soon die away. The thirst for works of the imagination is as strong and universal at the present time as at any former period; and we trust that of the floods which annually pour in upon the reading world, there are some fountains at which the soul may drink and feel itself refreshed and invigorated.

Whether our own country has contributed its proportion to satisfy the literary demands of the age, it is not our present purpose to inquire. It may be true, as is often asserted, that those of our countrymen who are endowed with the richest intellectual gifts, captivated by the laurels which so early crown the champion, and panting for the highest rewards in the power of a free, an intelligent, and a mighty people to bestow, have invariably been enticed into the broad and spirit-stirring arena of political rivalry. Happily, however, public and political avocations do not monopolize the genius of the land. It is no small gratification to know, that there are among us, an unpretending few, who have successfully pursued the still and solitary pathway to literary eminence. We look upon them as dauntless pioneers into regions over which the fancy had never roamed; and while we indulge a rational pride in contemplating the intellectual monuments which they have reared to their own and their country's fame, we are delighted with the prospects of beauty and grandeur that lie beyond, and of which they have given most cheering, though but partial glimpses. Whatever a zealous and uncompromising criticism may insinuate to the contrary, we firmly believe, that within the borders of our country, in the past and in the present, is an abundance of fine materials, endowed with capabilities of being wrought by the hand of genius into an original, a rich, and various literature. It is proposed, in this essay, briefly to suggest some of the subjects abounding in the broad valley of the Mississippi, within which the poet and the novelist may find the elements of their imaginary creations. We engage in this task, in the impression that here are literary facilities exceedingly peculiar in their nature; that our past history is fruitful in events of a deeply thrilling and romantic character; that, scattered along our shores, are mysterious memorials of generations long since forgotten, calculated to awaken solemn moral interest; that in this wilderness of the west, human

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nature has been manifested under original and striking aspects; and that in these far-extending prairies, magnificent streams, lofty mountain-tops, majestic forests, silver lakes, and tumbling cataracts, is such a rare and mighty combination of God's handy work, as no other portion of the earth can exhibit. We deem these noble themes, and worthy to be preserved in the embalming spirit of poetry. It is also our humble hope, that views may be presented, which will induce the writers of western fiction to confine their range more within western boundaries, and to feel, that while the body of western literature is fashioned from native materials, its spirit should be an inspiration of western genius.

We remark, that in various original and romantic displays of character, seldom has a land been more fruitful than this western wilderness; and that our annals are remarkably full of incidents and events possessing deep dramatic interest, and oftentimes leading to most momentous results. If we look back a century and a half, we behold Canadian adventurers, led on by an eager spirit of curiosity and gain, and missionaries, conducted by the hand of religion over the great northern lakes, and through the forests of the Illinois, planting their standard, and fixing their home upon the solitary shores of the Mississippi. The brief and imperfect chronicles which have descended to us from those remote periods, abound in scenes of novelty, perilous adventure, pious sacrifices, and curious manifestations of character. They disclose how wonderful was the mastery of a proverbially mercurial people over the stern and ice-bound affections of the savage; how gaily they mingled in their wild and fearful sports; how thoroughly they understood the springs of Indian action; and how dexterously they availed themselves of their superior knowledge. We are all aware with what mournful garrulity the lean and slippered relic of those primeval settlers, dwells upon the golden era of the French regime. In his enthusiastic imagination, it was an Arcadia of simplicity and bliss. No government with its vile machinery of jails and court-houses, of sheriffs and lawyers, then bound free spirits in its iron chains; and no tax-gatherer thrust his importunate hand into the purses of well-meaning citizens, to obtain wherewithal to execute the new-fangled projects of modern ingenuity. However exaggerated may be these eulogies of times now no more, it is sufficient for our end to know, that strange and fantastical peculiarities grew up beneath both the French and Spanish regime. There were the contrasts between the haughty, plumed hidalgo, the loquacious, flexible Canadian, and the unbending, voiceless 'children of the leaves.' The foreign intruders were soon

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characterized by new traits. Far removed from the despotism which had ruled them at home, they rioted in the luxury of free, unbounded action. Too often was the rein flung upon the neck of capricious passions, and their freedom sometimes degenerated into a stormy licentiousness which has left dark and enduring stains upon their memory. Yet were there striking singularities in their manners and habits of life, and attractive as well as repulsive features shining forth in their wild career, which render them not the least interesting of those who have strutted their brief hour and passed away forever from these western shores.

It is not necessary, however, to extend our view back beyond the comparatively short period of seventy years. From the moment when the first adventurous hunters ascended the Alleghanies, and from their lofty summit surveyed the beauty and magnificence of this western world, our annals are crowded with events of an all-absorbing interest, furnishing opportunities for the most ample development of intellectual, moral, and physical energies, while they have given birth to impulses that are destined to exert an influence for ages. Connected with the original settlement of these wilds, there is much to arouse our deepest sympathies, much to excite and keep alive our highest admiration. At this point we pause. Glancing an eye around, we behold a scene of solemn grandeur, beauty, and solitude. Forests of surpassing verdure expand far beyond the reach of vision, their monarchs raising their high crests into the heavens, and tossing their gigantic limbs in every gale. Through them streams, a thousand leagues in length, roll, as they have rolled for centuries, their melancholy waters to the sea. The footsteps of civilization have never been imprinted on the bosom of this soil. The hand of industry has never erected here the monuments of social and domestic life. The voice of intelligent, cultivated, christianized man has never been heard along these shores. The scream of the panther and the roar of the bison might mingle at times with the wild shouts of savage exultation, and be echoed and reechoed among the hills. Here was nature clothed in virgin majesty. Such had she been for ages. Such was she when she sprung from the hand of her Creator.

This was the region into which, a little more than three score years ago, a few hunters from the Atlantic states first penetrated, their imaginations kindled into enthusiasm by the glory of the surrounding scene, and their steps sustained by an intrepidity that never quailed. Here commences an era among the most memorable in the history of our country. Now is the simple, and may

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we not say, romantic beginning of that series of events whose tendencies are rapidly unfolding to the world, and whose magnificent results are destined to exist and increase throughout all coming time. We know not where are themes more worthy the highest efforts of the pencil and the pen, than those presented in the incidents, expeditions and displays of character which distinguished these early periods. We know not if there be within the wide limits of our land, a theatre upon which more solemn, thrilling tragedies have been enacted, than on the spot once known by the appellation of 'the dark and bloody ground;' and seldom have the sublime qualities of perseverance in most disastrous chances; fortitude under bereavements and torture; self-possession in appalling crises, and of courage in battling with a ruthless foe, shone forth more brightly than among the actors in those fearful scenes.

The situation in which the first emigrants found themselves was extraordinary. Their feelings and character were acted upon by new and peculiar influences. Concealed energies were brought into action. An unusual vigor was imparted to their physical and intellectual natures. A determination was given to their conduct and tempers which strongly distinguished them. If it be inquired what were their predominant traits, we answer, that they possessed in an eminent degree the elements upon which education is designed to operate; those strong and original virtues which constitute the basis of efficient character. They were abundantly gifted with patience, perseverance, frankness, generosity, a dauntless heroism and an enthusiastic love of liberty. These are the qualities which were developed, amplified and brought to maturity by peculiar agencies, existing only in the wilderness. Their power is visible in the mighty revolutions which they have wrought; in the new world which within the period of fifty years has sprung into being. Their traces are still legible in the manners of their descendants, and are impressed upon the customs and constitutions prevailing at the present day. Considerations like these have induced us to believe, that in the modes of thought, feeling and utterance; in the habits, adventures, and striking character of the Pioneers, are most appropriate and original subjects for the pen of fiction. It is not the design of this Essay to enter into analytical details. It may not, however, be uninteresting in this part of our observations, specially to indicate some of these subjects. When glowing with truth and power upon the canvass of the novelist or the poet, it is presumed that they will image forth the spirit of those times far more happily than the cold and formal pictures on the historic page.

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Among the early emigrants to the west, whose original features attract and fix attention, we think that the Hunter is entitled to a conspicuous place. The profession which he adopted, and the world in which he lived, were full of charms to his captivated fancy. There was the valley of flowers to gladden his eye. There was the woodland melody to enchant his ear. There were the fountains of crystal waters to quench his thirst, and the delicious banquet of the chase to regale his appetite. There were his companions, his rifle and his hounds, to keep alive his warm affections, while above and around him was an ever-present sublimity to fill his soul with awe. Even the extremest toils and perils were cheerfully encountered; for while they gave an astonishing acuteness to the senses, and imparted vigor and elasticity to the frame, they stirred up tumultuous feelings, and called into exercise, to render perfect, his powers of invention. Contemning the forms and trammels of regulated society, he clothes himself in picturesque costume, and bounding over the hills and along the valleys, he

> "Would not his unhoused free condition
> Put into circumspection and confine
> For the sea's worth."

Far removed, for long periods of time, from any human intercourse, he converses with the echoes of the forest, or communes in silence with his Maker and the divinity that dwells within. He is happy in the solitude of the deep woods, and rejoices in the ampleness of his undisputed range. But the tide of emigration swells, and roars, and sweeps onward. He hears the axe of industry, and sees the smoke from the intruder's dwelling overshadowing his fair hunting-grounds. The buffalo and the deer have already taken their flight. Gazing for a moment at the encroachments of civilization, he turns his face towards the setting sun, and uttering a malediction upon the hand that so ruthlessly wars with nature's peace, he plunges again into the far depths of the wilderness, that he may roam unmolested in his own appropriate home. This is a portrait from real life, tinged though it be with the softest hues of poetry and romance. Of the thousands who abandoned the refinements of cultivated society, for the wild charms of a Huntsman's life, perhaps the most illustrious model may be found in the far-famed Patriarch of Kentucky.

Less romantic, though not less interesting, are the character and fortunes of those, who with their wives and children, and implements of husbandry, first crossed the mountains, and braving danger and death, deposited as it were, their household gods on the bosom of a savage wilderness. They may emphati-

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cally be denominated the Fathers of the West. They are properly the renowned Pioneers, whose names are on every tongue, and whose deeds we would have perpetuated through every age. Their industry first awoke the long slumbers of the forest, letting in the sun upon its gloom, and making it to smile as a garden. It was their intelligent enterprise which laid broad and deep the foundations of an enduring empire. It is in their energy, privations and bloodshed that we may discover the germ of those great blessings which have sprung up to gladden the hearts and to enrich the understanding of millions.

The various circumstances connected with the settlement of a new country, are never devoid of interest. Whoever reflects upon the unrelenting ferocity of Indian hostilities; the extremes of hope and fear that so long agitated the breasts of the emigrants; the exceeding beauty of the scenes in which their solitary labors were commenced; and the grand results that have followed so immediately in the train of their simple beginnings; must acknowledge, that the early settlement of this region is distinguished by features that have peculiar claims upon attention. Reposing beneath the vines and fig-trees, which were planted by the enterprise, and watered by the blood of the Pioneer, we have but faint conceptions of the hazards and sufferings through which he was compelled to pass. We may see him engaged in the peaceful occupation of the husbandman, yet armed at every point, for defensive conflict. We may read how sudden was his transition from the domestic hearth to the murderous battle-field. Yet how little do we know of the anguish that rent his bosom, when returning from his labors, he beheld his dwelling wreathed in flames, and his wife falling with her children beneath the tomahawk and the scalping-knife. Although a great portion of his time was spent amidst peril and slaughter, still he had his moments of enthusiastic enjoyment. In the past, was the recollection of victories won, and of tremendous obstacles subdued. In the present, was the delicious sense of healthful existence, enjoyed in freedom among the fairest works of creation. In the future, was the dim vision of a glory whose similitude no eye had seen, and no imagination had conceived. Nor was he altogether removed from gentle and holy influences. Here was woman's love stronger than death, and her heroic fortitude which no calamities could bow down. The kind affections over which time cannot triumph, which bloom under every sky, and grow in freshness and vigor, when all things else decay, were often manifested in a strength and delicacy, that well proclaimed their celestial origin. Instances abound among the tempestuous scenes of border-warfare, in which the

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female character burst forth in forms equally novel, romantic, and attractive. Here also was the devoted missionary of the cross, with his consoling voice, cheering his people with glimpses of an eternal beauty, and pointing the vengeful sons of the forest to that equal sky, into which the distinctions of this world never enter, and where oppressor and oppressed are no longer known. We have ever regarded this character with unusual interest. In his heroic sacrifice of self, that his Master's temple might be built up in the hearts of stern and savage men, shines forth a spirit as beautiful as it is sublime. It may not be improper, in this connexion, to suggest another class of character, which, though it was created by temporary circumstances, and at this day has almost ceased to exist, is remarkably distinguished by original features. We allude to that which is expressed by the simple and familiar appellation, 'The Boatmen of the Mississippi.' Their existence began with the introduction of commerce upon the western rivers. It continued until the great era, when the steam-engine began to supplant every other boat-propelling agent, at which period they numbered several thousands. As is well known, they constituted a race by themselves. From the communities around them, they were separated by broad distinctions. Their singular employment; their almost absolute exemption from the restraints that prevail in civil life; the frequent hazards which it was their fortune to encounter; and the splendid scenery, in the bosom of which their brief lives were spent; all combined to mould a character of bold and romantic originality. They were original in their tastes, as indicated by costume and amusements. They were original in their views of justice, as made manifest by their sovereign contempt of law and its professors. They were original in their general habits of thinking, as well as in the strange and idiomatic phraseology which served as a vehicle for their thoughts. Their life was an alternation from extreme idleness to extreme toil. From the former, they were aroused by the sounds of music, or the shouts of an affray in which it was their glory to participate. From the latter, whose severity warred upon the physical powers, they were relieved by an early death. When living, they were recognized by their lordly tone and bold, swaggering air; their graves may here and there be seen dotting the shores of the Ohio and the Mississippi. Perceiving in them, as we do, a new and curious exhibition of human nature, when operated upon by peculiar circumstances, we consider their life an interesting topic for the pen, and their character worthy of a glowing portraiture.

Nor are we deficient in *materiel* for exquisite humor and sar-

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castic wit. The ludicrous anomalies in human nature have stood out as broad and glaring in the simple, as in more artificial states of society. Professional pedantry; the ingenious frauds of avarice; the shifts of an ambition which aimed at an ascendancy over an unlettered people; have here abounded and furnished agreeable illustrations of character. To the least attentive spectator, it must be immediately apparent, how conspicuously have the fraternities of Pedlars, Petifoggers, Pedagogues, and Disciples of Æsculapius, figured in the Western drama. This is not the place to vindicate or to assail the right by which these, and other gentlemen of equally grave pretensions, are invariably deemed the appropriate victims of satirical wit. Whether justly or unjustly, for good or for ill, the right appears to be very generally assumed; and we here dismiss the topic, by repeating, that seldom has an ampler and more diversified field been spread out to invite its most relentless exercise.

We have thus, in this branch of our subject, particularly designated some of the character, whose traits should be so embodied as to move the heart while informing the understanding. History, 'as leaning upon her elbow, she waits for time,' only waits the coming on of grand events, the overthrow of dynasties, the rise and fall of kings and conquerors. Her tones are always solemn; her walks are in the high places. There is a world of life, feeling and beauty, which she seldom or never condescends to enter. This is one of the delightful spheres of the novelist and the poet. Here may they be seen, preserving costume and dialect, sketching scenery, delineating character, portraying manners, tracing customs, adorning incidents, and picturing the various arts of social life. We long to see them thus engaged under this western sky, ere these topics have become a prey to oblivion. This, however, is not their exclusive sphere. Their range knows no limit. The Muse is gifted with an immortal power to embrace and consecrate the loftiest themes. The Novelist, not limited to common-place adventures, ascends to higher walks, and dwells among great historical truths, inspiring them with new interest, and clothing them in more attractive beauty. In this Western land, we long to witness an exercise of their best powers. Let them kindle patriotism into new life, and warm our bosoms with more fervent gratitude, by stirring exhibitions of our fathers' bloodshed, toil and struggles. Let them breathe their magical influence around spots which an enthusastic courage has made sacred to American liberty. Let them rescue from forgetfulness those heroic achievements, and sublime self-sacrifices, which redeem and exalt our fallen nature. The waves of time are sweeping onward, burying the

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past in its silent depths. A thousand beautiful incidents illustrative of character, and many a noble veteran will be forgotten, because they have no chronicler.

'*Illacrymabiles*
Urgentur, ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.'

Let the poet and the novelist pour their light over these themes. We know them to be full of moral and romantic interest; for the few which the historian has preserved, even when contemplated by his pale and sober lamp, quicken the pulses of the blood, thrill us with intenser admiration of virtue, while they reveal hidden and mighty energies of the human soul.

We pass to another topic. It embraces the character of the aboriginal proprietors of this territory; their habits of life; singular customs and institutions; their mournful fortunes, and their approaching doom. We are not among the eulogists of savage character and life. We know that their fancied happiness is all a dream. Nor are we moved to shed sentimental tears over the graves of their departed power, or to mourn that those who still linger among us are fast fulfilling a destiny over which man has no control. Yet we cannot contemplate them with indifference. To us they have ever appeared an extraordinary people. True portraits of their character and modes of existence, possess attractive as well as grand and commanding features. Even those which, to the eye of Christianity and civilization are most forbidding, often have a wild and original charm that commends them to every observer of mankind. Invincible love of independence; filial and profound veneration for age; affectionate remembrance of the dead; a solemn sense of the omnipotence of the Great Spirit; a fortitude that impassively brooks the extremes of good and ill; a fearlessness that laughs in the very face of danger; friendships and gratitude, over which years have no influence;—these are magnanimous qualities, and these were deeply impressed upon the pilgrims of the wild. On the other hand, their terrible, unforgiving, unforgetting vengeance; their cruel and often abject superstitions; the severe and chilling gravity of their deportment; their contempt of sympathy with external nature; may exhibit them in a less amiable aspect. Yet must it be acknowledged, that these traits lose much of their repulsiveness, when associated, as they usually were, with the burning recollection of imagined wrongs; the vigorous and exciting action of the chase; the ingeniously devised schemes of artful minds; and with displays of bold, impassioned and figurative eloquence.

However strange the lights, and deep the shades of Indian

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character, when transferred to the canvass with truth and spirit, they reveal in

'This stoic of the woods, this man without a tear;'

one of those mysterious beings whom the Genius of Romance may justly regard as created for her own especial use. It is the passions, the affections, the capacities, the likes and dislikes; in short, all that goes to constitute the mind, the character of the Indian, which we hold to be worthy of delineation. In our view, these are the supremest objects of interest. Original and masterly exhibitions of the spiritual elements of man, are ever contemplated with pleasure. We wish to know how they are modified by solitude, scenery, peculiar customs and occupations. The knowledge is gratifying, inasmuch as it imparts an amplitude to our conceptions of human nature, and awakens within our own bosoms, feelings and capacities of which we had never dreamed.

The Western Muse will in this theme find exhaustless materials for her fairy creations. We trust that she will rejoice to take the abused child of the forest into her gentle keeping, and to embalm his traits and melancholy destinies in immortal song. To her vision he will seldom appear in the debasement to which an inhuman avarice has subjected him. She will go back to the brighter periods of his history. She will there behold in him the monarch of a thousand hills, rejoicing in the greatness of his strength, and free as the chainless winds. She will exhibit him erect and thoughtful amidst the glorious beauty to whose inheritance he was born. She will see him, now voiceless before the dignity of age; now kindling the ambition of a thousand warriors by his impetuous and fervid eloquence; now falling in deadly conflict with a foe, yet happy that his spirit is soon to join those of departed Braves in the flowery prairies and plenteous hunting-grounds of another world. Whether dashing through solitudes in pursuit of game, or sporting in his light canoe upon the bosom of his native lakes, or casting his proudest trophies at the feet of her in whom are garnered up his gentle affections, or silently worshipping the Great Spirit amidst lightnings and storms, he is always romantic, always poetical. Around him, in his declining fortunes, gathers tenderer interest. He has been borne down by events whose onward march was resistless. The council-fires are no longer lit up in their wonted places. The graves of mighty chieftains are trampled beneath foreign footsteps, and powerful nations have passed away as the trace of a cloud. Remnants of others have retreated to the west. Despair, at times, has prompted them to raise an arm against the physical and political agencies that were working

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their doom. Their faint efforts have but revealed to them the hopeless truth of departed power. They are the convulsive struggles of the giant, whom for ages the conqueror has been chaining to the earth. A few more years, and darkness and silence will close around them forever. We can hardly conceive of topics more inviting than these to the writer of fiction.

It is not, however, in the past, in thrilling incidents and romantic character, among heroes and achievements over which time is spreading its shadowy veil, that the novelist finds his sole materials. The present is all open before him. Society as it is now organized, educated and refined, is within his sphere. There are existing modes and customs to be described. The tendencies of existing institutions are to be unfolded. Professional traits, peculiar occupations, poverty and wealth, intelligence and ignorance, with their respective effects, are all to be exhibited. The shades of character, multiplied as the ever-shifting scenes and conditions of human life, are to be rendered visible by the pencil of the novelist. It is for him, surveying the world of action, feeling and thought, which expands on every side, to make choice of suitable elements, and harmoniously combining them, to form new creations of truth and beauty. It is the glory of his art, that by a judicious arrangement of circumstances, by forcible contrasts and happy resemblances, he is enabled to present the most vivid and impressive pictures of life and character. We can appreciate the melancholy charm which lapse of years flings around every object. We know how fondly and successfully the writers of romance dwell among scenes that are almost viewless through the mist of ages. Yet we are not of the number who would banish the novelist from the Real and the Present. This is a field in which he has heretofore reaped, and we doubt not is destined still to gather, some of his fairest honors. There are in English literature no more delightful specimens of descriptive and creative energy, than those which are designed to represent society as it is.

It may not be deemed necessary to enlarge upon the remarkable circumstances which, at the present day, characterize the West, and render it a most attractive subject to the painter of real life and living manners. Whether it be viewed in its physical, moral, or social aspects, extraordinary features everywhere meet the eye. The aged Pioneer, as he looks around and beholds the triumphs of a well-directed industry; the beauty and abundance of harvest-fields; the life and splendor of thronged cities; the mighty agents of commerce traversing their courses a thousand miles from the ocean; as he listens to the multitude

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of human voices, and perceives on every side the heavenly influences of liberty and peace, can hardly realize, that into this region, but fifty years ago, he came with his rifle and his axe, and found a howling wilderness. He is confused, confounded. The astonishing change surpasses his powers of conception. He is ready to believe that his fancy is cheated by the wild vagaries of a dream.

If the elements which contribute to form the moral, social and intellectual features of the country be examined, curiosity and surprise are equally awakened. We are surprised at their wide and strongly contrasted diversities. Hither are congregated the representatives of almost every clime. They have brought with them their national traits, the impress of other times, stamped by peculiar circumstances. Hence have originated the strange and pleasant varieties which distinguish Western character. It is in this population, associated in a favorable spot, under the broad protecting wing of free institutions, that those energies have been developed, which are carrying forward the West with a rapidity that has no parallel in past ages. Enterprise, emulation, inspiring hopes, free thought and unfettered action, are working their mighty miracles among us. Society is in ceaseless motion. It is active almost to restlessness. It is continually engaged in perfecting what has already been begun, or in devising and commencing new schemes for its advancement in happiness and virtue. Hence is it singularly free from tameness and dull monotony, those fatal foes to the descriptive novelist. It must be confessed that the extremely practical tendency of its general operations, seems to wage deadly warfare with the ideal visions of poesy and romance. Yet it is by these operations that dormant capacities are awakened into action; strong feelings called from the invisible depths to the surface of the soul; that stability is imparted to grand achievements, and mankind are made sure of an ever-growing progress in truth and excellence. This exceedingly partial view will, perhaps, sufficiently disclose to the novelist the superior opportunity for the exercise of his skill, in the present character and condition of the western people. Let him show the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Let him reveal the spirit of institutions, customs and professions, by exhibiting their influence on individual and social happiness. Let him hold up to universal scorn and reprobation the follies, the affectations, and the vices, which insidiously steal into the bosom of society. Let him enthrone virtue upon her pure and lofty eminence, give her a voice of celestial harmony, and clothe her in living light.

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We cannot close our observations upon the materials for Western Imaginative Literature, without suggesting the topic of western scenery. None but the poet's pencil can adequately sketch its fresh and gorgeous beauty, as it was gradually unfolded to the enraptured vision of the early Pioneer. There was the prairie expanding far away into one boundless ocean of fragrance and bloom. There arose the hills,

'Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun,'

as yet unshorn of their native glories. There slumbered the landscape, over whose bosom danced chrystal waters to the minstrelsy of birds, imaging a purity and loveliness that belong not to earth. It is true that the hand of cultivation has somewhat changed the aspect of our scenery; yet does it retain features, whose beauty and grandeur must recommend them as rich themes for descriptive poetry. Its primeval freshness has not faded away. That wild, indescribable charm, peculiar to the handy-work of nature, has not disappeared. Although no baronial towers, no emblems of feudal despotism, may beetle over our bluffs, yet here shall the eye behold monuments of forgotten nations, whose origin no tradition can speak, and around which lingers a mysterious moral interest to link the present with the past. Into this sublime, and beautiful, and virgin world, we would that the descriptive muse might soon wing her way. We would have from her pencil the first delightful pictures of scenes that must soon pass away, and be beheld no more. We desire that here, as in other climes, she may shed a sweet and consecrating influence around hills, and streams, and lakes. Through the transparent beauty of her delineations, we would contemplate the beauty and sublimity of that Power which has so wisely framed the visible world without; filling it with the most lovely and magnificent images of the invisible world within, and endowing it with capacities to soothe, to quicken, and to elevate the soul.

Such is a very general survey of the Themes for Western Fiction. How abundant, how various, how rich, and how original are these materials! How fine is their adaptation to the noblest purposes of the novelist and the poet! How do they teem with the germs of a beautiful, diversified, and useful literature! In their neglected repose, they wait the enchanter's power. Although as yet but little may have been attempted, still we trust that the time is coming, when that genius which moves so triumphantly in other departments, will enter these fair regions, and that from its hand will spring new and splendid creations, fitted to delight, to improve, and to exalt our natures. It is to be hoped that our gifted writers will banish the thought, that in distant lands alone can be found a worthy theatre for the dis-

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play of their best powers. Here, by the side of sturdier plants, may bloom the fair flowers of poetry and of song. And as we hasten onward to the fulfilment of our sublime political and physical destinies, may it not be forgotten that our only enduring glory, our noblest fame, will abide in the lofty and imperishable monuments of intellectual excellence.

THE COON-SKINS.

In the county of ——— there dwelt in the year ——; no matter about dates and places; for I am not writing a dissertation on chronology, nor geography; but—but what shall I say? If I put down 'metaphysics' my piece will be put down at once, as a dark, intricate, unintelligible matter, that *nobody* understands. If I say 'morals,' it will be voted dull, prosing, dry—and laid aside. If 'politics,' there will be anticipation of the bank question, or some other questionable affair, and the Magazine may possibly be thought in danger of explosion from the admission of such inflammatory stuff. If I speak of 'manners,' I fear a classification with certain foreign tourists, which would be entirely foreign from my inclination.

What then? My readers may find metaphysics, morals, politics, and manners in the article, if they can; but my intention is, simply, to write a *simple* story.

In the county and year, therefore, which I have *not* mentioned, there lived three boys; which circumstance, though the county was small, may not be considered, in the whole, very singular. These boys, however, used to hunt their horses and cattle on the same prairies, go to the same school, when there was any to go to, attend the same meeting, and hunt deer, turkies, prairie fowls, and raccoons in company. It may be added, that they were 'forted' often in the same block-house, and endured together the hardships and perils of a frontier settlement during an Indian war. Thus they grew up, side by side, and were associated in all the sports and efforts of youth, until the days of manhood led them by different paths to the pursuit of the usual objects which present themselves for man's ambition.

A few years after they were thus separated—though not so widely as to lose sight of each other in the mean time—an

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election took place in the little county which I have not named, of such general interest, as to make it worth while for some of the leading men in the state, of commanding influence at this particular point, to attend. A judge of the circuit court and the attorney general of the state were accordingly seen on the day of election busily engaged among the electors, exerting their talents, learning and personal influence with great effect, on the opposite sides of the pending question. It is no part of my business to say which succeeded, or which was most powerful in ability, or in popularity. They were honorable men, and were respected as such.

In the course of the day, and while these gentlemen were standing near each other, a shabbily-dressed fellow, bearing substantial marks of improvidence, poverty and degradation, came reeling up towards one of them, and with a knowing and somewhat sarcastic leer, cried out, 'I say, Sam, has you and George ever settled it about them 'ere coon-skins yet?' A hearty and general laugh was the consequence, in which the dignified officers joined, it is believed, with as hearty goodwill, as any of the company; all of whom understood the allusion to the scenes of youth as well as the parties themselves.

Here were the identical three boys, who had grown up together on the spot where they were now standing. And they were standing among those who had seen them grow up, or who had grown up with them; every individual, perhaps, knowing them as intimately as members of a large family are known to each other. And they knew the difference! Two of these boys were now operating with efficiency on the mass of mind around them—the other only receiving impressions and acting under extraneous influence. Two of them high in standing and high in office—the other sunk to the bottom of society.

What made the difference?

Not talents. It is believed that in native intellectual power, the hunting-shirt boy was fully equal to his school and playfellows.

Not literary advantages. They fared alike in childhood and youth—all enjoying all the 'schooling' that could be had in the county. And when they were grown to manhood, the same advantages were within the reach of all three—and in an equal degree. I must correct myself here. The least cultivated had, it is believed, the means of obtaining an education in a greater degree than either of the others; and would have had fewer difficulties to meet and overcome.

Not wealth. The advantage was altogether on his side.

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Not strength of constitution. They at least had nothing superior to him in this respect.

Not family. All were respectable; but he had the decided advantage, if it be an advantage, to have friends in prominent stations. His father was extensively known and stood high, having at one time occupied a judicial office; his brothers, two or three of them, were popular members of the legislature, &c. *They* had to win their way without such help.

Not ambition. His was equal to theirs.

Not industry. So far as labor was concerned, he would perform as much as they.

What then made the difference? Was it not *temperance?*

L.

EDUCATION CONVENTIONS.

The schoolmasters have been abroad again. We hail their movements with pleasure, and shall do all in our power to give them publicity and effect. The cause of popular education is looking up. The people are beginning to arise in their majesty in its favor. The convention of teachers held in this place last fall, has awakened much interest, and laid the foundation of proceedings which cannot fail to be eminently useful. Arrangements are making for another meeting during the ensuing spring, at which it is expected that an organization will take place, and efficient practical measures adopted, for the improvement of our common schools, and the advancement of popular education.

During the early part of last month, a convention of teachers was held at Lexington, Ky. A happy coincidence of circumstances rendered the assemblage of members and spectators numerous and respectable. The commencement at Transylvania University—the dedication of the new college edifice—the convention of teachers—the celebration of the anniversary of the battle of the Thames, being that of the death of Tecumseh and the political birth of colonel Johnson—all concurred to give interest to the exercises of this week. Not only were the teachers abroad on the occasion, but many others—the wise, the witty, and the fair. The delegation from this city was numerous; and we are glad to learn from the newspaper reports, that some of our citizens acted conspicuous parts in these interesting and philanthropic proceedings.

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Some excellent speeches and lectures were delivered. Among the speakers, the most conspicuous seem to have been Dr. Caldwell, Dr. Drake, and the Rev. Dr. Beecher. The latter was as usual, strong and eloquent; but the effort was not, as we understand, one of his finest. The doctor bursts out occasionally like a volcano, with a brilliancy that astonishes while it enlightens. But a man cannot be a volcano always. Dr. Drake made one of his happiest efforts, and delivered a lecture which we have heard spoken of in terms of the highest admiration. There are few men who are capable of handling a popular subject with so much originality of thought and felicity of illustration, as Dr. Drake. We have not heard any special account of professor Caldwell's address, except that it was characteristic of his manner. He is a man of undoubted genius, and wonderfully prolific in new theories, one of which he brings out on every great occasion, as certainly as a bridegroom gets a new coat to be married in.

The effect of the convention was, we hope, salutary. Public attention has been awakened on this deeply important subject, and practical men have been enabled to exchange their sentiments, and compare the results of their experience. Another convention has been appointed to assemble at Frankfort, in the beginning of January next, for the purpose of taking further steps in relation to the same subject. As the legislature of Kentucky will then be in session, it is highly probable that this meeting will be numerously attended, and that some of the best talent in that state will be displayed in advocating the neglected rights of that multitudinous, that interesting, that helpless class —the children, who are growing up in ignorance. If there be a reformation for which the christian should pray, and the patriot be willing to exert all his talents, and to expend life itself freely, if necessary, it is this. There are thousands of young citizens growing up, whose minds will never be lighted by the genial rays of education, unless it be sent to them—unless it be diffused throughout the whole community by a public effort. That effort must bear with it the united energies of the law and of public sentiment. Intelligent and spirited men must take up the subject, and persevere until the end shall be accomplished. We have heretofore said, and we repeat the proposition, that it is as much the *right* of the citizen to be educated as to be protected; and that the legislature of a state might as well deprive a portion of the rising generation of the right of suffrage, or of the trial by jury, by neglecting to extend to them the requisite facilities for the exercise of these high privileges, as to omit to carry education to every man's door. That which is for

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the benefit of all, which cannot be sustained by private support, but requires the aid of the combined influence of all, must be a public concern; and as all, or even a majority, cannot be induced to act in concert spontaneously, the government should take up the work.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

It is with sincere pleasure that we present to our readers in this number, the very elegant Prize Essay, written by a highly gifted inhabitant of this city, Isaac A. Jewett, esq. It is a production which combines much beauty of thought with a singular felicity of expression, and one which, if we mistake not, will be read with delight by every admirer of good writing in the west. Among the unsuccessful essays are several of a highly valuable character; the publication of these will be continued in each successive number of the ensuing year, until the whole shall have been given to the public.

We regret to say that the competition for the premium offered for the best Tale, was not such as to render it desirable, that an award should be made at the appointed time. It has therefore been determined to defer the decision of that prize until the first of February, in order that all who are competent, may have the opportunity of entering into the competition.

We are requested by our publishers to state, that they have learned with much concern, that the misconduct of one of their agents in the south, has caused a considerable deal of dissatisfaction in that quarter. It is said that the Magazine has been sent to some persons who have not subscribed, and that others were induced to take it by representations of the agent, which have not been realized. The publishers have always taken great care to select, as travelling agents, persons of good moral character and strict fidelity; and have succeeded in procuring the services of such individuals, in every instance, except the one alluded to, and in which they believe there is great room for complaint. As they have been, however, by far the greatest losers by the misconduct of that agent, they hope it will be readily believed, that the mistake committed on their part, was involuntary, and consists only in their having been deceived in a person in whom they placed confidence.

The publishers will take great pleasure in rectifying promptly

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any inconvenience or misconception which has resulted from the cause above indicated. If the Magazine is sent to any one who has not subscribed, he is under no obligation to take it out of the post office, and it is the duty of the post-master to advise the publishers of the fact; but if the numbers are taken from the office by such persons, they surely cannot blame us for considing them as subscribers. If any persons have been induced by the agent alluded to, to subscribe to this work, under any false representation of its character, they are at full liberty to decline taking any of the future numbers. We hope that in every instance the decision will be made promptly, in order that we may not be put to the expense of forwarding the work to those who are unwilling to receive it; and that those who commence the new year, which will begin with the January number, will do so under the responsibility of remaining subscribers through the whole year.

The entire failure of our local agents, in almost every instance, to perform any of the offices with which we presumed to burthen them, has induced us to determine to dispense with their services, except in a few of the larger towns and cities. The names of the agents retained will appear on the cover; in all other cases our subscribers will be good enough to make remittances direct to the publishers. Any money remitted by mail, post paid, will be at our risk.

METEORIC PHENOMENON.

On the night of the 12th ult. a magnificent display of meteors was witnessed in this place; and from the statements that have been published, we learn that this extraordinary meteoric phenomenon extended itself over the whole of our hemisphere. We witnessed this truly sublime spectacle from about three o'clock until the meteors became indistinct in the opening light of a bright and beautiful morning. We are unable to give expression to the mingled feelings of awe, sublimity, and humiliation, which were excited by the wilderness of meteors. The sky was serene and peculiarly transparent. The smallest stars shone out with a bright lustre, and the milky-way, with its myriads of suns, exhibited a distinctness which we never witnessed before. In the eastern verge of the horizon, 'Lucifer,' the bright messenger of morning, shone with resplendent lustre, 'as if rejoicing in some wonder, walking in the firmament.'

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There was a continued succession of meteors streaming from every part of the sky. During the time we witnessed this magnificent spectacle, there was, probably, not a square yard of the firmament from which meteors did not issue. So far as we were able to observe, their direction was from south to north. They were of various sizes. Some of them were large and brilliant, throwing out sparks in their course, and leaving a long train of gradually fading light in their track. The majority, however, were small, apparently two or three inches in diameter, without sparks or remarkable brightness. Here and there, a large meteor, after traversing a space of five or six degrees, exploded, throwing out sparks like a rocket, and leaving a large brilliant disc of light, which, in some instances, remained stationary, and undiminished in brightness, for, perhaps, thirty seconds. The greatest number of these meteoric lights originated about 45° above the horizon; but we observed many darting from the zenith, and some of them appeared to proceed from near the verge of the horizon. They all left luminous trains in their course, which, in many instances, exhibited a pale phosphorescent streak for five or six seconds after the disappearance of the meteoric body.

A meteoric phenomenon, in all respects similar to this one, was observed by Messrs. Humboldt and Bonpland at the city of Cumana, in South America, on the night of the 11th of November, 1799. The night was cool and extremely beautiful. Towards the morning, from half after two, the most extraordinary display of meteors was witnessed in the eastern section of the sky. The direction of the meteors was from north to south. 'There was not a space in the firmament equal in extent to three diameters of the moon, that was not filled at every instant with meteors.' All the meteors left luminous traces from five to ten degrees in length, continuing visible in many instances for seven or eight seconds. Many of the meteors gave out large and brilliant sparks as they darted through the sky, and at the termination of their course bursted, as by explosion. This phenomenon was observed over the greater portion of South America, in the West Indies, and in the southern sections of the United States. The late Mr. Andrew Ellicott witnessed it on the Gulf of Florida, and it was noticed by many others in the United States as far north as lat. 30° 42′. On the same night, a similar meteoric spectacle was observed near the arctic regions—in Labrador, at the missions of Nain, lat. 56° 42′, and Haffenthal, lat. 58° 4′; and in Greenland, at Lichtenau, lat. 61° 5′, and New Herrenhut, lat. 64° 14′. 'The Esquimaux were

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frightened with the same phenomenon; some of the meteors appeared a foot broad.'

In relation to the origin and nature of meteoric bodies, philosophers have as yet arrived at nothing that can be deemed satisfactory to the understanding. Humboldt observes, that 'the direction of the line which meteors describe, seems to him the only difficulty in supposing them planetary or cometary bodies, analogous to the minor planets, Ceres, Juno, Vesta, and Pallas, and to be occasionally rendered luminous on approximation to this earth, by friction of its atmosphere.'

This may possibly be the case with that variety of meteoric bodies called *meteorolites*, the explosion of which is attended with a fall of stones to the earth. The ordinary phosphorescent meteors, or falling stars, however, appear to be composed of some light, inflammable matter, and it seems more reasonable to presume that the materials of which they are constituted, are derived from the earth. We may presume, that both sulphureous vapors and hydrogen, are raised into the atmosphere by the influence of solar heat. Many vegetables, in a state of decomposition, yield small portions of sulphur; and there can be no doubt that some portion of hydrogen is constantly developed on the surface of the earth, when acted on by the solar rays. The gradual decomposition of pyrites and pyritic soils, must also tend to diffuse through the atmosphere sulphureous atoms. Should these meet with hydrogen, they would unite and ascend to the upper regions of the atmosphere. That this is, probably, the origin of meteoric bodies, seems to derive some support from the well-known facts, that meteors of this kind are much more common in tropical climates than in northern latitudes; that they occur much more frequently on continents, than in the firmament over the ocean remote from land. It has also been stated that meteors occur much more frequently, and exhibit greater splendor in volcanic countries. M. Humboldt states, that in 1769, 'there was seen in the sky, above the volcano of Cayancbo, so great a number of falling stars, that the mountain was thought to be in flames;' and a similar phenomenon was witnessed, about sixty years ago, in the atmosphere over Vesuvius. It is not unlikely that the meteoric elements or materials floating in the superior regions of the atmosphere, may unite occasionally into more or less dense masses, by cohesive attraction; and we may presume that when the upper strata of the atmosphere become highly charged with passive electricity, the sulphureous masses, being in a state of negative electricity, would become ignited by the sudden union of the two opposite electric powers. E.

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INTERESTING ITEMS.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

HANNAH MORE.—This celebrated writer, one of the first and foremost in an age adorned by so much of female genius, died lately at Clifton, in her eighty-eighth year. From the humble station of the daughter of a village schoolmaster, near Bristol, she raised herself, by her talents and virtues, to high literary distinction and universal respect. Having early in life attracted friends, she was, principally through the kindness of Dr. Stonehouse of Bristol, enabled to set up a school in conjunction with her sisters, which soon obtained great reputation. An acquaintance with Garrick led her to write for the stage, and her pieces were very successful; but, on taking a religious turn, she abandoned this pursuit, and expressed an opinion that the drama and its performances were not in unison with true piety and christianity. Having realized a competency, she retired to Mendip, and earnestly devoted herself to the propagation of moral and religious principles, not only among the colliers and lower orders in that neighborhood, but throughout the country, by her tracts and other publications.—Cœlebs in Search of a Wife, published in 1809, was a novel of much originality, and led to a multitude of imitations: it ran through ten editions in twelve months. Miss More had the honor of being consulted on the education of the princess Charlotte; and on that occasion printed (1805) Hints towards forming the Character of a Young Princess; in 2 vols. 8vo. Her works, but by no means including the whole, have appeared in eight volumes, and display a mind of extraordinary fertility and power. A mere list of those most generally known will show this:—

The Search after Happiness, a pastoral drama, 8vo. 1773. The Inflexible Captive, a tragedy, 8vo. 1774. Sir Eldred of the Bower and the Bleeding Rock, two poetical tales, 4to. 1774. Ode to Dragon, Mr. Garrick's house-dog, 4to. 1777. Percy, a tragedy, 8vo. 1788. Essays on Various Subjects, designed for Young Ladies, 12mo. 1777. Fatal Falsehood, a tragedy, 8vo. 1779. Sacred Dramas, with Sensibility, a poetical epistle, 8vo. 1782; 17th edition, 1812. Biographical Preface to the Poems of Ann Yearsley the Milkwoman, 4to. 1785. Florio, a tale, and the Bas Blue, or Conversation, two poems, 8vo. 1786. Slavery, a poem, 4to. 1788. Thoughts on the Manners of the Great, 12mo. 1788. The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain, one of the cheap repository tracts, which collection was planned, superintended, and considerably enriched by Miss More. Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World, 12mo. 1791. Village Politics, 12mo. 1793. Remarks on the Speech of M. du Pont in the National Convention, on Religion and Education, 8vo. 1793. Strictures on the Modern System of Female Education, 2 vols. 8vo. 1799. Practical Piety, or the Influence of the Religion of the Heart on the Conduct of Life, 2 vols. 8vo. 1811; 8th edition, 1812. Christian Morals, 2 vols. 8vo. 1812. Essay on the Character and Writings of St. Paul, 2 vols, 8vo. 1815.

Miss More enjoyed the happiness of an intimacy with Dr. Johnston, Reynolds, Bishop Porteus, Beattie, and many other of the most celebrated persons of that day; and in later times it may be truly said, that, either personally or through confidential correspondence, she was, even in retirement, almost equally well acquainted with the most distinguished men of the present time. To the very end of her life (broken as it was by pain and suffering) her manners were amiable, instructive, affectionate, and endearing—without austerity or pretension to superior godliness; for she was good in every sense of the word—benevolent, just, and pious; strict in the discharge of her own duties, and liberal in her construction of the conduct of others. Her biography is, we observe, already announced. Her example cannot be too soon set in its proper light before the world.—*Lit. Gaz.*

Another biographer thus expresses himself:

This lady died on Saturday last, at Clifton, in the 88th year of her age. Few literary persons have had the good fortune to reap so plentiful a harvest of fame during their lives; and yet, we doubt whether, at this moment, more than one or two of her works be known, even by name, to the majority of our readers—the reader being, it is presumed, under five-and-twenty. Miss Hannah More was an amiable and accomplished lady, with much practical and wordly wisdom, and very strong religious feelings; her writings

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were addressed to a large and influential class, and their temporary success was proportionably great; but there is no trace in them of that original mind—or of that subtle development of human feelings, in its weakness and its strength, which can alone insure even the immortality of a lifetime to a writer who has the fortune, good or ill, of living to eighty. Miss Hannah More came early into the literary world, ticketed, and labelled, and patronized as a prodigy. * * * The only one of her works likely to be now met with, except among very young people, is 'Cœlebs in Search of a Wife,' published in 1809, and which went through ten editions in a twelve-month; we doubt whether ten copies be now sold in the same time. Her tragedies—The Inflexible Captive—Percy—The Fatal Falsehood—must be considered as utterly forgotten by the public. Early patronized herself, Miss More loved to play the patron; and in 1785, brought forward a Mrs. Yearsley, a milk-woman at Bristol, as a poetical prodigy; her friends, of course admired—her friends had a voice potential—and the public admired; the woman grew insolent upon success; and the patron had to explain and excuse to friends against misrepresentation and abuse; the quarrel put an extinguisher on the prodigy; and except, perhaps, Dr. Southey, who has a crop for all corn, and is a native of Bristol, it is more than probable that not a single literary man could be found who have ever read a line of Mrs. Yearsley's poetry. In 1805, Miss More published 'Hints towards forming the Character of a Young Princess,' written, it was said, expressly at the suggestion of her late Majesty. Of its merits we know nothing; having no princesses entrusted to our charge, we never read the book. Mrs. Hannah More was singularly, and not undeservedly successful thro' life; her talents and her moral conduct deserved to be; but we think she was one of those few literary persons who had their reward while living.

PENNSYLVANIA COAL TRADE.

The coal trade of the Schuylkill region is of a very recent origin. Of its rapid progress and great importance, some idea may be formed from the following statement. It will be observed that the amount for 1833, includes only to the 20th of September.

During the year 1832, the amount of coal taken from the mines in this state, and forwarded to market by the Lehigh, Delaware, Schuylkill, and Delaware and Hudson canals, amounted to 363,850 tons

Of this quantity, the amonnt brought by the Schuylkill canal was	204,000
Lehigh and Delaware canals, from Maunch Chunk	75,690
Delaware and Hudson canal, from Carbondale	84,160
Total	363,850 tons
In 1833, amount received by the Schuylkill canal, from Pottsville, and Schuylkill Haven, and the Little Schuylkill, up to Sept. 19th	192,315
By the Lehigh and Pennsylvania canals, from Maunch Chunk,* up to the 20th inst.	83,419
By the Delaware and Hudson canal, from Carbondale	74,730
By the Union and Schuylkill canals, from near Harrisburgh	1,000
Total	351,454 tons

*By a break in the Pennsylvania canal, near New Hope, the operations of this company were retarded two months. Had the canal been in navigable order, 30,000 tons of coal would have been brought down during that period.

BANKING SYSTEM.

The New York Commercial Advertiser furnishes the following, as an accurate list of the banks in the state of New York.

Incorporated banks in the state of New York.

71	state banks (and two branches) as given in Williams' Register for 1833, capital	$25,681,460
	Additional stock to the Butchers' and Drovers' Bank	200,000
		$25,881,460
8	banks incorporated at the last session of the legislature, in 1833	1,950,000
79	Total	$27,831,460

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Subject to safety fund, 69 banks	$22,731,460
Not subject to safety fund, 10 banks	5,100,000
	$27,831,460

Names of banks incorporated at the last session of the legislature.

Cayuga County Bank, Auburn	$250,000
Chemung Canal Bank, Elmira	200,000
Herkimer County Bank, Little Falls	200,000
Lewis County Bank, Martinsburgh	100,000
Seneca County Bank, Waterloo	200,000
Seventh Ward Bank, New York	500,000
Troy City Bank, Troy	300,000
West Chester County Bank, Peekskill	200,000
Total	$29,781,460

In Ohio, there are 13 banks, viz: the Banks of Chillicothe, Marietta, St. Clairsville, Steubenville, Mount Pleasant, Canton, Western Reserve Bank at Warren, Franklin Bank of Columbus, Lancaster Ohio Bank at Lancaster, Urbana Banking Company at Urbana, Bank of Scioto at Portsmouth, Commercial Bank of Lake Erie, Franklin and Commercial Banks at Cincinnati. It is difficult to ascertain the amount of capital employed by these banks, as many of them vary considerably from the amount mentioned in the charter. The capital of the Franklin Bank at Cincinnati is $500,000, and that of the Commercial likewise $500,000. These two banks probably employ all their capital; most of the others much less. The whole amount of bank capital actually employed in Ohio does not exceed $2,200,000—exclusive of the Bank of the United States at Cincinnati. This bank in the commencement of 1832 had probably more than $4,000,000 vested in discounts and bills of exchange: Now, it is thought not to have more than $2,500,000; hence the total amount of *active* bank capital in Ohio is not far from $4,700,000.

How this compares with other states may be seen from the following statement.

	Pop.	*Bank Cap.*
N. York	2,000,000	$50,000,000
Maryland	447,000	10,450,000
Pennsylvania	1,400,000	10,300,000
Connecticut	300,000	4,000,000
Rhode Island	100,000	6,000,000
Ohio	1,000,000	4,700,000

Population is certainly not merely the standard by which banking capital is to be proportioned, but, if in addition to the population we take into view the great internal commerce of Ohio, and the large business transacted at Cincinnati, it will be obvious, that Ohio has less banking capital in proportion to its wants, than any state except those of the 'far west.'

The following statement will show a comparison between the banking capital of Cincinnati and that of other towns.

	Pop.	*Bank Cap.*
Albany	25,000	$1,819,000
Utica	8,328	1,000,000
Troy	11,405	1,540,000
Providence	16,332	3,400,000
Hartford	10,000	2,500,000
Cincinnati	30,000	1,000,000

Exclusive of U. States Bank.

It will be seen from this table, that the towns of the eastern states have far more bank capital in proportion than Cincinnati: nor is this all; none of these towns do any thing like the business of Cincinnati, and none of them from the greater amount of private capital, have the same demand for borrowed means. E. D. M.

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Production of Cotton in Florida.—By a statement in the last Floridian, we perceive that a great increase in the production of cotton is taking place every year. From two ports in Middle Florida, St. Marks and Magnolia, in 1825, 64 bales were shipped. In the year from the 1st July, 1832, to the 1st July, 1833, *nine thousand six hundred and seventy-five* bales were shipped from the same ports.

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Watson, in his Annals, tells us, that 'in 1756, the first stage was started between Philadelphia and New York, by Mr. Butler. Three days through in summer time, five and six in winter. In 1765 a second stage was started, to go through positively in three days. This was a covered Jersey wagon—fare two pence a mile. In 1766, another stage, called the 'Flying Machine,' to go through in *two* days in good wagons, and seats on springs, at three pence a mile, or 20s. through.

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Curious Calculations.—A sovereign is about 9.59 inch thick, or that a thousand measures 59 inches. Hence our debt of 800,000,000*l.* would form a cylinder of

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sovereigns, if laid one on the other, of nearly 745 miles in length. But if instead of being laid on the edges, they were laid flat on the ground, and touching, they would form a line of nearly 11,048 miles, or would reach far towards half way round the globe. Again, since 1000 sovereigns weigh 16,6587 lbs. avoirdupois, or 23,051 weigh 384 lbs. the whole debt is 5,945½ tons, which, allowing two tons to a wagon load, would require 2275 wagons to carry it, and if they contained four horses each, and occupied severally about 16 yards in length, this line of loaded treasure would extend to 27 miles.—*Lon. paper.*

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We learn by a table in the Philadelphia Commercial Herald, that there are 16 banks in that city, having an aggregate capital, actually paid in, of $19,065,000. Seven millions of this amount are in the United States Bank. The Pennsylvania Bank has the next largest capital, being $2,500,000. The bank of North America is the oldest in the United States, and was established by Robert Morris. There are 18 insurance companies, with a capital of $5,480,000.

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The Nashville Republican estimates the annual exports of Tennessee at six millions one hundred and twenty thousand dollars; in the following proportions: 120,000 bales of cotton, $4,000,000; corn and live stock, $1,000,000; 4,000 hogsheads of tobacco, $120,000; iron and castings, $800,000; other articles, $200,000.

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We learn from the Albany Argus that the amount of tolls received upon the state canals in the month of September, was $203,685 82; being an increase of $52,634, as compared with the receipts of the same month last year. Receipts of the year to 30th September, $998,176 20; exceeding the receipts of last year, down to the same date, more than $210,000.

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It is proposed in the New York papers to make a ship canal of eight miles around the falls of Niagara. The project is said to be wholly feasible, and at comparatively little expense. Such a canal would, it is thought, secure to New York the trade of Ontario.

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Libraries in Philadelphia.—We have been induced to ascertain the names of the public Libraries in this city, and the number of volumes contained in each, as nearly as practicable. We present the following as the result of our inquiries.

	Volumes.
1. Philadelphia Library,	42,000
2. Library of the American Philosophical Society,	9,000
3. Library of the Pennsylania Hospital,	6,500
4. Library of the Academy of Natural Sciences,	5,200
5. Library of the University of Pennsylvania,	2,000
6. Library belonging to the Society of Students,	2,000
7. Library of the Friends in Philadelphia,	2,700
8. Library of the Alms House, upwards of	3,000
9. Library of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts,	150
10. Library of the Law Association, upwards of	1,400
11. Library of the Medical Society,	600
12. Library of the College of Physicians,	500
13. Library of the College of Pharmacy,	500
14. Library of St. Augustine Church, upwards of	3,000
15. Library of the German Society,	4,000
16. Library of the American Sunday School Union,	1,800
17. Library of Foreign Classical Literature and Science,	2,800
18. Library of the Philadelphia Museum,	500
19. Library of the Athenæum,	6,500
20. Mercantile Library,	4,000
21. Apprentice's Library,	7,000
22. Northern Liberties Library and Reading Room,	2,100
23. Southwark Library,	2,200
24. Kensington Library and Reading Room,	250
25. Library of the Carpenters' Society,	350
26. Youth's Library,	1,500
	111,550

Many of the works in these various depots are scarce, and not easily procured at the present time. The Library of the University contains a donation from the unfortunate Lewis XIV. made during the revolutionary war—all of which were printed at the Royal Printing Office, and treat of mathematics, natural history,

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&c. The Library of the Academy of Fine Arts contains a donation from Bonaparte. The Libraries of the Hospitals and Alms-House contain the best works on medicine, surgery, and the sciences, while those of the Academy of Natural Science and the Museum, are devoted to natural history and travels. The Library of St. Augustine Church contains, we believe, the only complete copy of the 'Fathers' in this country.

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Condition of the Free Blacks.—It is stated in a pamphlet recently published, that of 40,000 blacks in N. Y. state, in 1825, but 931 were taxed, and but 298 qualified to vote. It is also calculated that the colored population of the north furnishes ten-fold more of both the criminals and paupers than our white population. The report of the Prison Discipline Society for 1827, sets the result thus:

	Proportion of the Population sent to prison.
In Massachusetts,	1 out of 1665
Connecticut,	1 out of 2350
New York,	1 out of 2154
New Jersey,	1 out of 3743
Pennsylvania,	1 out of 2191

	Proportion of col. Pop. sent to prison.
In Massachusetts,	1 out of 140
Connecticut,	1 out of 205
New York	1 out of 253
New Jersey,	1 out of 833
Pennsylvania,	1 out of 181

The report further states, that 'the returns from several prisons show that the white convicts are remaining nearly the same, or are diminishing, while the colored convicts are increasing; at the same time the white population is increasing in the northern states much faster than the colored population.'

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Mrs. Trollope has been arrested and tried in London, for unmercifully beating one of her servant girls; and was convicted and fined for her 'domestic manners', in the premises.

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Twenty years ago the price of the carriage of merchandise from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh varied from four to eight dollars per 100 pounds, according to the state of the roads. Recently, goods have been transported from New York to a point on the Scioto river, in the interior of Ohio, for less than *two* dollars, and to the interior of Illinois, by way of Lake Michigan, for *three* dollars. When some of the great works of internal improvement now in contemplation, shall be completed, goods will be transported from the eastern cities to Missouri, Illinois, and Indiana, nearly as cheaply as to Ohio or to Pittsburgh.

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Expenses of New Jersey.—The usual appropriation bill was passed at the late session of the legislature, giving to the governor, for the current year, a salary of 2,000 dollars; the chief justice, 1,200 dollars; the two associate justices, each 1,100 dollars; the state treasurer, 1,000 dollars; the law reporter and chancery reporter, each 200 dollars; the attorney general, 80 dollars; quarter-master general, 100 dollars; adjutant general, 100 dollars. The vice president of council and the speaker of the house are each allowed 350 dollars, and the members of either house, 3 dollars a day during the sitting of the legislature, and 3 dollars for every 20 miles travel in going to and returning from the seat of government. The clerks of the two houses are also each allowed 3 dollars a day, 8 cts. for writing every 100 words in the records, and for copies to the printers. The sergeant-at-arms and the door-keepers, are each allowed 2 dollars a day. It is proper to add that the governor receives—being ex-officio chancellor—fees for his chancery duties, and that there are perquisites, though inconsiderable in amount, attached to the duties of the justices of the supreme court. The attorney general also receives fees in all cases of criminal conviction. The legislature, at the late session, authorized the governor to borrow 10,000 dollars, at 5 per cent. on the faith of the state, for the purposes of the commissioners in building the new penitentiary.

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The Granville institution, in the state of Ohio, has nearly completed its new edifice, which presents two handsome fronts of 80 feet on the south and west, and is three stories high. It already numbers 88 students, 74 of whom are pursuing classical studies; of this number 26 are professors of religion, and 20 are looking forward to the christian ministry.

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The appropriation of the city council of the city of New York, for the support of public schools, for the year commencing in May last, is 86,657 dollars and 50 cents.

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